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LONDON

NEWS



OCTOBER 1986

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NUMBER 7059 VOLUME 274 OCTOBER 1986



COVER PHOTOGRAPH

by Roger Stowell

A fractured profession: barristers and solicitors peer into the future.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.
Telephone 01-928 6969.

Editor James Bishop

Deputy Editor Roger Berthoud

Special Projects Editor Alex Finer

Art Director Jeanette Collins

Picture Editor Bryn Campbell

Senior Designer Jo Plent

Production Editor Margaret Davies

Sub Editors Joanna Willcox

Ann Williams

Simon Horsford

Editorial Researchers Liz Falla

Sally Richardson

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Circulation Manager Richard Pitkin

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HIGHLIGHTS



LEWIS CHESTER NEW DAILY

Serious journalism gains a fresh recruit

On or around October 7 Britain will have a brand-new "serious" national newspaper, the first since the *Financial Times* in 1888. *The Independent* is keeping the precise date of its launch flexible because of the hard lesson of *Today*. It does not want to come out of the blocks with its technology in a twist.

It is the technology that makes it possible. *The Independent* is fully computer-set, with stories being tapped into the system by the people who write them. Half the 360-strong staff at the newspaper's City Road headquarters are journalists. On most national newspapers, still trying to escape hot-metal typesetting, the proportion of journalists to printers and other support staff is around one to six.

The printers are not enthusiastic, but the newspaper does not arouse the animosity felt towards Rupert Murdoch's Wapping venture, which resulted in 6,000 sackings. *The Independent* is creating jobs. Its regional contract printing plants—in Bradford, Peterborough, Portsmouth and Sittingbourne—are all staffed by members of the National Graphical Association (NGA), the union most threatened by new printing methods.

The Independent's most radical feature is its ownership. There is no big, bad, bold proprietor involved. Money for the news-

paper, some £21 million, was raised mainly by Andreas Whittam Smith, a former City editor on *The Daily Telegraph*. Thirty different institutions are involved, mostly pension funds and insurance companies, and no single interest has more than 10 per cent.

Whittam Smith, aged 49 (above), is the newspaper's first editor, and two other former *Telegraph* journalists, Matthew Symonds, 32, and Stephen Glover, 34, both co-founders, have high executive positions. Most of the other journalists come from national newspapers, with refugees from the *Times* and *Sunday Times* forming the largest and most distinctive group.

The hope is that the readers will follow them, along with the more sprightly takers of *The Guardian* and *The Daily Telegraph*. The paper is being beamed at the intelligent, independent-minded and better-off under 45s (in advertising terms ABC1s) and is looking for a break-even circulation of 350,000. Politics are likely to be liberal with a small "l", but *The Independent* intends to live up to its name and treat all large issues impartially.

It is all very exciting, and for once Daniel Defoe, the father of modern journalism, buried within view of *The Independent*'s offices, may be resting content in his grave.

GEORGE HILL

MPS RETURN

On October 6, even before the party conference season is over, the drudges of the House of Peers will be trailling in from the backwoods to Westminster unusually early to grapple with the session's loose ends of legislation, including the intricate Family Law Bill, Public Trustees and Administration, and the more congenial Salmon Bill. The more privileged Commons stroll back on October 21, to put the last touches to the much-amended Financial Services Bill, and to decide whether the Home Office has found a formula to nail hippy convoys more effectively with trespass charges, for insertion in the Public Order Bill. A small squabble looms over whether to give parents the right to keep their children unsullied by the facts of life by withdrawing them from sex education classes.

Meanwhile, the Government's business managers will be drawing up the most anodyne legislative programme possible for the coming session. The aim is to make as few enemies as possible, in case a chance for a snap election presents itself next year. One item will be a wide-ranging Criminal Justice Bill, reforming court procedures and restricting defendants' rights to pick and choose their own jurors. Another Bill is likely to nudge local councils into resuming the almost-halted process of handing services over to private enterprise. A Green Paper on the reform of broadcasting will allow awkward decisions to be deferred while creating an appearance of activity.

Tory MPs may take heart from a Government front bench injected with a little new blood, and from the opinion polls. They will hope the autumn flotation of British Gas will swell the band of small shareholders wedded to privatization. Labour will be busy putting across its new personality of moderation and unity, while the Alliance parties will be talking about everything except Polaris. Frantic image-building and a determination not to rock the boat will be the principal activities on all sides.

Undeterred by last winter, which killed off many bees, some 3,000 apiarists are expected at the National Honey Show at Porchester Hall, Bayswater, October 23-25.



ANGELA BIRD

BAMBOO SHOOTS

In goes the Queen, out comes culture

October is China month. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh make a week-long visit to the People's Republic from October 12. In London we shall be treated to almost as much Chinese culture.

The Central Ballet of China, in a British débüt at Sadler's Wells Theatre from October 2, perform classical western ballet as well as two major works of their own, *The New Year's Sacrifice* and *Maid of the Sea*, based on Chinese folk tales, and part of *Red Detachment of Women*—one of only two works permitted during the Cultural Revolution.

Brilliant colours and acrobatics are hallmarks of the Peking Opera, who also visit Sadler's Wells from October 29. The opening programme features the celebrated Madame Wu Su Qiu painting a traditional watercolour while singing an aria, in an excerpt from *The Complexion of Peach Blossom*. Each of the season's

triple bills includes *Havoc in Heaven* from *The Monkey King* (see picture), about a mischievous King of the Monkeys accompanying a Buddhist monk to India.

Two BBC2 documentaries collectively entitled *Behind the Bamboo Screen* examine China Central Television, whose four channels offer information, entertainment and commercials, laced with moral and ideological messages, to enthusiastic viewers from Canton to Inner Mongolia. The first looks at news with its nightly audience of 300 million, consumer programmes and advertising, the second shows light entertainment and drama.

Central Ballet of China, October 2-18; Peking Opera, October 29-November 1, Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, CC).

Behind the Bamboo Screen, October 8 and 15, BBC2, 8.05pm.

J. C. TREWIN

HIGH FLYER

How Jane Lapotaire won through

That highly intelligent actress Jane Lapotaire, dark and slim, is to play a Polish aviatrix (period 1909), Lina Szczepanowska, who descends into a Hindhead greenhouse. This is during Shaw's "debate", *Misalliance*, which the RSC revives at the Barbican on October 8. Lina gets her name properly pronounced by instructing her host to practise his sibilants by saying "fish church" and to go on from there.

Jane's own name derives from her French stepfather, Yves Lapotaire. She never knew who her father was, and spent her childhood with a much-loved foster-mother (whom she long regarded as her real mother) in a primitive Suffolk cottage. Funds were so low that when she got into grammar school the authorities had to provide her uniform. Her real mother, who visited her infrequently, married a Frenchman in government service in Africa and Jane did go out for a time to live there in relative luxury.

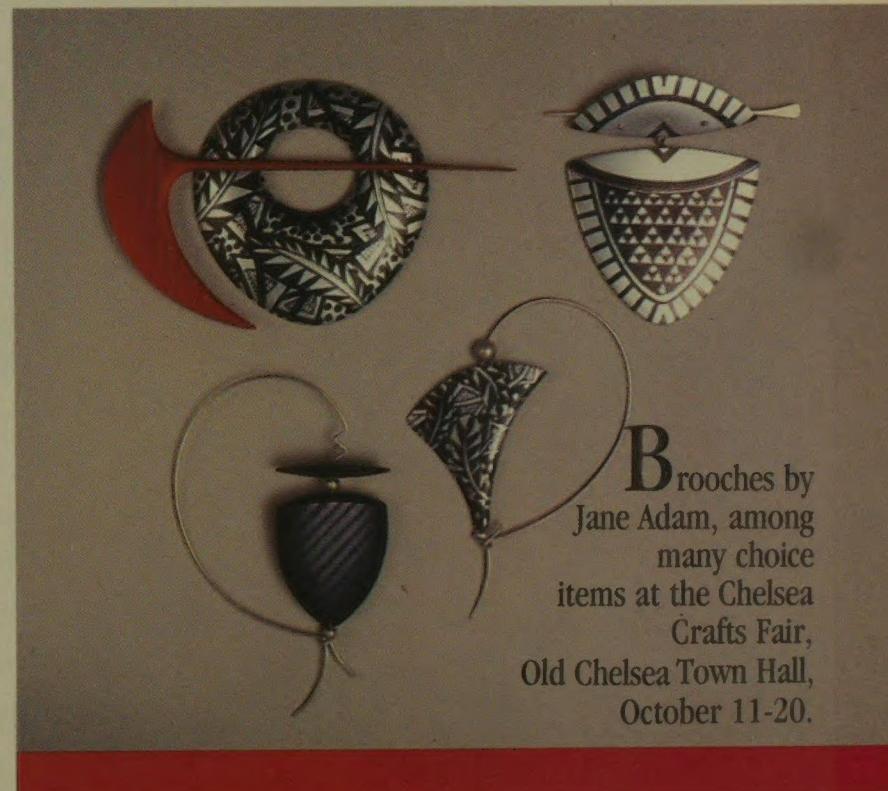
After two years at the Bristol Old Vic School, and some time in the theatre company, she was auditioned (to her terror) by Laurence Olivier for the National Theatre, which was then at the London Old Vic, and she wore a long skirt to hide her shaking legs. But she succeeded and, among other parts, in 1967-71, played Olivier's daughter in Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* and Antoinette in Feydeau's *A Flea in Her Ear*. During the summer of 1974 she was at Stratford as a most accomplished Viola. Later, for the RSC, she had the part that would establish her, the French singer Piaf, in the play of that name, which she did in London and New York after studying singing for six months. Piaf was very small. People used to say to Jane, "You



look so short", and the answer was that she was acting with her knees bent.

In London, where she now lives in Wandsworth with her 13-year-old son, she has recently been the female half of a complicated thriller, *Double Double*. At the Barbican, in John Caird's production of *Misalliance*, the allusive John Tarleton, "immense and genial veteran of trade", is Brian Cox, and his wife, Elizabeth Spriggs.

Misalliance opens October 8, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).



Brooches by Jane Adam, among many choice items at the Chelsea Crafts Fair, Old Chelsea Town Hall, October 11-20.

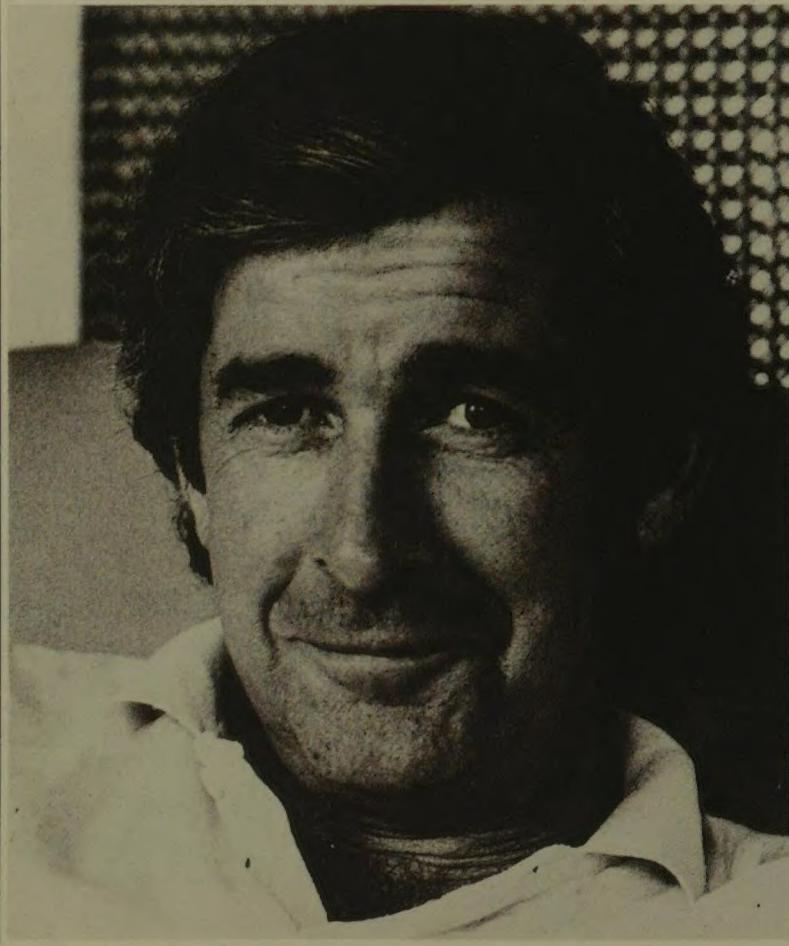


Some 120 men will be polishing their conkers for the 22nd World Conker Championships at Ashton, near Oundle, on October 12. A Mexican won in 1976, otherwise it has been Britain all the way. With a new conker for each round, entrants are aiming to smash Peter Midlain, the 1985 champ.

Birmingham will know this month whether its bid for the 1992 Olympics has been accepted. The venue for the games will be decided on October 17 during the International Olympic Committee meeting in Lausanne. Others hoping for the nod include Amsterdam, Barcelona, Belgrade, Brisbane and Paris.



The soprano Katia Ricciarelli, noted for her portrayal of Verdi heroines, sings her first *Violetta* in London when the Royal Opera season opens on October 28 with *La traviata*.



JOHN McENTEE FROG TO COMIC

How David O'Mahoney became Dave Allen

Comedian Dave Allen, left, he of the high chair, missing finger and soft purring voice, has done for organized religion what Woody Allen has done for psychology: made it something we can laugh at. Dave Allen, who starts a 15-week run of his one-man show at the Albery Theatre on October 20, has been lampooning the likes of Ian Paisley and the Pope for over a decade.

Yet this obsessively private man, who rarely gives interviews, has always shied away from queries about his own beliefs, "An Irishman doesn't talk about politics or religion," he once said.

David Tynan O'Mahoney (his real name) was born into Dublin's comfortable middle class 50 years ago. His father was managing director of the *Irish Times* and young Dave wanted to be a journalist. After working as a cub reporter on an Irish weekly he moved to London, failed to break into Fleet Street, and became, instead, a redcoat at Butlins' Skegness holiday camp.

"We had to entertain people and keep them amused," he recalled later. "Up to

that time the only acting I had ever done was as a frog in a school play."

The fledgling comic didn't think his unwieldy name was much of an asset on the tough northern club circuit, so he changed it to Allen, thus guaranteeing a higher place on the alphabetical billing. It must have worked, since he was soon a big star on Australian television. He came back to Britain and repeated the trick.

Despite his reluctance to talk about himself he has told a whopper or two about the absent top joint on the fourth finger of his left hand. "I often use that finger as something to start a story about," he said. "I've told so many stories about that finger that I never let people know the truth, or else they won't believe all the other stories."

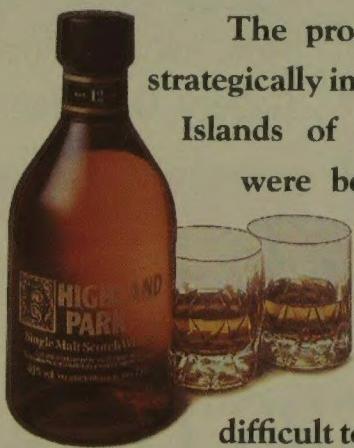
Complete with smouldering cigarette, adjacent whiskey glass and arsenal of blasphemous blarney, Allen will also be back on BBC television with a repeat series starting in November.

Dave Allen—Live opens October 20, Albery Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

The Norsemen ruled Orkney for 700 years. Then they pawned it for a princess's dowry and the islands' unique spirit came into its own.

It was 1468 and Europe was in turmoil. But King Christian I of Denmark was a realist.

**The prosperous,
strategically important
Islands of Orkney
were becoming**



**difficult to defend
against the marauding Scots.**

So although his Viking fore-bears had controlled the islands

gold was agreed. But in the absence of the full amount in cash, the Islands of Orkney were pledged, to be redeemed at some later date.

Yet they never were.

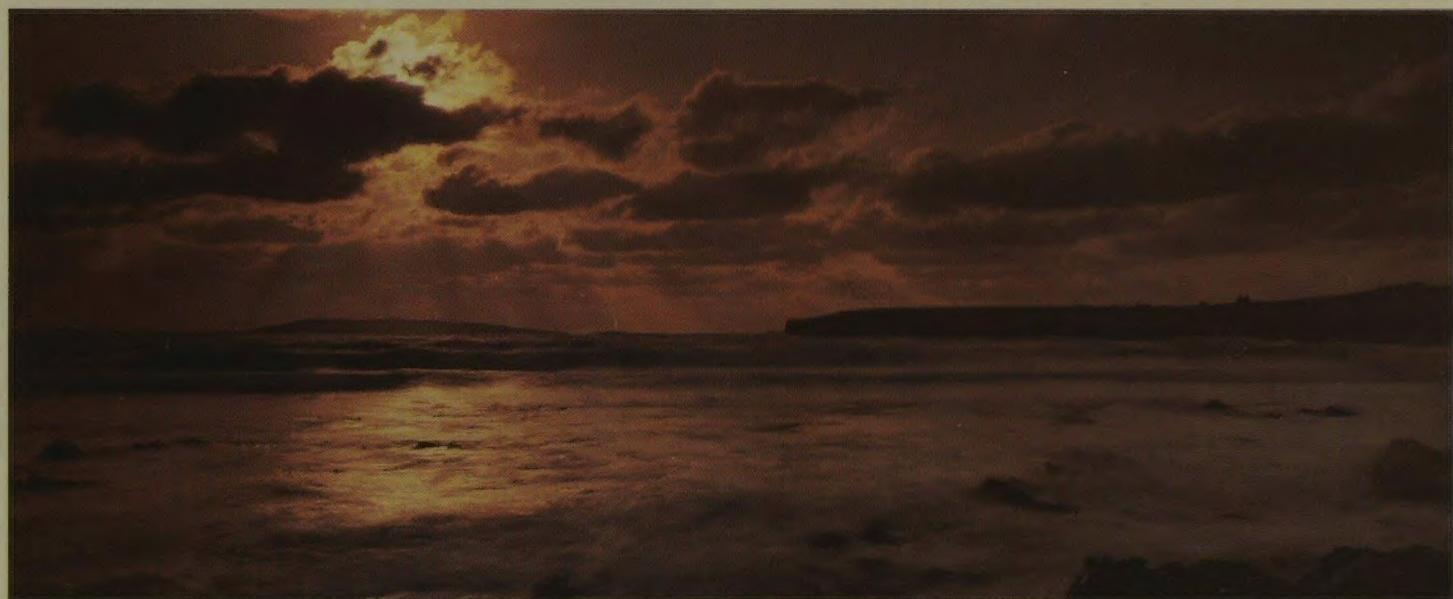
Time and again for the next three centuries, the Danes attempted to repossess the islands, while the canny Scots obstructed and prevaricated.

Only about 1750 did the Danes finally lose heart for the claim, however much they still coveted the islands' wealth.

In 1798 distilling was officially established on a hill just outside Kirkwall, from which the single malt whisky made there took its name: Highland Park.

To this day, the secret artistry which creates the unique character of Highland Park is as jealously guarded as ever, handed down from generation to succeeding generation.

For the Danes, however, knowing that the ancient traditions of Highland Park are so lovingly nurtured must be small consolation.



for over 700 years, the time had come for a tactical withdrawal on the best possible terms.

A treaty was drawn up under which Christian's daughter, Margaret, would marry James III of Scotland.

A dowry of 60,000 florins in

For they knew well that by then the Orcadians – an independent-minded community with as much Norse blood as Scots – had begun to distil a magical spirit from the simple local ingredients of malted barley, local spring water and Orkney peat.

But their loss is our gain.

And once you've tasted Highland Park, you'll know how much they're missing.



**HIGHLAND
PARK** ORKNEY

The single malt Scotch whisky from the Islands of Orkney.

PETER CLAYTON

JAZZ IN SOHO

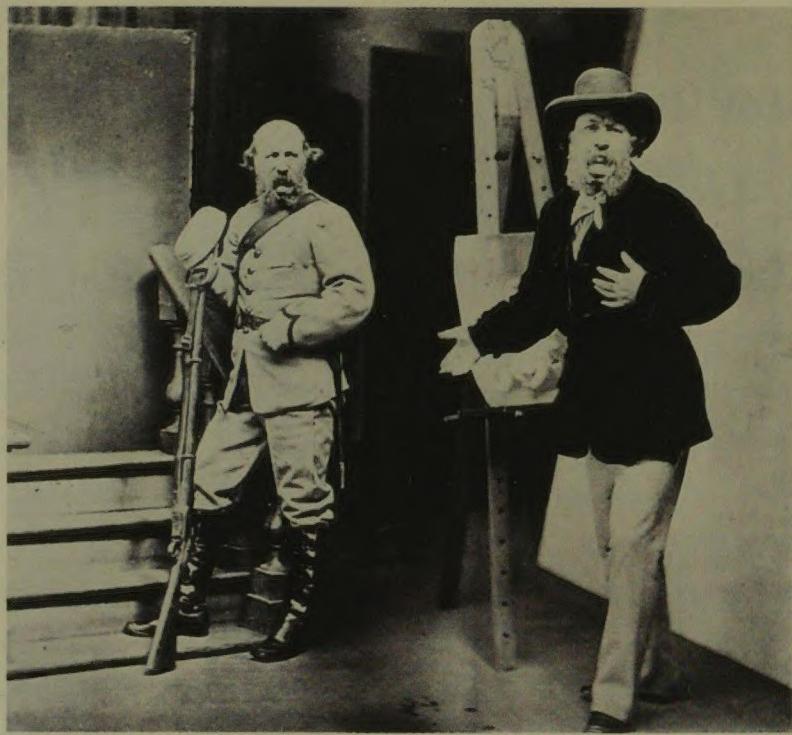
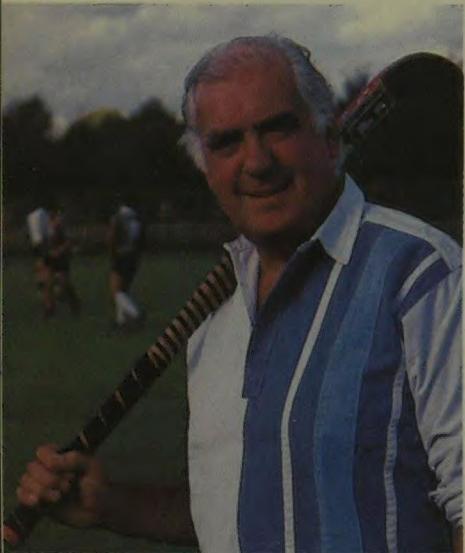
Peter Boizot, below, is a man of such energy and with his fingers in so many pizzas that it would be unrealistic to regard the first Soho Jazz Festival, of which he is the begetter, as some kind of climax to his career. Yet the threads of his life, some reaching back to before his birth, neatly converge on this event.

His Soho links were established by a French great-grandfather (the pronunciation is a reluctant compromise: Boys-oh) who came to Britain as a chef in the 1860s and for a time ran a club in Soho, mainly for other expatriates. Peter is now himself a Soho caterer/restaurateur; Kettner's is his and of his 35 branches of Pizza Express two are in Soho.

Music became part of his life when, aged 10, he went as a chorister to King's School, attached to Peterborough Cathedral. Jazz in particular claimed his attention soon after, during the war, when he found the American Forces Network on the radio and heard records by the likes of Cab Calloway. He has presented live music, usually jazz, at one or other of his restaurants since soon after the first opened in the mid-1960s.

Even his passion for hockey—again engendered at King's School—has a direct bearing on the Soho Jazz Festival. He is President of the Hampstead Hockey Club, plays for the Puritans Hockey Club and is playing in this month's (October 4-19) World Hockey Cup Veterans' Tournament, on whose committee he sits. Through these connexions he met a Dutch former international hockey goalkeeper who owns a portable entertainment building called the Spiegeltent. Although the Spiegeltent will not now be used (the festival will take place at many venues) it was the Spiegeltent's existence which gave Boizot the idea for a Soho Jazz Festival. Bully for him.

Soho Jazz Festival, October 9-19, various venues. Information from 437 3056/7.



Rejlander the artist introduces Rejlander the volunteer', left, from *Staging the Self, self-portrait photographs 1840-1985*, National Portrait Gallery, Oct 3-Jan 11.

Top show jumpers from Britain and Europe will be saddling-up in Wembley for the Horse of the Year Show, October 6-11: among them Britain's world silver medallists, Nick Skelton, Malcolm Pyrah, John and Michael Whitaker. There will be displays from the Voltigierens—German gymnasts on horseback—and heavy horse parade while the pony clubs imitate Thelwell cartoons. The week's climax is the Puissance, won last year by Jeff McVean on *Furst Z* who took the big red wall at 7 feet 4 inches.

SIMON BARNES

TWICKERS TREAT

Exotic players on the sacred turf



ALL-SPORT

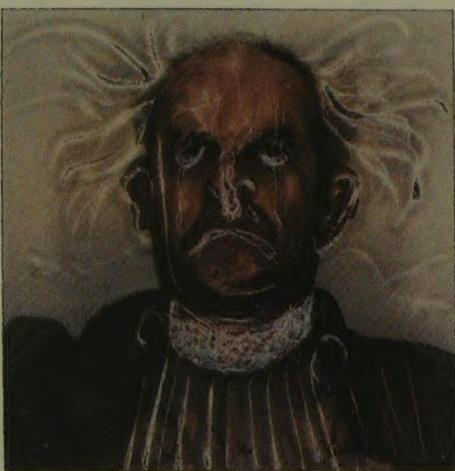
On October 11, Twickenham, that cathedral of conformism, will indulge in an orgy of unconventionality. The headquarters of rugby union will be invaded not only by the Japanese, but also, it is possible, by creatures even more alien to the rugby man's Saturday—women.

Japan will play a side billed as "an England XV", which means the match will not count as a full international. And before the game it has been suggested that one involving women will be played. Old hands are wondering if these would be the first women to walk onto the pitch on a match day since Erica Roe, the memorable Twickenham streaker. Indeed, there are many who believe that women in rugby jerseys are even less suitably clad than was Miss Roe.

This season the Inner London Education Authority began to encourage girls to play rugby at schools, and in the last couple of years the women's game has

made good strides forward all over the country. England played France in a women's international last season. Their standard is reckoned to be that of 15-year-old schoolboys.

The Japanese are great believers in tradition, but when it comes to rugby they must flout convention or die. The game is extremely popular in Japan but, at international level, the country is not in the first rank. The problem is obvious: size. With the honourable exception of Sumo wrestlers, the Japanese are not beefy. They make up for their disadvantage of height and weight with startlingly inventive tactics in the lineouts, and by playing a brand of joyous running football. They are a side of dodgers, passers, catchers: they have even been known to play in mittens in chill and unfamiliar climates to give them an added edge. They will need it: but they will give it a go. So, unquestionably, will the women.



*Self Portrait
after SERMON*

A glimpse of how two top illustrators see themselves in books out this month: in *Scarf by Scarf* (Hamish Hamilton) Jane Asher's husband draws and writes about his career. In *Paranoids* (Harrap) Ralph Steadman, above, deranges Polaroids of the famous.

THE D-REG SHOW

The days when motor manufacturers looked upon the Motor Show as their main shop window and held back new models for unveiling on opening day (October 18 this year) have long gone. So many component suppliers are involved in their creation that it is almost impossible to keep new models secret; and the main factor that nowadays draws customers to the showroom is not so much a new model car but a new registration number. About 25 per cent of new cars are now sold in Britain in August, when the prefix letter changes.

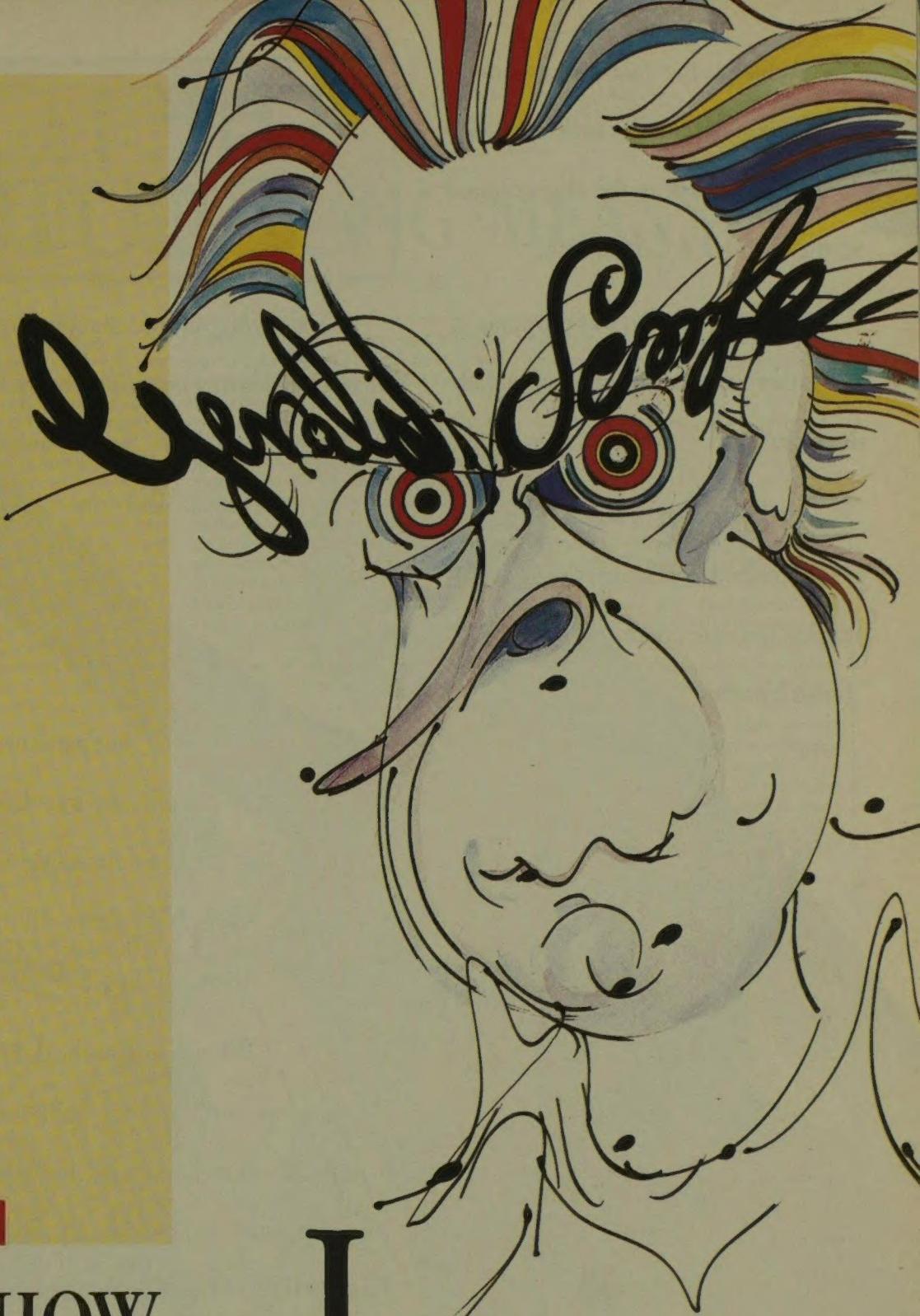
Yet the show, now known as the British International Motor Show, goes on, taking place every other year at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, a city once, but no longer, the capital of Britain's motor industry.

The move to the NEC came in 1978 after a 30-year spell at Earls Court and, before that, Olympia. The only annual

motor show left is Geneva's. Awkwardly, the French hold their biennial show, in Paris, just two weeks before the British event. It steals some of our thunder but avoids a clash with Europe's biggest motor show, also biennial, in Frankfurt.

The British show tries to be all things to all men. Apart from cars, which occupy several vast halls, there are components, lorries, buses and coaches. Exhibitors have become fed up with sticky-fingered children clambering all over their pristine passenger service vehicles and this year their section is open only to the trade.

Paradoxically, the best way to get to the show is by train: Birmingham International station is part of the NEC complex. Many of the car parks are a bus ride from the exhibition. STUART MARSHALL *The British International Motor Show, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham. October 18-25, 9.30am-7pm, 26, 9.30am-5.30pm. £3 admission.*



J John Lill, East End child prodigy, now 42 and still going strong, plays all Beethoven's piano sonatas at lunchtime until Dec at the Barbican, starting Oct 3, 7, 14, 21 and 31.



Actually, the tale isn't so much lost as misplaced. Because everyone thinks Cutty Sark is the ship moored on the Thames at Greenwich.

But before that, it was the name of the rather wooden-faced young lady shown here.

Her career as a witch was described by Robert Burns in his epic poem "Tam o'Shanter."



THE LOST TALE OF CUTTY SARK.

Destroying crops, slaughtering livestock and luring boats into the rocks were Cutty Sark's usual pastimes. But on

one particular night, she was dancing for the delectation of Old Nick himself, in Alloway Church.

When Tam saw the lights blazing within the hallowed walls, he came forward, he saw, and he was conquered by love. (Or was it lust? Clue: he dubbed her Cutty Sark, the old Scots phrase for the short shirt she was almost wearing.)

Cutty Sark discovered Tam o'Shanter spying on her.

And she pursued him and his grey mare with such spirit that they came within a hair of death.

Their one salvation

lay in crossing a running stream — something no witch can do. Yet Cutty Sark still managed to pull off the horse's tail at the last instant.

The famous tea clipper launched on the Clyde in 1869 was named after the witch, in hopes of emulating her awesome speed.

And also from the legend came the ritual of placing a mare's tail of rope in the figurehead's outstretched hand, following an especially fast passage.

You may wonder why we chose to illustrate the ship on our label, rather than the scantily-clad young witch.

But that way we can be sure our customers want us for one thing only.



**CUTTY SARK
THE
REAL MCCOY.**

W

DAVID PHILLIPS

Oct 86

WHAT THE BIG BANG MEANS

A plain guide to the City's date with destiny on October 27

The Big Bang is the City's code-name for important changes in Stock Exchange practice and in the organization of the market in gilt-edged securities (Government stock) due to take place on October 27, when:

The fixed minimum commission that stockbrokers could previously charge for buying and selling shares will be replaced by negotiated rates.

The distinction between jobbers (equivalent to wholesalers of shares) and brokers (retailers) will be discarded.

The Stock Exchange will begin to operate a new computerized system (SEAQ) of share-price monitoring.

The gilts market will be opened to a much larger number of primary dealers, or market makers.

Earlier this year—on March 1—the rules of the Stock Exchange were also changed to admit limited-liability companies as members, and to allow outsiders to obtain control of such companies.

ABOLITION OF FIXED COMMISSIONS

Stockbrokers' rates of commission have varied over the past century or so, but have always been regulated by the size of the transaction. In February, 1975, the commission was fixed at 1.5 per cent for the first £5,000 worth of securities (stocks and shares) traded, but the rate was reduced to 0.625 per cent for the next £15,000. Negotiable commissions on the purchase and sale of all securities, including Government stock, will enable the big operators in the market—notably the insurance companies, pension funds, investment trusts and unit trusts, known collectively as "the institutions"—to bargain aggressively to obtain the most advantageous price. But what of the private investor? In theory he could have to pay a higher commission than hitherto; but it is argued that in the increasingly competitive securities market, brokers will be found who are anxious to attract private clients by keeping to the old rates, or even lowering them.

JOBBERS AND BROKERS: THE INTRODUCTION OF "DUAL CAPACITY" TRADING

Under the system due to be dismantled on October 27, securities are traded on the floor of the Stock Exchange by means of personal contact between jobbers and brokers. An individual buying shares—let us say 1,000 British Petroleum—begins by placing an order with his stockbroker, who acts as his agent in the purchase. On his behalf, the broker then shops around among the jobbers who are known to deal (as wholesalers) in BP shares, in order to find the best price. The jobber either meets the order out of his own "book" (the stock of BP shares he carries), or finds another broker who happens to want to sell BP shares on behalf of one of his clients. The jobber (who, in his professional role, never has any direct dealings with members of the public) makes his money from the difference—known in the City as the jobber's "turn"—between the price at which he buys and sells his stock (BP shares in our example), while the broker works solely for commission.

This system is known, from its clear separation of trading functions, as the "single-capacity" dealing system. Under it, stockbrokers depend on the high commissions they can earn on large transactions in securities between institutions. Negotiable commissions will tend to reduce stockbrokers' earnings to a level where the system becomes unworkable, and this is the immediate reason for abandoning the single-capacity rule, and merging the functions of jobbers and brokers into a new "dual-capacity" system operated by a new breed of so-called "broker/dealers". But larger forces, in the form of the pressure of international competition and the increasing scale of stock market transactions, were tending to undermine the traditional system before the abolition of fixed commissions

(where heavy capital resources are needed), into marriages and mergers with banks—whether high-street banks, merchant banks, international banks or financial conglomerates.

Thus, the merchant-banking arm of Barclays has taken a 75 per cent share in Barclays De Zoete Wedd, which it has formed with De Zoete & Bevan, a typical firm of stockbrokers, and Wedd, Durlacher & Mordaunt, London's largest dealers in gilt-edged securities. Other stockbrokers have been effectively taken over by foreign banks—Phillips & Drew by Union Bank of Switzerland, for example, Quilter Goodison by Paribas, and Scrimgeour Vickers by the US giant Citicorp. Only one of the major London stockbroking firms is now not controlled by a British or foreign bank.

Sums—up to £2 million in some cases—have been paid to senior stockbrokers to guarantee their loyalty for a stated period. This is the value put on the contacts and experience they bring to the new alliances. Apart from "golden handcuffs", as these payments were known, equally large sums are supposed to have been paid in the form of "golden hellos", to induce dealers to leave their present employers or partnerships.

Smaller sums, say of up to £400,000, have been offered to other professionals in the market—analysts, for example, who research past performance and likely future prospects of industrial and commercial companies, in order to recommend buying or selling their shares—in packages intended to cover more than a year's service.

But stock market men are not the only people in the City getting six- or even seven-figure annual pay cheques. There are also very highly paid dealers in the foreign currency markets and in international capital markets ("Euromarkets"), whose earnings reflect the massive scale of transactions.

IMPACT ON WORKING HABITS

More than the changes specifically attributable to the Big Bang, modern technology has made round-the-world, round-the-clock trading in securities possible at the touch of a few buttons.

The City lies between the time zones of the other two major trading centres, New York and Tokyo. If a London dealer arrives in his office early enough, he can do business with a dealer in Tokyo. This is a great advantage to London, but it means that City people are working much longer hours than they used to.

Another trend is for traditional distinctions between markets (e.g. between the markets for risk capital and those for fixed-interest loans) to become blurred, and for distinctions between professional functions to become less distinct. So bankers and brokers will tend in future to work in huge open-plan areas, to accommodate the necessary electronic equipment. This is already having repercussions on architecture: to provide open spaces of up to 40,000 square feet, loftier rooms are needed—what property men call "greater slab-to-slab heights".

COMMERCIAL PROPERTY VALUES

Due mainly to the general rise in activity in the international financial sector, central City office rents have been rising over the last three years at an accelerated rate, well above the general rate of price inflation. In 1985 they rose about 11 per cent, and the current rate of increase is above 13 per cent.

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

Some brokers, daunted by the early-morning shift, have given up commuting from Surrey and Sussex, and are looking for flats closer to the City. Employees of foreign banks are also inflating the inner London residential markets, where they are making 15 to 20 per cent of current purchases, according to the Inland Revenue. In Chelsea and Kensington, for instance, house prices rose 40 per cent on average in the year to April, 1986.



and the consequent ending of single-capacity trading were mooted.

MERGERS AND MARRIAGES

The admission of the new category of corporate members to the Stock Exchange in March, many of them foreigners, was a response to the appearance, in recent years, of a worldwide market in securities. Stocks like BP or ICI are in fact sometimes described as "global equities" (i.e. shares), because they are often traded across international borders. It is not unknown for ICI shares to be cheaper in New York than in London, even for a London buyer.

To compete as a trader in this global market, greater resources are needed than those that have hitherto been at the disposal of most London stockbrokers, even the major ones. This is why the last two years have seen a headlong rush of these brokers, especially those with a large share of business with institutions

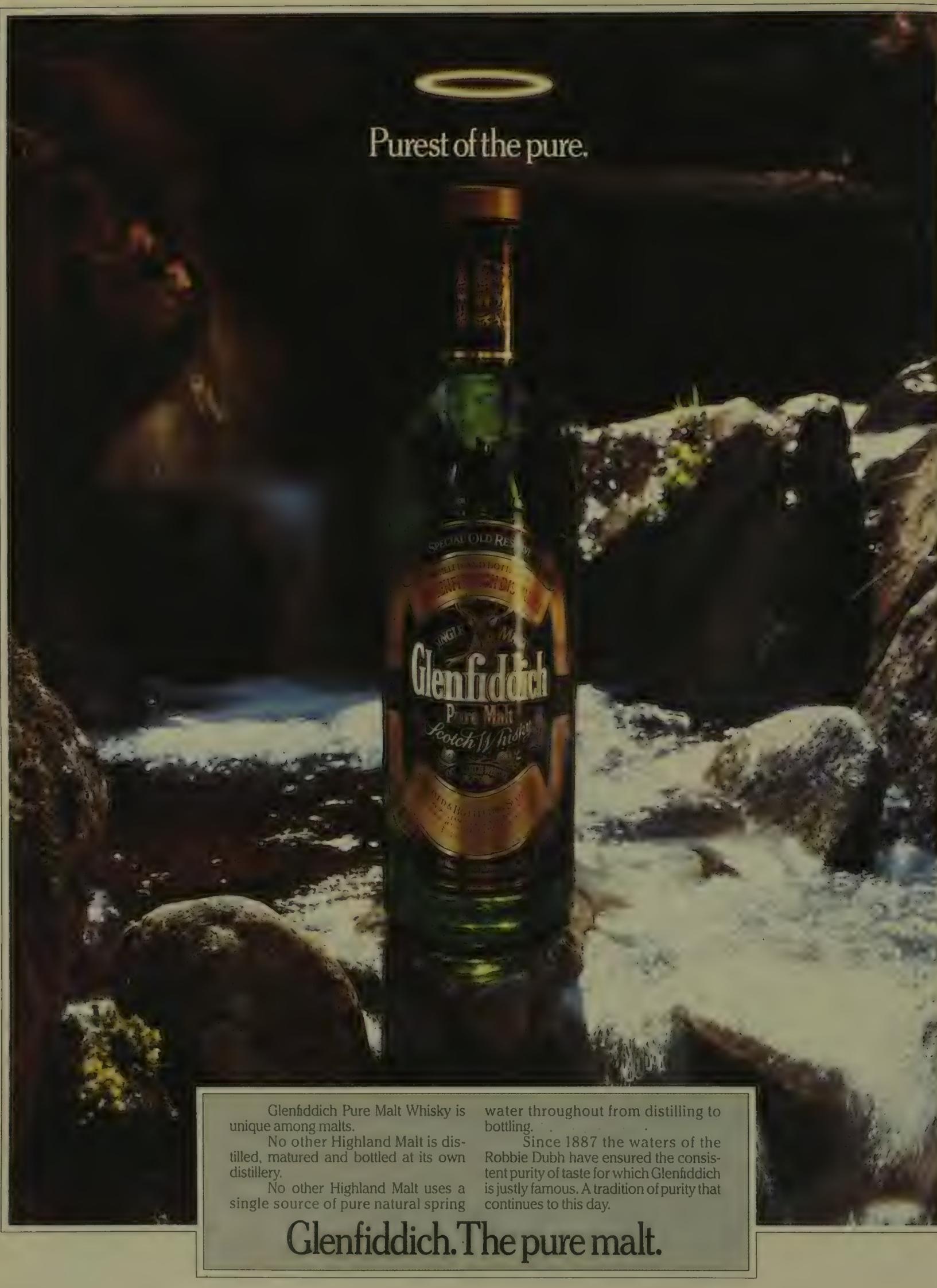
THE NEW YORK PRECEDENT

Abolition of fixed commissions has been the detonator for the Big Bang, and this abolition, in turn, was due to the threat of costly and long-drawn-out legal action against restrictive practices of the Stock Exchange by the Office of Fair Trading in 1979 (the "law's delay" explaining the 1979-86 time lag). The New York Exchange had already had its own Big Bang in May, 1975, again sparked off by the abolition of fixed-commission rates, but also in response to fundamental changes in the market place. There, too, the need to invest heavily in new electronic equipment, computerized dealing rooms, and the buildings to house them, led to mergers and alliances, as did the steady increase in trading in large blocks of shares.

GOLDEN HELLOS

In the spate of mergers and takeovers leading up to the Big Bang, enormous

OCTOBER



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FOR THE RECORD

OCT
82

Monday, August 11

Eight people died when Israeli aircraft attacked Palestinian guerrilla bases in the Syrian-controlled Bekaa Valley, Lebanon.

152 Sri Lankans, each of whom had paid £2,000 to an Indian agency to be taken from West Germany to Canada, were rescued off the coast of Newfoundland after being abandoned by their ship. The Canadian government allowed the Tamils to remain in the country.

Tuesday, August 12

New Zealand beat England by eight wickets in the Second Test at Trent Bridge.

Wednesday, August 13

John Gerard O'Reilly, a suspected IRA terrorist, was freed by a Dublin court because warrants for his extradition were faulty.

Thursday, August 14

Pakistan opposition leader Benazir Bhutto was arrested in Karachi and five of her supporters shot dead as political riots broke out during Independence Day celebrations. She was released on September 8.

Six people were arrested and as many injured when Northern Ireland loyalists and republicans clashed in the border town of Dundalk.

Five Gurkhas serving with the British Army were jailed from one to six years for smuggling drugs into Britain.

Friday, August 15

Rolls-Royce won a £600 million order to supply engines and spares for British Airways' new fleet of 16 advanced Boeing 747 jumbo jets.

The Government announced that the number of people unemployed had risen to a record 3,279,594.

Inflation dropped to 2.4 per cent in July—the lowest since November, 1967.

Saturday, August 16

Two British climbers, Julie Tullis and Alan Rouse, died after reaching the summit of K2 in the Himalayas—they had been trapped in a blizzard for more than a week. One Polish and two Austrian mountaineers also died.

Ryan Price, the racehorse trainer, died aged 74.

Sunday, August 17

60 people were killed when a Sudan-Air Fokker Friendship aircraft was shot down by rebels in southern Sudan.

Ian Botham was recalled to the England cricket team for the Third Test against New Zealand, following a two-month suspension for taking drugs.

Monday, August 18

President Gorbachev said the Soviet Union would extend its moratorium on nuclear testing until January 1.

Tuesday, August 19

One man was killed and 13 people injured when a bomb exploded in an Iranian-owned shop in Kensington High Street. Rival Iranian factions blamed each other for the blast.

The Australian government announced the country's toughest budget for 30 years, with spending cuts and sharp increases in taxes.

Wednesday, August 20

A part-time postal worker who was about to be sacked shot dead 14 people

in an Oklahoma post office, wounded four more, then killed himself.

Hermione Baddeley, the actress, died aged 77.

Thursday, August 21

Eight-year-old John Adams from Ashford, Leicestershire became the youngest person to pass O level maths.

Friday, August 22

Deputy Chief Constable John Stalker, who was suspended in May while allegations of misconduct were investigated, was reinstated by the Greater Manchester Police Authority.

Celal Bayar, former President of Turkey, died aged 104.

Monday, August 25

More than 1,500 people were killed by toxic gas which erupted from a lake in a volcanic crater in north west Cameroon.

Five people died after forest fires in France's Côte d'Azur destroyed more than 8,500 hectares of land. Arson was suspected.

Tuesday, August 26

Nine people died as the tail-end of Hurricane Charlie swept across the British Isles bringing gales and torrential rain.

At least 21 people died and 70 were injured in the South African township of Soweto as residents, protesting against evictions for non-payment of rent, clashed with police.

The Third Test at the Oval ended in a draw, giving New Zealand its first Test series victory in England.

Wednesday, August 27

Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov drew the 12th match to complete the London half of the world chess championship, with Kasparov maintaining a one-point lead over his challenger.

Britain won eight gold, two silver and five bronze medals at the European Athletics Championships in Stuttgart.

Thursday, August 28

Jerry Whitworth, a former US Naval radio operator who sold secrets to the USSR, was sentenced in San Francisco to 365 years in prison.

Friday, August 29

A British woman bitten by a dog in Zambia died of rabies after being admitted to a hospital in Portsmouth. It was the first reported case of rabies in Britain since 1981.

Stuart Young, chairman of the BBC, died aged 52.

Saturday, August 30

Nicholas Daniloff, an American journalist in Moscow, was arrested for "engaging in an act of espionage" apparently in retaliation for the arrest in New York of Gennadi F. Zakharov, a scientific affairs officer at the United Nations, who was charged with spying.

Sunday, August 31

89 people were killed when a DC-9 of Aeroméxico collided in mid-air with a private Piper Tomahawk and crashed over a suburban area of Los Angeles.

Urho Kekkonen, former President of Finland, died aged 85.

Henry Moore, the sculptor, died aged 88.

Monday, September 1

More than 400 people died after a Soviet liner, the *Admiral Nakhimov*, collided with a grain freighter in the Black Sea and sank almost immediately.

Wednesday, September 3

British Telecom announced increases in charges for some peak and standard telephone calls.

Farmer and broadcaster Ted Moulton, 60, died after shooting himself at his Derbyshire home.

Lord Maybray-King, former speaker of the House of Commons and a Labour MP, died aged 85.

Thursday, September 4

Lord Elton, Minister of State at the Department of the Environment, resigned from the Government.

Three French soldiers on UN peace-keeping duty were killed by a bomb outside Tyre, Lebanon.

Friday, September 5

20 people died and nearly 50 were seriously injured when four Arab terrorists hijacked a Pan American jumbo jet

at Karachi airport. Pakistani commandos stormed the plane only after the gunmen, who were holding nearly 400 passengers and crew hostage, had opened fire when the aircraft lights failed.

Palestinian extremists were thought to be responsible.

14 people were killed and more than 50 injured when fire swept through a hotel in Kristiansand, Norway.

Saturday, September 6

21 worshippers died when two Arabs armed with automatic weapons and hand grenades staged a suicide attack on an Istanbul synagogue. Several anti-Israeli groups claimed responsibility.

Sussex beat Lancashire by seven wickets at Lord's to win the NatWest Trophy.

Sunday, September 7

President Augusto Pinochet of Chile was slightly injured when guerrillas attacked his motorcade in Santiago and killed five guards.

The American journalist, Nicholas Daniloff, detained in Moscow since August 30, was formally charged with spying despite an appeal by President Reagan to President Gorbachev.

Tuesday, September 9

Bedford, the General Motors subsidiary, announced that it would be phasing out the production of medium and heavy trucks at the end of the year with

a loss of 1,450 jobs at Luton and Dunstable.

The Home Office said that fixed penalties for nearly 250 motoring offences including speeding, failing to comply with traffic directions, non-wearing of seat belts and defective brakes, steering or tyres would start on October 1. Penalties would be £24 for endorseable and £12 for non-endorseable offences.

Frank Reed, the director of the Lebanese International School in west Beirut, was kidnapped by members of the pro-Iranian Islamic Jihad movement.

Wednesday, September 10

Margaret Thatcher carried out an extensive reshuffle of her Government in which 33 changes were announced. Ten middle-ranking and junior Ministers resigned and six new back-benchers were brought in to the administration.

Thursday, September 11

The New York Stock Exchange suffered a record fall when the Dow Jones industrial average dropped by 86.61 points.

Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak met Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres in Alexandria—the first meeting between the countries' leaders for five years.

Friday, September 12

Nicholas Daniloff and Gennadi Zakharov were both released into the custody of their respective ambassadors in Moscow and New York.

Saturday, September 13

20 people died and more than 400 were injured after an earthquake in southern Greece.

Moon Madness, ridden by Pat Eddery and trained by John Dunlop, won the St Leger at Doncaster.

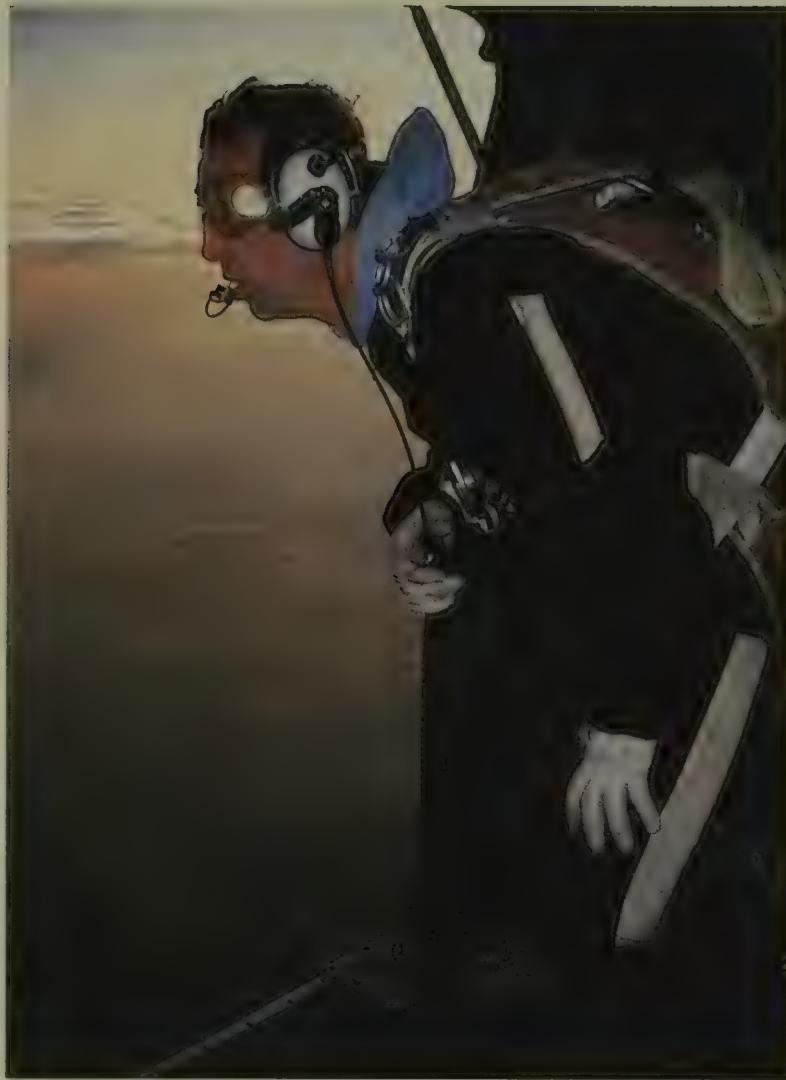
Sunday, September 14

Greg Norman won the European Golf Open at Sunningdale.



Henry Moore, the Yorkshire miner's son who came to be widely regarded as the greatest living sculptor, died on August 31, aged 88. He is seen here at the Forte Belvedere in Florence, where his most famous exhibition was held in 1972.

WHAT MAKES MARINES JUMP



At 15,000 feet, even on a clear day, the farm buildings around Dunkeswell airfield in Devon are tiny, misty shapes as the door of the Islander slides open. A gasp of rushing air, as if from an angry giant just kicked awake, further quickens the flowing adrenalin when you are about to step into the void.

For the Royal Marine display team the moment of exit is the first move in a bid to break the world record for "stack-jumping", in which parachutists join in mid-air to descend in a chain on one another's shoulders. Stack-jumping can end in disorienting darkness under the blinding mass of someone else's discarded parachute. "Canopy wrap" usually occurs in the final and least stable phase of the stacking operation.

The jumpers are trained to operate a quick-release gadget and discard their sensitive, high-performance canopy as soon as they encounter trouble. Then it's back to freefall and out with the spare rig, with luck to fly happily back to earth while the malfunctioning main canopy drifts harmlessly to another part of the drop zone.

Stack-jumping increases the chances of canopy failure and the risk that the discarded canopy will wrap itself like a 100 square foot shroud around another jumper. Just the thought of this happening can induce claustrophobia and panic in skilled parachutists. Sometimes several discarded canopies are cut away and land on the jumper at the bottom of the stack. "When that happens—as it does from time to time—

The Marines on their way to a record-breaking 24-man stack, opposite, with each man joining from the bottom as the stack descends; Captain Rod Boswell, above, team leader, prepares to jump.

it's a descending heap of nylon spaghetti with an agonized human being lashed up inside it somewhere," one experienced hand commented.

The first 10 "Booties" (as the Marines are nicknamed) are out at 15,000 feet. Jumpers one to three open their canopies immediately. The rest pause for a few seconds' stable freefall, spread like starfish, to drop below the others. Then each man moves smoothly to dock in turn, always joining from the bottom, flying buoyantly as the stack sinks towards him at unnatural speed

under the weight of several big sweaty bodies.

By 12,000 feet they have constructed a 10-man stack in time to receive the party disembarking at precisely that altitude from the next jump ship. Eight bodies pitch out of the second Islander. The eight repeat the drill, moving in on the formation with balletic precision.

The day before the record was broken all did not go so smoothly. Corporal Bobby Scouler, aged 34, who had been the 12th man to close, recalled: "The stack was swinging

slightly and as I put my canopy onto the bottom man's back it spun. My canopy collapsed and that was the end of it, just about. Stan Woods, above me, gave the command to cut away."

With 18 men, one more than their own European record only two years ago, they are down to about 9,000 feet. The big, unwieldy formation looks like some fantastic insect and has assumed an aerodynamic life of its own.

Each of the square, cellular air canopies is built from seven delicate sections, but only the top canopy can fly normally. The stack is sinking faster and shows a tendency to twist. This is disturbing but inevitable: there is cloud about this day, and cloud provokes turbulence. At this moment a big Sea King helicopter—the sort used to carry up to 40 special forces soldiers on Falklands operations—releases another eight jumpers to join the act.

Docking requires ever more finesse as each man joins—in this ➤





case an added refinement is that building a stack is also a race against time. As Corporal Scoular explains: "At about 3,500 feet, depending on the time of day, there is a hot/cold air level which causes turbulence. As the bottom of the stack hits this level, it causes the stack to swing. As the stack passes through the level it can break up completely." Moreover, the stack is now descending at about 1,000 feet a minute.

Some people like to dock by floating the canopy on to the back of the jumper with whom they are to link. Others aim to touch the back of the other man's rigging lines with the leading edge of their own canopy. In a manoeuvre more easily imagined than described, the top man then entwines his trainer-clad feet through the newcomer's rigging lines and slides down until he can curl big toes impudently inside the lower jumper's main harness. Too fast an approach can cause canopy collapse leading to canopy wrap and its consequent nightmares. Marine Bert Reynolds, after "about 850 jumps", describes the process as "a controlled collision".

His boss, Lieutenant Paul Mansell, agrees, adding: "It's the wrap situation which is the biggest fear. Turbulence caused by the first canopy collapse starts the whole stack oscillating. When Corporal Scoular's canopy wrapped we were lucky it didn't

provoke a domino effect. If someone panicked within the stack, it could easily lead to a 24-man wrap."

Another hazard is the snake effect, when turbulence at the centre of the stack makes the whole structure shudder, twist and then collapse. The result is the same. Twenty or so parachutists descending in a cascade of disordered rigging would generate the wrong sort of headlines, to say nothing of courts of inquiry.

Self-control and patience are two key requisites. The marines set their

new world record at Dunkeswell on August 20 on the 30th attempt. Courage is taken for granted. If the risks are evident, the allure of the new sport is as obscure to the uninitiated as, say, the attractions of cave-diving. Para-stacks have no military value. They lack the great joy of modern sky-diving, which is the freedom of plunging headlong from an aircraft door to swoop down like a bird of prey. So why risk stack-diving? Paul Mansell explains: "We are going into the unknown with

this form of parachuting. We are very close to what we consider to be the safety line . . . People looking at us probably think, 'You must have something loose in your head even to want to go for something of that size, complexity and danger'. But to us it's within reasonable limits. We know what the risks are and how to react when we get wrapped."

When they achieved their record, Reynolds, at the centre of the fragile stack at Number 10, almost missed the big moment. He was holding his position and his 13½ stone as motionless as possible, to minimize disturbance. "I had my head turned sideways so as to hear the people at the bottom count aloud the 10 seconds needed for the record. So I didn't see the last man join. They were shouting the time when I realized that No 24 was actually in the formation. I joined in the count then. When it came to 10 seconds there was cheering. We knew then we had done it."

"We went down to 2,500 feet before we even started to split it. I got off the stack at about 2,200 feet. Some of the lads were still unsure whether we really had the record but I knew when the helicopter flew past us. The aircrew had their hands out, waving at us as they went by. I realized what it meant."

It meant that in this obscure and dangerous sport, the jumping Booties had beaten their own record.

Two views from the middle of the stack: former Marine Gary Lawry has a camera strapped to his chest which gives a parachutist's-eye view of the successful record attempt.



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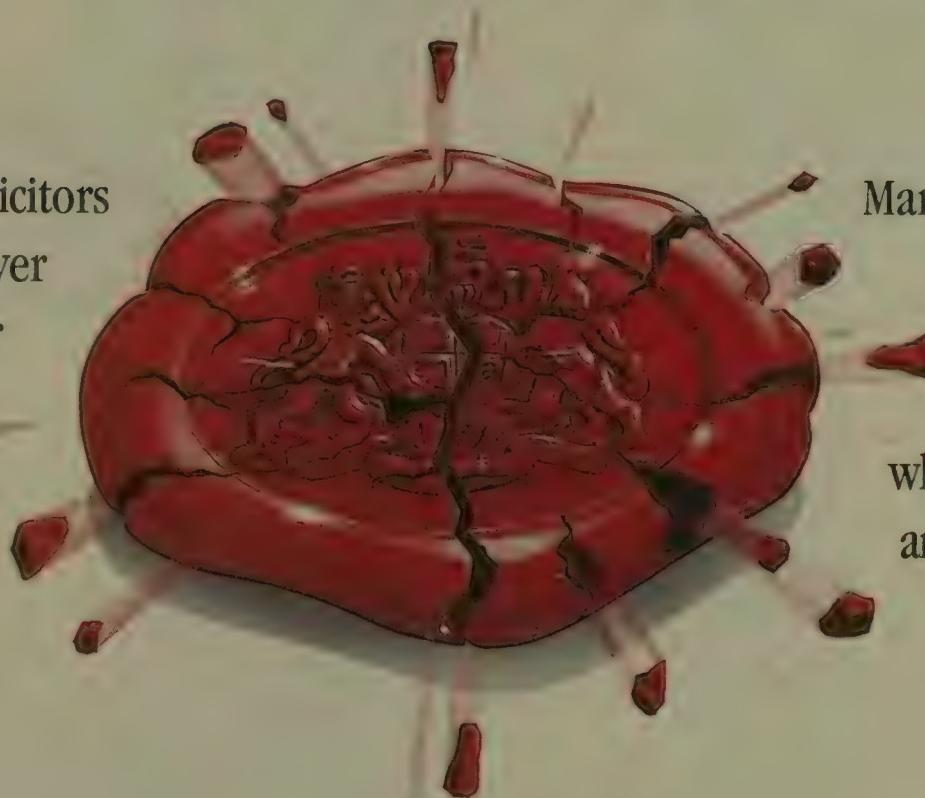
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THE LAW DIVIDED

Barristers and solicitors are deeply split over the future of their profession—just as it faces unprecedented external threats.



Marcel Berlins sets the scene, below, and reports five differing views; while Michael Zander analyses the changes and their impact.

The legal profession is under threat as never before in its long history. For more than five centuries lawyers have basked in public esteem and lucrative professional complacency. Today the 46,000 solicitors and 5,000 barristers who make up the profession in England and Wales are finding their ancient customs, their professional practices and even their very livelihoods under attack.

They are assailed from all sides. The Government, anxious to save public money, is trying to find ways of reducing the vast sums spent on legal aid for those who cannot afford to go to court. The stingy fees paid to barristers who take on criminal cases have already resulted in an unpre-

cedented battle in the courts between the barristers and their paymaster, the 78-year-old Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone. The lawyers won a partial victory, but complaints about low fees for publicly funded work, for both barristers and solicitors, continue vociferously.

Another Government money-saving tactic under discussion would take away from solicitors some of their remunerative advisory functions under the legal-aid scheme and give them to advice bureaux instead. This, at a time when solicitors are still reeling from the Parliamentary stab in the back which removed from them their monopoly over conveyancing, and opened the way for banks, building societies and some

non-lawyers to take a substantial slice of what was their most reliable money-spinner, one already reduced by the new phenomenon of cut-throat competition for customers.

Too many years of comfortable living did not help the legal profession repel more insidious predators. Slowly, accountants began to take over the advisory work on tax matters from lawyers. Various other specialized agencies nibbled at the traditional lawyers' role of providing wide-ranging financial advice.

The reform of the divorce laws, and the continuing, still unfinished simplification and streamlining of trial procedures and legal processes have made further erosions into the lawyers' workloads and incomes.

The profession is losing what it

had formerly taken for granted—a high proportion of the cream of the universities' law graduates. Increasing numbers of top law students are being drawn to central or local government or to the big corporations, with all the pensions and perks that private practice lacks.

Inevitably, in the face of this uncertainty, tensions have arisen between the two branches of the profession. Solicitors are annoyed at being excluded from arguing cases in the country's higher courts. They also resent the ban on their becoming High Court judges.

Lawyers are moving through turbulent times. After centuries of quiet comfort they have only belatedly woken up to the multiple threats. They need to adapt quickly. ➤

CONFLICTING INTERESTS

Solicitors and barristers put their hopes and fears to Marcel Berlins.
Photographs by Patrick Shanahan.

PETER BUTLER, partner in a small solicitors' firm in Wrexham, Wales. Former Chairman of the Law Society's Young Solicitors' Group.

I believe fusion of the legal profession is desirable. I don't accept the point that without a separate Bar, small firms of solicitors wouldn't have access to specialist advice. Even if there were not a divided profession there would still be a substantial body of expert opinion available on a referral basis. The majority of those who are presently counsel would still make their specialist skills, whether in advocacy or expertise in some field of law, available to lawyers who lacked them.

Looking at it logically, it is nonsense that potential lawyers should need to decide at university whether they want to be solicitors or barristers, without any experience whatsoever as to the way the two branches organize themselves and the job they do. It would be far better for them to delay their decision for as long as possible. If you introduce a common professional education, it is logical also to have a period of common training, because without it the lawyer will have no idea whether he has an aptitude for advocacy.

It is absurd that the most experienced solicitors can never have rights of audience before the higher courts whereas the most inexperienced junior counsel has those rights. There are certainly many cases which we, in our small firm, could argue better than the counsel to whom we're forced to hand over. If solicitors were given the right to argue in all the courts, only a small proportion would exercise it. But that would mean so much more choice available to the public and in many cases it would reduce the cost of legal services to the public.

In 10 years' time there will be a much smaller legal profession. There will be fewer solicitors' firms, because I believe that by then banks and building societies will be given the right to do the conveyancing on properties on which they are lending money. Firms relying on conveyancing will suffer severely. There will be more amalgamations, not just because of the loss of conveyancing but also to spread overheads.

JOHN WICKERSON, partner in a medium-sized solicitors' firm in outer London. Currently President of the Law Society.

The trend in the next decade will be towards larger firms. There is already some polarization. There are a lot of one-man firms, and there are the bigger firms. The small two- or three-partner firms are being squeezed out. They are the least viable, and I can see them looking for bigger firms doing different kinds of work and getting together with them. This does mean that there will be less choice.

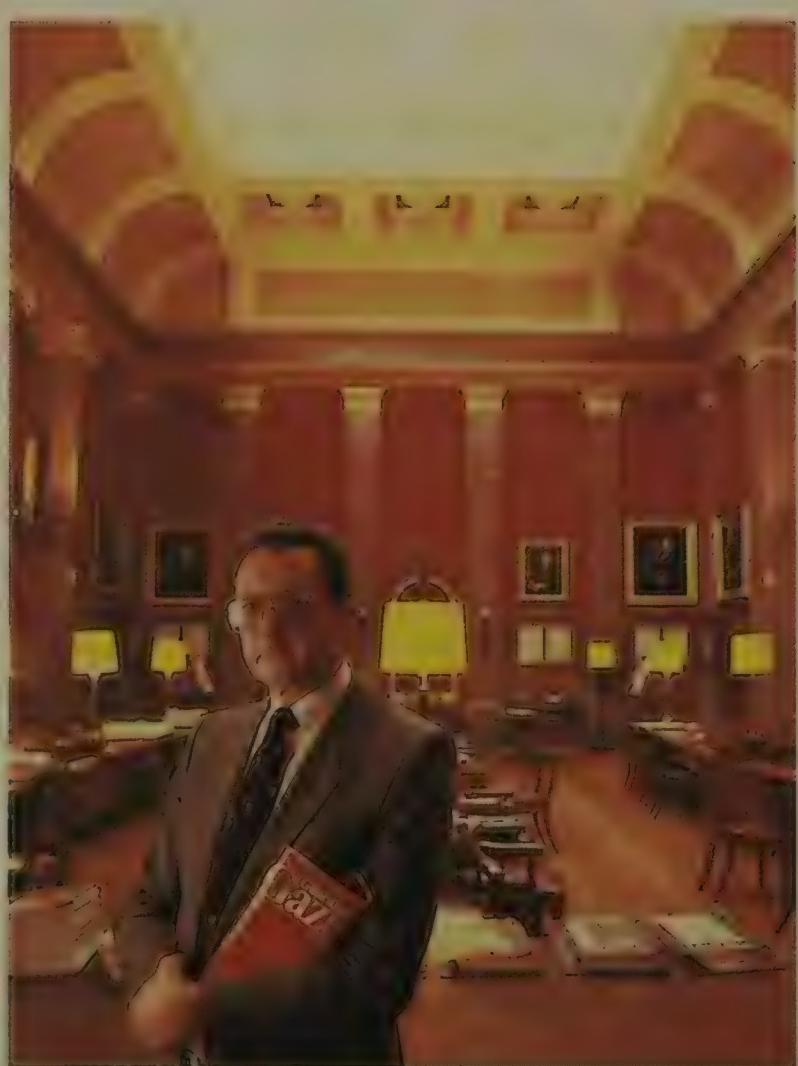
More solicitors are going to become specialists, voluntarily acquiring specialist accreditation in various areas of law. I'm absolutely in favour of that, but it will mean that the service will become more expensive, because specialists have to be paid more.

I foresee that some firms of solicitors will eventually be aiming their advertising at other firms. They'll be saying: "We don't want to steal your clients, but if you've got a particular problem in this area, we have a lot of expertise. Instead of going to counsel, come to us."

I don't think banks and building societies are so much of a threat to conveyancing solicitors, because solicitors are doing the work at prices which cannot be matched. But if banks and building societies were to subsidize conveyancing charges, that would be different. If the public were to get free conveyancing, it would kill off a lot of solicitors. But I don't believe that will happen, and I don't believe the Office of Fair Trading would allow it. So, provided there is fair competition, I would think the solicitor is in a strong position. There are a very large number of house buyers and sellers who are paying very large sums for a house. They really do want to have their rights looked after and they see the independent solicitor as the right person to do so.

I'm pretty fed up with the Bar and solicitors rowing away with each other over rights of audience. Somehow we've got to find an acceptable

The solicitors: Peter Butler, top, and John Wickerson, bottom.



compromise. Over criminal cases in the Crown Court there can't really be a lot of argument that solicitors should have a much wider right, but where you draw the line is more difficult. I'm not saying that as from tomorrow a solicitor ought to be able to take a murder trial at the Old Bailey. In civil cases it's the allocation of work that is wrong.

LORD ELWYN-JONES, former Attorney-General, Lord Chancellor in the Labour government 1974-79. Now chief Labour Party spokesman on law in the Lords.

Underlying our anxiety about lawyers is the high cost of litigation. We would be a lot less preoccupied with the division of the profession if we had a system which was cheaper and quicker. I started the pressure for action when I was Lord Chancellor and I support the current action and discussions aimed at cutting out a lot of the appalling procedural snags and formalities, and the delays which are taking place.

Broadly speaking, I support the conclusion in 1979 of the Royal Commission on Legal Services (which I set up) that the public interest is best served by two separate branches of the profession. There is value in the element of detachment that is available to the barrister, but less so to the solicitor in immediate contact with his client. There's clearly value in the acquisition of expertise on the forensic side of the law, the presentation of cases in court. A further advantage is that a solicitor in my native town of Llanelli, for example, who needs expertise that he hasn't got in his own practice, has available to him the best brains at the Bar.

Whether or not the division between lawyers should be carried to the extent it has been on rights of audience in the courts is another matter. Some of the ablest advocates are solicitors. The difficulty is that if the right to exclusive audience in the senior courts is removed from the Bar, the prospects of barristers earning a living would be seriously diminished. It comes to the basic question: is the Bar worth preserving as a separate profession? If not, then it is easy to whittle away at its undoubtedly privileges, making it unviable and unattractive.

HELENA KENNEDY, a left-wing barrister specializing in criminal cases (for the defence) and immigration law.

I accept that a two-tier structure of generalist and specialist lawyers is desirable. But you could have that without having the sort of élitist division that you have at the moment. Barristers are seen, and have presented themselves, as being specialists without necessarily having had specialist training. Lots of solicitors are excellent advocates and they ought to be able to use those skills



Barrister Helena Kennedy, above, and Lord Elwyn-Jones, former Lord Chancellor.

in the higher courts as well.

If you took away those restrictive practices most lawyers would do very much the same as they do now. In the exceptional case where solicitors achieve a real rapport with a client or where they're intimately involved with the details of a case, they should be entitled to handle those cases in court.

But I'm not in favour of total fusion. One of the things I think is least efficient about the American system is that because the attorney has to be involved in the preparation of a case, he or she tends to do less advocacy. In personal terms, I want to be in court as much as possible. That's where the thrill is for me. And I can spend all my time in court under the English system, because the solicitor has done all the preparation. But I would like to be more involved at an earlier stage with the client and the solicitor, working as a team from the beginning.

I'm more concerned about other aspects of the system than about the division of the professions—the cutbacks on legal aid, for instance, and the threat to the jury system. I would like to see a proper Minister of Justice. I don't think the public is best served by the present arrangements.

ROBERT ALEXANDER QC, one of England's most prominent and sought-after barristers, mainly in the commercial law field. Now Chairman of the Bar.

The consequences of a serious erosion of the difference between the two branches of the profession would be a less effective service to the public, in the end a more costly service to the public, and would lead to a serious lessening of the quality of the administration of justice.

Critics suggest that if you did not have a division between barristers and solicitors, there would be fewer people involved in the conduct of a case and it would be cheaper for the client. That, we believe, isn't so. Every case needs proper preparation and proper presentation. The work has to be done by someone, and we think that experience in other countries, notably the United States, indicates that where you have a fused system you tend to get greater expense, because you have the same number of lawyers but a less efficient system that drags cases out and increases the expense.

Looking to the future, I think it is going to be ever more important in our society that we should have a clearly independent Bar. In order to have that you've got to have differences between barristers and solicitors who do different jobs. But that doesn't mean that nothing must change. I can envisage some changes in legal professional education,

FACING UP TO CHANGE

Michael Zander, Professor of Law at the London School of Economics, finds the air thick with new ideas to beat the competition.

The life of the law and of lawyers is normally dignified and stately. Change is measured in decades and even then is barely perceptible. But the legal profession is currently experiencing probably the most traumatic period in its long history. Certainly there has been no precedent this century for the rate of change that has engulfed it.

It began on a Friday, two and a half years ago. Austin Mitchell, Labour backbench Member for Great Grimsby, had drawn a high position in the annual ballot for private members' legislation. He was persuaded by the Consumers' Association to adopt their draft bill to abolish the solicitors' conveyancing monopoly. It was assumed by all the experts that the Law Society would rally its supporters to defeat the bill. But on Friday, December 16, 1983, to general astonishment, Mitchell's Bill won a majority of 96 to 76.

Even then the Law Society was not unduly concerned. Had not the Solicitor General, Patrick Mayhew, told the House of Commons that the Government opposed the Bill?

But over the Christmas adjournment the Government changed its mind—largely, it seems, because of the joint influence in Cabinet of Norman Tebbit and of the Prime Minister herself. The Government's announcement in spring, 1984 put the Law Society into a panic. Conveyancing is a multi-million-pound business and accounts for as much as half of solicitors' incomes. The idea that it might be slashed was appalling for the profession.

Moreover, the threat had come out of a clear blue sky. The legal profession's monopolies and restrictive practices had been subjected to a sustained chorus of criticism from a variety of quarters from the late 1960s onwards. But to the chagrin of the critics the Royal Commission on Legal Services, in its report in 1979, had given the profession a clean bill of health. The Commission was unanimous that the public interest was best served by a continuation of the division of the profession into barristers and solicitors; it approved the barristers' monopoly on the right

of advocacy in the higher courts by eight to seven and, on conveyancing, it favoured the solicitors' monopoly by a decisive 10 to five. Both barristers and solicitors had breathed a great sigh of relief. Yet, just four years later, a Conservative Government was implementing legislation initiated by a Labour MP to strike down the conveyancing monopoly.

The legislation is now law, though it has not yet come into force. Under the Administration of Justice Act 1985, qualified licensed conveyancers who satisfy the test of competence and other safeguards required by the new rules will be able to compete with solicitors.

Although there are as yet no licensed conveyancers, the mere threat of competition has produced remarkable results. Almost immediately after the Government first announced in spring, 1984 that it would implement the Austin Mitchell Bill, the Law Society decided that it would allow solicitors to engage in advertising—something it had always previously opposed root and branch. From October, 1984 solicitors have been allowed to use any media other than television to publicize themselves, their services and even their charges. Not many have availed themselves of this new liberty. But the fact that it is now allowed marks a signal to the world that solicitors are officially being encouraged to strip down for action. In the conveyancing field charges have come down by about a quarter to meet anticipated competition.

In reality, the profession has probably exaggerated the danger from licensed conveyancers. It seems unlikely that they will succeed in capturing more than a marginal share of this lucrative market. A much greater potential threat is in fact posed by the Building Societies Bill now before Parliament which would give *solicitors* employed by banks, building societies, estate agents or other institutions recognized by the Lord Chancellor the right to compete with solicitors in private practice in the conveyancing work. The Law Society understandably fears that the vast resources of such insti-

tutions would enable them to undercut solicitors in private practice to such an extent that many of the 7,000 or more firms in the country might have to close.

This danger was averted, at least temporarily, when the Government accepted the Law Society's argument that solicitors with banks and building societies should not be able to offer conveyancing services where the bank or building society was also the lender—for fear of a conflict of interest. Since there is little point in banks and building societies providing the services for someone else's client, solicitors can relax for the time being. But it is a shaky basis on which to rest the profession's hopes. If a future government took a different view on the conflict-of-interest problem the sky might indeed fall in.

In the meantime, the air has been thick with new ideas for marketing legal services. Computerized systems for conveyancing have been developed. Solicitors are actively pursuing ways of providing a comprehensive one-stop house-buying and selling service, including estate agency. The Law Society is considering whether solicitors should be able to link up in partnership with members of other professions such as accountants or surveyors. Sooner or later there is bound to be an attempt to copy the American development of "legal clinics" offering low-cost legal services in such fields as wills, divorces, property transfer, probate transactions and other common client problems.

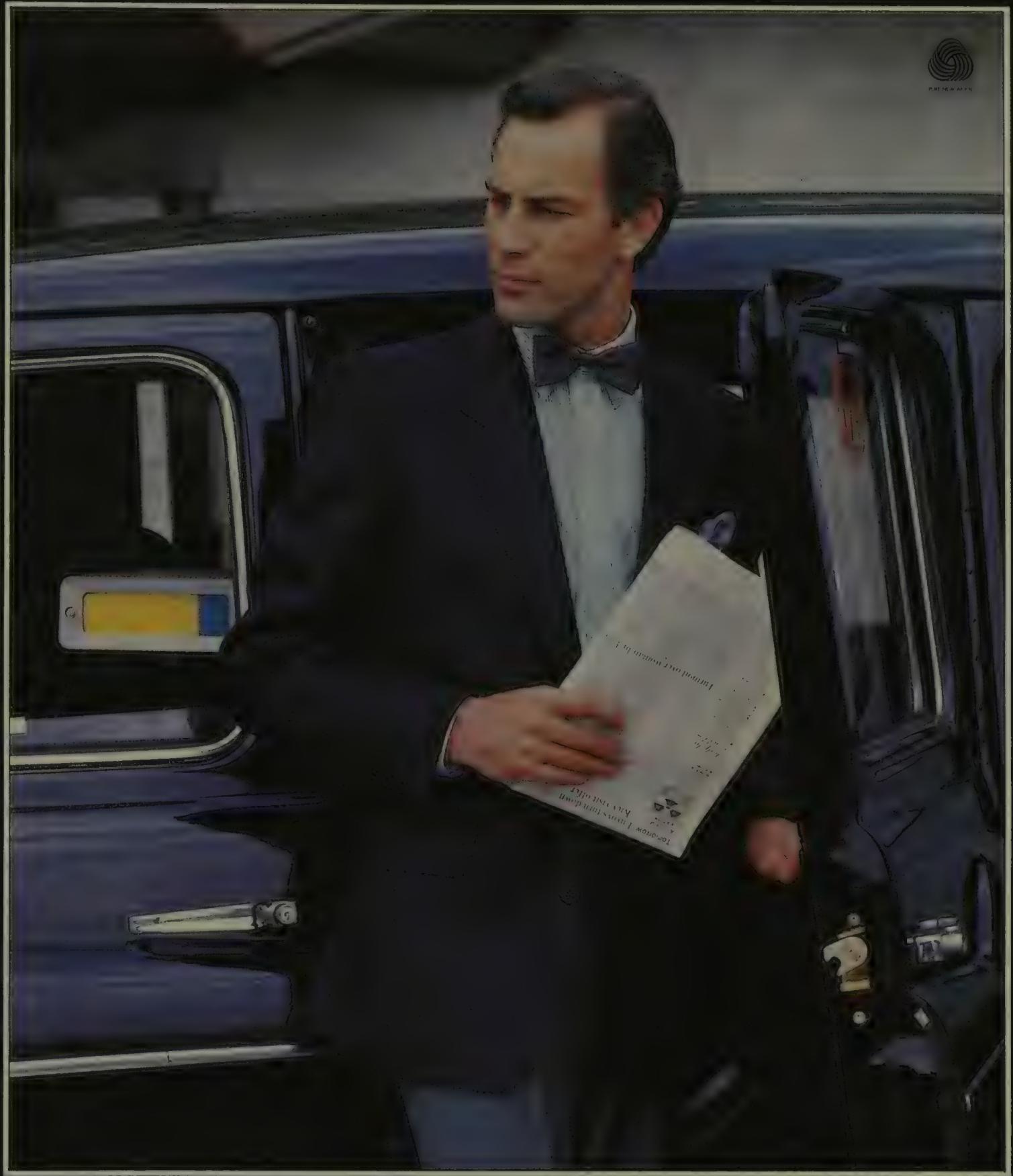
This may well have relevance also to another major area of contention where the ground has recently been shifting, the battle over the barristers' advocacy monopoly. In its evidence to the Royal Commission in the mid 1970s the Law Society was not arguing for any significant extension of the right to appear in the higher courts. But as soon as it was faced with the loss of work in the conveyancing field the Law Society totally changed its tune. It is now fighting for abolition of the Bar's monopoly—with the Bar, needless to say, resisting fiercely.



Robert Alexander QC,
Chairman of the Bar.

towards harmonization, and there may be some slight changes in the boundaries affecting rights of audience in the higher courts. But I do not believe there is a good argument for radically altering our present system, which in many ways has given a very good service through centuries and continues to be admired by a great many people. It is fair, it is full of integrity, it is independent; cases in court are by and large conducted efficiently and the quality of judgments given by the judges is extremely good.

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LONDON AND NATIONWIDE

»» So far, the Bar is winning—the Government has as yet shown little inclination to apply the reasoning which resulted in the abolition of the conveyancing monopoly to the field of advocacy. But from the Bar's point of view there are worrying signs.

The Crown Prosecution Service which is being set up throughout the country this year will have barristers and solicitors working on a salaried basis in a national service under the Director of Public Prosecutions. For cases in the Crown Court it will for the moment have to continue to instruct barristers in private practice. The Government assured the Bar that there was no intention to alter this traditional system. But what if a future government were to give the right of advocacy to members of the new service themselves, cutting out the barristers in private practice; or give solicitors the right to appear for the defence in the Crown Court. All this strikes terror into the Bar.

The prospect of such developments began to loom ominously with the publication in June of the report of an "Efficiency Scrutiny" on legal aid. This proved the most radical official look at legal services of recent years. On Crown Court cases it observed that while there might be an argument for retaining the Bar's monopoly in regard to "not guilty" pleas it was difficult to see why solicitors should not have a right of audience in "guilty" plea cases

A growing view is that all lawyers should be trained as solicitors.

(which are the majority of all cases). The Bar's argument that such simple cases were needed as training for young practitioners was, the committee said, "from the legal aid point of view not a good reason". It estimated that extending solicitors' rights of audience would save around £1 million a year and by adding prosecution work this figure would be doubled.

On the other hand, the Scrutiny Committee took a swipe at solicitors with its proposals that public money would be saved if the whole legal-aid system of providing legal advice and assistance short of advocacy were taken away from the solicitors' profession and given instead to lay workers and solicitors in Citizens' Advice Bureaux. This, it suggested, could save some £9 million. It would of course also drastically affect the service solicitors could provide to indigent clients and would reduce the overall income of solicitors by some £60 million a year.

Both branches of the profession are already feeling the pinch in regard to legal-aid fees—so much so that earlier this year we had the unlikely spectacle of the Lord Chancellor being sued by the Chairman of the Bar, Robert Alexander QC, and the Law Society on behalf of their members, to get better terms in the latest round of up-rating of legal-aid fees in criminal cases. Both branches of the profession eventually won a few extra per cent through a negotiated settlement.

The Scrutiny Committee also recommended that only solicitors with proved competence in the particular field who show that they are committed to maintaining their expertise should be allowed to undertake legal aid. This proposal requiring specialization is unlikely to be accepted—it has been criticized by virtually everyone including the National Consumers' Council and the National Association of Citizens' Advice Bureaux. But the present trend is clearly towards specialization and the Law Society is currently developing a variety of schemes to permit solicitors to demonstrate and advertise their specialist skills.

This also affects the question of the future of the divided profession which the Royal Commission unanimously believed to be in the public interest. But today, only a few years later, there is a significant and increasingly respectable school of thought in the higher echelons of the Law Society that believes that all lawyers ought to be trained as solicitors and that the independent Bar should consist of a higher level of specialist. All lawyers would then have the right to appear in any court. If this view were to prevail, there would be no more monopoly over advocacy and the Bar would be drastically slimmed down. Some believe that the public would be better served if the profession were totally unified, but given the history of the English system, the attachment to tradition and the strength of the belief in the value of the divided profession it seems unlikely that complete fusion will occur.

What does begin to look possible in the next decade or so is some approximation to the New Zealand system where all lawyers qualify as both barristers and solicitors and can then practise as both or as either one or the other. This seems to achieve the best of both worlds.

The current battle between the two sides of the profession began to get so nasty that last April they set up a joint committee consisting of five barristers, five solicitors and five independent members with a lay chairman, Lady Marre, whose remit is to sort out the current problems.

If she succeeds in knocking heads together and getting agreement between the warring factions she will have achieved a miracle.

THE PRICE OF JUSTICE

Going to law—unless you're poor enough to get legal aid (see separate panel)—is not cheap. Exactly how much you have to pay your lawyer depends on the kind of work involved, the seniority of the solicitor or barrister, and where in the country you live.

Solicitors usually charge by the hour, and the cost can vary from £30 for a junior solicitor in a firm in the provinces to well over £100 an hour for the services of a partner in a big London firm.

Drawing up a not-too-complicated will, for example, which will not need to be handled by a senior solicitor, might cost around £100, though some firms will do it cheaper as a "loss-leader", hoping for more remunerative work from the client in the future. A typical "agreed" divorce might cost around £200, but as soon as there are any complications with property or children, the charges rise to at least £500. Solicitors' fees for conveyancing have come down dramatically because of competition and, by shopping around, it is possible to get quotes as low as £180 for a simple house purchase, though £200-£250 is more usual.

It is when cases go to court that law starts becoming really expensive. Barristers enter the picture, and they have to be paid as well as the solicitor. A QC in a High Court accident case of average difficulty, or acting for a defendant in a jury trial in the Crown Court can command around £500 to £1,000 for the first day in court (including preparation for it) and at least £300 for every successive day. A competent junior counsel would get a £400 "brief fee" and £150 as daily "refreshers". In the lower courts, for less serious cases, barristers might charge as little as £50 or £100—less than a solicitor.

Legal aid

People on low incomes can usually get legal aid—state-funded help covering legal advice from a lawyer and legal representation in court. The well-off can afford lawyers anyway. It is those on middle incomes who suffer—too rich for legal aid, too poor to afford it out of their own pockets.

The formulae used to work out eligibility for legal aid are complex and depend on a number of factors—including the applicant's income, capital, mortgage and the number of dependant children in the family.

There are two kinds of legal-aid schemes. One covers initial legal advice from a solicitor and a limited amount of work, under what is called the "green form scheme". The other deals with

going to court. Litigants involved in civil court proceedings—whether as plaintiff or defendant—have to show, first, that they have a reasonable chance of winning the case. Then they are means-tested. A single person would probably not get legal aid if he earned more than about £7,000 a year. But a couple with a large mortgage and several children could get it even with earnings of £13,000 a year.

The tests for defendants in the criminal courts are different. The income limits are more flexible. The defendant has to show that he needs a lawyer and cannot afford one. Even quite high-earning people may not be able to pay for a trial in the Crown Court which may go on for several days. So if a defendant is charged with a relatively serious offence and is in danger of going to prison or losing his job, or if the case is complicated, he will usually be granted legal aid.

The future

What will the proposed changes to the legal profession mean to the price of justice?

Solicitors are likely to be granted some of their demands for greater rights of audience in the higher courts. There will be some reduction in the duplication of work by solicitors and barristers. But unless solicitors are given full rights to argue jury trials—extremely unlikely—the saving to the clients will be small.

If a two-tier profession structure is retained, even if the present division is reorganized, the client will still have to pay his generalist lawyer as at present, and the specialist when needed.

In the highly improbable eventuality of total fusion between the two branches of the profession, going to law may become a little cheaper—but probably at lower quality. The key to cheaper justice lies not so much in reforming the lawyers as in simplifying the legal procedures which lead to appalling delays and excessive costs. To its credit the Government is studying ways of improving the system of justice.

At the same time, however, its attempts to cut down legal aid means that fewer will be eligible for help and those that are may get a lesser service. Moreover, if the Government idea to make citizens' advice bureaux rather than solicitors the first port of call for people with possible legal problems, not only will solicitors lose part of their income, but their clients will receive a less expert service.

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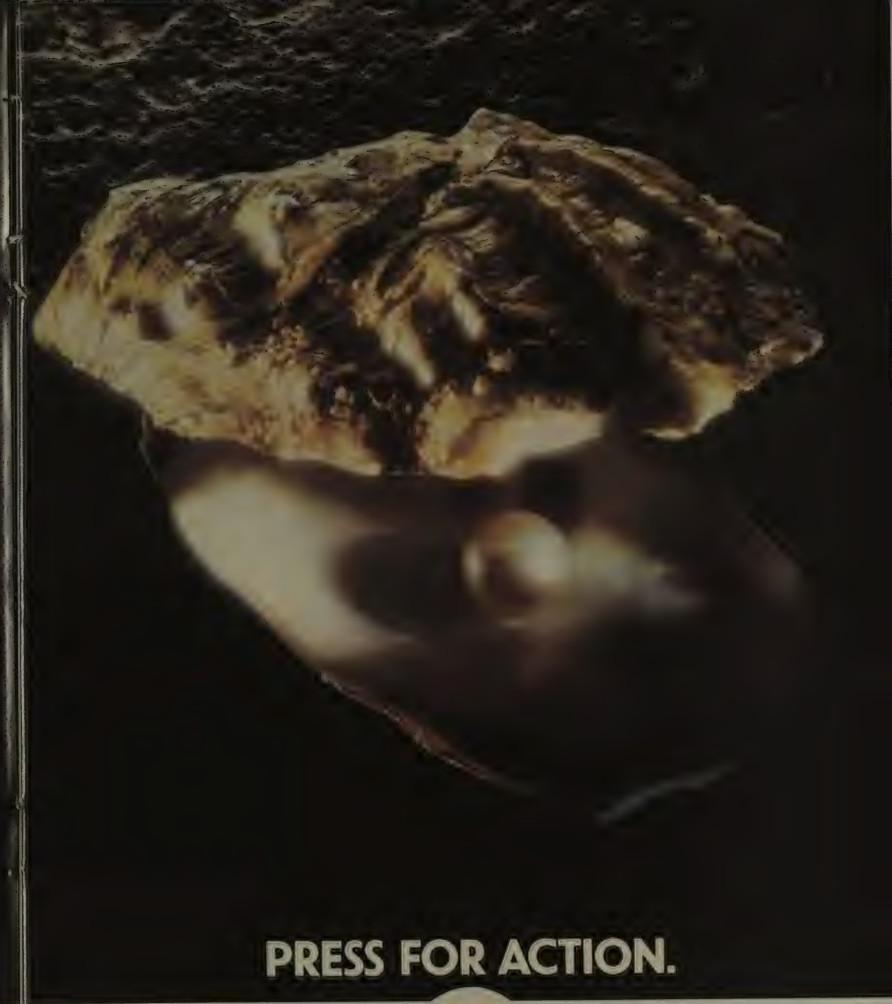
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Dinner at Smith Square, a typical painting by last year's winner, Howard Hodgkin.
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THE PRIZE THAT TURNED SOUR

Tim Hyman, painter and critic, explains why the £10,000 Turner Prize,
to be awarded on November 25, may
backfire on modern art and needs to be rethought.

There were good reasons for creating a new prize for art in Britain three years ago. The climate here is discouraging—few collectors, low professional status, minimal media coverage. Any attempt to get things moving, to raise the profile of contemporary art, ought to have been welcome. But somehow, the Turner Prize took a wrong direction. Its terms have been ill conceived, its mode of selection shoddy. Its current shortlist has aroused such widespread hostility that the whole enterprise is in danger of backfiring.

The fundamental mistake was to award the prize not to any specific

achievement (though past exhibitions are cited in the shortlist) but to a reputation—to "the person who, in the opinion of the New Art Jury, has made the greatest contribution to art in Britain in the past 12 months". Saul Bellow once wrote of "the delirious professions ... trades in which the main instrument is your opinion of yourself, and the raw material is your reputation or standing". At one swoop the Turner Prize takes the focus away from the work of art, the exceptional object, and into the realm of public relations.

These terms made the selectors' job impossible. The obvious model was the Booker Prize, and its ➤

Shortlisted: BILL WOODROW. Below: a typical work, *Still Waters*, 1985, made from three car hoods, three bed box springs, enamel and acrylic paints. Woodrow was born in 1948, educated at Winchester School of Art, St Martin's and Chelsea School of Art. Shortlisted for his show *Natural Produce*, an Armed Response at La Jolla Museum, California, and for contributions to exhibitions in Britain, Europe and the USA.

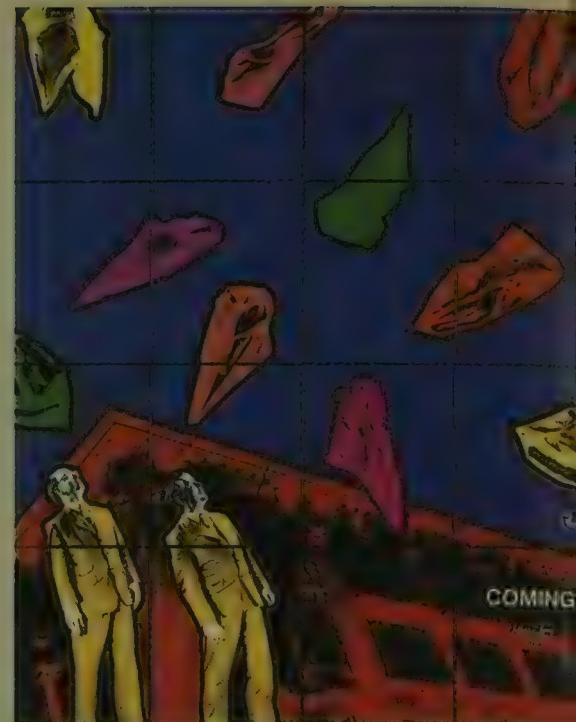


» boost to the sales of British novels; in both, a jury of five present a prize of £10,000. Imagine the difficulties, however, if the Booker were awarded, not to a novel, but to "the person who has contributed most to literature". Every comparison between the two prizes shows up the inadequacy of the Turner procedures. The Booker jury always includes at least two practising novelists; each member is paid £1,000 and reads about 100 novels before shortlisting. The Turner selectors have never included a practising artist, they are paid nothing at all, and they meet only once, when, between lunch and tea, they go through the names of about 70 candidates and add up the votes.

The prize has for three years been supplied by an anonymous donor, under the auspices of the Patrons of New Art, who select the jury. The Patrons were constituted in 1982 as a branch of the Friends of the Tate; they now have 187 members, who

each pay a minimum of £475 this year, and will together purchase about £60,000 worth of New Art for the Tate collection. While the nominal organizer was Alan Bowness, the Tate's director, the real moving spirits were the Saatchis.

In the still waters of the British art scene, the Saatchis' recent massive intervention, as collectors and as puppet-masters, has come as an explosion. The Turner Prize could be seen as part of their general strategy, to dynamite a canal from our shabby-genteel backwater, through to the international mainstream. Their initiative coincided with just that moment in the late 70s when the mainstream ran dry, when (as Robert Hughes put it) all the "isms" had become "wasms" and neo-Expressionism was not yet "important". I remember once hearing Doris Saatchi explain what she had meant when she repeatedly used the word "important" (an important artist, an important gallery, and so

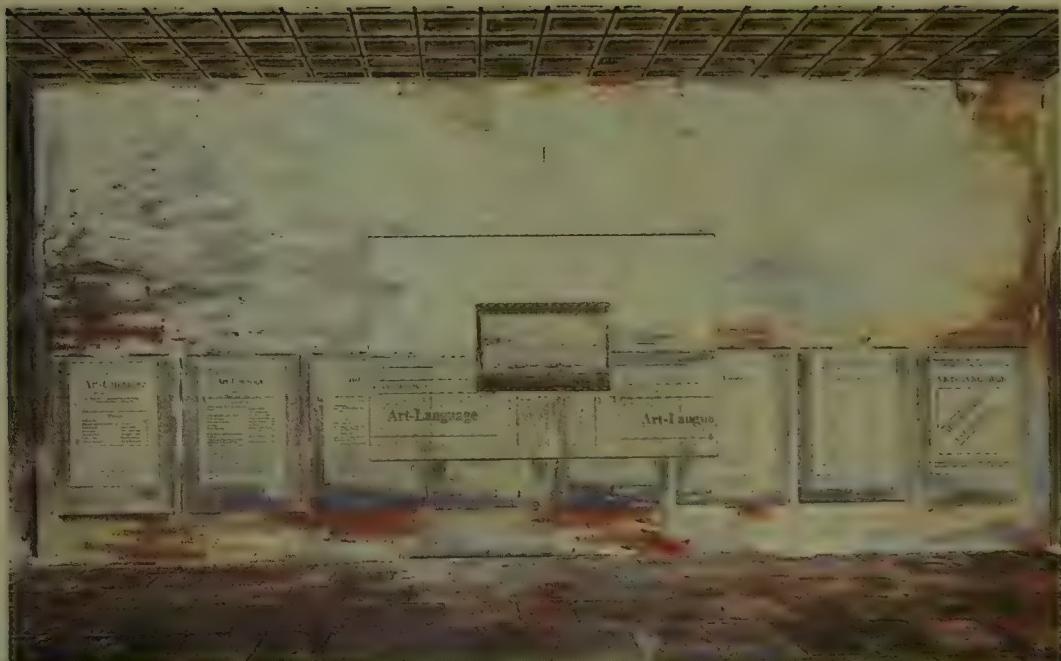


Shortlisted: GILBERT and GEORGE. Above: a typical work, *Coming* 1983. Gilbert was born in 1943 in Italy, educated at art schools in Austria and Germany. George was born in 1942, and educated at Dartington School of Art and Oxford School of Art. They have worked together since 1968, having met at St Martin's School of Art. Shortlisted for shows at Guggenheim Museum, New York; the Fruitmarket, Edinburgh; and for a major retrospective now in Bordeaux and due to be shown at the Hayward Gallery in London next July.

on). "By important I mean that which is talked about, that which is written about, that which is influential." A prize can easily become a kind of advertising campaign to create "importance" of that kind.

Far more than the novel, or the cinema, art is a world fissured beyond any possibility of consensus. Yet even beyond avant-garde and Royal Academy, beyond Figurative, Abstract or Conceptual art and their subgroups and sects, whose civil wars make of every British art school a kind of mini-Beirut, the greatest gap of all operates between the home and the international circuit. If you asked any group of young British painters to name the most influential exhibition or artist of the past year, I doubt if a single one on the Turner shortlist would occur to them. The terms of the prize can really accommodate only the international end of the market; and if you believe, as I do, that the perspectives of Biennale and Art Fair, of *Flash Art* and *World Art*

Shortlisted: DEREK JARMAN. Below: a characteristic shot from his film *Jubilee*. Derek Jarman was born in 1942 and educated at the Slade School of Art in London. After a successful exhibition of his paintings, he was asked to design sets for Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the London Coliseum. Shortlisted for the "outstanding visual quality" of his films, particularly *Sebastiane*, *Jubilee*, *The Tempest* and *Caravaggio*.



Trends are mostly false, then the Turner Prize begins to look like an attempt to give a false legitimacy to a spurious order.

This year's selectors are a banker, three museum directors and a critic. Alan Bowness, as chairman, takes little part in the discussion; likewise the representative for the Patrons, Frederick Roos, director of a small Swiss bank. Of the remaining three, Jean Christophe Ammann, director of the Basel Kunsthalle, knows little of British art beyond the obvious Eurocurrency; he has recently mounted a Gilbert and George show, but had never heard of Ken Kiff. Michael Newman is a well-informed intellectual in his mid-30s, at one time almost a house-critic for the Lisson Gallery, who now publishes mainly outside Britain. (The Lisson, tucked away in St John's Wood, is little known to the general art public in Britain, but very prominent in Europe; and three of the six short-listed are Lisson associates.) The odd

man out is the greatly respected, independent and sensible director of the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford, David Elliott, whose many revelatory initiatives have included a contemporary East German survey, and a retrospective of the Mexican muralist Orozco. It is hard to detect Elliott's hand in this year's shortlist. A solution might be in future to allow each of the three "invited" selectors a nomination of his or her own, the rest of the shortlist being chosen by vote.

Having said all that, the actual winners have, up to now, worked out well enough: in 1984 the entertaining (if expatriate) Malcolm Morley; in 1985 the painter I would nominate as our best (already shortlisted the previous year), Howard Hodgkin. True, both were established, and needed neither publicity nor money; perhaps as a deliberate contrast, this year's shortlist courts controversy.

Three of the six on it began their careers in the early 70s as adversaries of the art object, though from totally

different standpoints; each undoubtedly loathes and despises the work of the other two.

Victor Burgin, in a recent essay, "The Absence of Presence", looked back nostalgically to those heady days when painting and sculpture seemed superseded, when "objects for consumption" could make way for "occasions for interpretation". Burgin, who teaches photography at the Polytechnic of Central London, is one of the few Englishmen to pass through semiotics and Lacan and still write lucidly; his consistent ploy has been to fasten a political text to an adman's image, publishing it as a "subverted" poster.

Gilbert and George reacted against the narrow St Martin's School of Art sculpture tradition; for a decade they stood (sometimes literally as "living sculptures") for some alternative accommodation between Art and Life. Since then, having become a British Institution, they have begun to churn out ➤➤➤

Shortlisted: ART AND LANGUAGE.

Above: a sample work, *Index: Incident at a Museum (VII)*, 1985. The group was founded in 1968 by Terry Atkinson, David Bainbridge, Michael Baldwin and Harold Hurrell. Between 30 and 50 people have contributed to its work over the years. Shortlisted for a recent show at the Lisson Gallery and for a "continuing contribution to the critical debate about modern art and its context".

What does possession mean to you?



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Shortlisted: STEPHEN MCKENNA. Below:
a typical work, *Das Italienische Konsulat de Berlin* (sic). McKenna was born in 1939, lives in London and Brussels, and has exhibited widely in Europe. Shortlisted for a recent show at the Institute of Contemporary Art, London and others at the Edward Total Gallery, London and at the Kunsthalle, Düsseldorf.



» complex photo-altarpieces, in which rough sex and their politics (seemingly quasi-Fascist) are brightly permuted.

Parallel, but more interesting, is the recent creation by the Art Language group, once centred on a journal notorious for its jargon, of some oddly imposing pictures.

The attacks on current art practice by all these three were long ago, and all too easily, assimilated by that same art market; each is now producing elegantly presented and saleable art objects, greedy for recognition and success. Far from providing any corrective to the Saatchi syndrome, they have become licensed jesters, aging dandies and clowns to the same esoteric circus. Their work makes no sense outside it. As youthful vultures they fastened on a rotting corpse; now that a resurrection is under way, their antics are revealed to be (as Kraus wrote of psychoanalysis) "the disease of which they pretend to be the cure".

I grew up at the Slade alongside Derek Jarman, who was already writing scripts for *The Tempest* and *Caravaggio*; to watch him bring them to fruition 20 years later is moving. *The Tempest* was genuine magic, and Jarman deserves support; but surely from the cinema, not from the Tate.

So the real choice lies between Bill Woodrow, who transforms waste material into sculpture, and Stephen McKenna, whose odd brand of neoclassicism comes out of late de Chirico, with the same ambiguous blend of kitsch and knowing irony. Neither seems to me a timely exemplar. McKenna would have my vote as the only painter, but he works mostly in Germany, and Woodrow is the likely winner. A desultory show (one or two works by each shortlisted artist) will open at the Tate in November.

Anyone can make a nomination to the Turner Prize. My own was Peter de Francia, for his drawings, for his monograph on Léger (recently pub-

lished by Yale) and for his 10-year stint, just ended, as professor of painting at the Royal College of Art. If we are talking of "contributions", de Francia's has been enormous, and has gone largely unpublicized and unrewarded. If I stick to my own conviction that the prize should go to the best single exhibition, my personal shortlist would include: Ken Kiff at the Serpentine, R. B. Kitaj at Marlborough Fine Art, Frank Auerbach at the Venice Biennale, Eileen Cooper at Blond Fine Art, and Terry Satch at Nigel Greenwood's gallery.

My hope is that the Turner Prize will continue to be awarded, but on a firm foundation. I believe the Jury should be paid, and should meet at least twice before shortlisting; it should include at least one artist, and at least one woman. (In 1986 a jury of five men shortlisted six men.) Above all, I believe the prize must be tied to a specific achievement. Reputation is a bubble that bad prizes merely enlarge ◎

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5.3 If on repayment the Bond has, by reason of paragraph 6.1, earned less interest than the total already paid in respect of the Bond under paragraph 5.2 the balance will be deducted from the sum to be repaid. Any interest earned on the Bond and not already paid before repayment will be added to the sum to be repaid. If, in the case of repayment under paragraph 6.2, it is not reasonably practicable to stop an interest payment from being made after the repayment date, the amount of that interest payment will be deducted from the sum to be repaid.

5.4 The Treasury may from time to time vary the Treasury rate upon giving six weeks' notice.

5.5 The Treasury may from time to time vary the intervals at and dates on which interest is payable, upon giving notice, and in so doing may specify holding limits above or below which any variation will apply. No variation will apply to a Bond issued before the variation unless the Bondholder agrees to such application.

5.6 Interest on a Bond registered in the sole name of a minor under seven years of age will normally be paid into a National Savings Bank account in the name of the minor.

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6.1 A Bondholder may obtain repayment of a Bond at par before redemption upon giving 3 calendar months' notice.

The Bond will earn interest at the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the repayment date where repayment falls on or after the first anniversary of purchase. Where the repayment date falls before the first anniversary of purchase the Bond will earn interest at half the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the repayment date.

6.2 Where an application for repayment of a Bond is made after the death of the sole or sole surviving registered holder no fixed period of notice is required and the Bond will earn interest at the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the date of repayment, whether or not repayment occurs before the first anniversary of the purchase.

6.3 Any application for repayment of a Bond must be made in writing to the Bonds and Stock Office, Blackpool and accompanied by the investment certificate. The period of notice given by the Bondholder will be calculated from the date on which the application is received in the Bonds and Stock Office.

6.4 Application may be made for repayment of part of a Bond in an amount of £1,000 or a multiple of that sum provided that the holding of Bonds remaining after the part repayment is not less than the minimum holding limit in paragraph 4.1 as varied from time to time under paragraph 4.2. The preceding sub-paragraphs will apply to the part repaid as to a whole Bond: the remaining balance will have the same date of purchase and the same interest dates as were applicable to the original Bond immediately prior to repayment.

PAYMENTS

7. Interest will be payable direct to a National Savings Bank or other bank or building society account or by crossed warrant sent by post. A Bondholder may only designate one account or method of payment to apply to his entire holding of Bonds at any time. Capital will be repayable direct to a National Savings Bank account or by crossed warrant sent by post.

MINORS

8. A Bond held by a minor under the age of seven years, either solely or jointly with any other person, will not be repayable, except with the consent of the Director of Savings.

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9. Bonds will not be transferable except with the consent of the Director of Savings. Transfer of a Bond or part of a Bond will only be allowed in an amount of £1,000 or multiple of that sum and will not be allowed if the holding of the transferor or transferee would thereby be outside the holding limits imposed by paragraph 4.1 as varied from time to time under paragraph 4.2. The Director of Savings will normally give consent in the case of, for example, devolution of Bonds on the death of a holder but not to any proposed transfer which is by way of sale or for any consideration.

NOTICE

10. The Treasury will give any notice required under paragraph 4.2, 5.4, 5.5 or 11 of the prospectus in the London, Edinburgh and Belfast Gazettes or in any other manner which they think fit. If notice is given otherwise than in the Gazettes it will as soon as is reasonably possible thereafter be recorded in them.

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OTHER PATHS TO HEALTH

Some of its byways inspire scepticism, yet alternative medicine is gaining adherents fast. Oliver Gillie explores five methods. Photographs by Ian Berry.

Alternative medicine is booming. One in 10 consultations for medical problems is now with a practitioner of alternative medicine. Two out of three doctors believe that one or other form of alternative medicine is useful and one in three people have visited a practitioner of alternative medicine or would consider visiting one. The industry has become a goldmine worth £220 million a year, providing employment for some 8,000 trained practitioners and pocket money for many more dilettantes with minimal training.

Prince Charles suggested in 1982 that the British Medical Association set up a working party to examine the effectiveness of alternative therapies. Last May, after more than three years' work, the BMA published a report which condemned most alternative therapies as ineffective. The major exceptions were acupuncture and osteopathic manipulation which the BMA recognized can sometimes be effective in relief of certain kinds of pain.

The BMA took a narrow view of alternative medicine. For example, they largely condemned homeopathic medicine, even though it is often practised by medically trained doctors. The BMA pointed out that the drugs used by homeopaths are so dilute that they contain little and often none of the original active substance. However to judge properly the effectiveness of homeopathic medicine it is necessary to look at the approach adopted by homeopaths. Homeopathic medicine, like other alternative therapies, is a type of holistic medicine—its practitioners say that the body and mind must be looked at together in order to understand illness. Classic medicine often treats one aspect of illness while leaving another untreated through lack of time and interest.

Alternative, holistic, medicine needs to be assessed for its overall impact in order to understand its

strength. The first question should be whether it helps people—do they feel better afterwards? Most homeopathic remedies are ineffective biochemically but that may well be their strength.

Homeopaths often take patients off strong conventional drugs. These drugs are effective in the sense that they alter body chemistry. It does not mean that they necessarily benefit the patient. Drugs such as tranquillizers can have a demoralizing effect on people, making it more difficult for them to grapple with their problems. Sleeping tablets soon lose their effectiveness and become an unwanted habit. Old people find it more difficult to break down drugs and eliminate them from the body and, hence, many drugs may make them ill. Geriatricians, who specialize in treating old people, often take them off the drugs prescribed by GPs and in doing so obtain miraculous recoveries. And so when conventional drugs are replaced with inactive homeopathic drugs patients may well feel better.

Suggestion is a potent remedy in medicine. All doctors recognize what is known as the placebo effect. When patients are given a dummy tablet, between 20 per cent and 80 per cent will say they feel an improvement in their condition. If the complaint is a physical pain such as arthritis then the number who feel an improvement may be relatively small but if the complaint concerns some condition which has a strong mental component such as male impotence then an impressive tablet and suitable suggestions may prove of great help. However, the effect of such suggestions may be relatively short-lived unless backed up with discussion of the problem, lifestyle and diet.

This is what the best alternative practitioner does. He or she provides a package which, as well as homeopathic drugs or simple placebos, in-

cludes discussion and advice which the conventional doctor may not have time to provide, or may not be able to provide because of lack of knowledge. To work effectively on the mind the alternative practitioner, like the actor who aims to influence mood, is helped by a few props. To examine the props individually after the show and say that this or that one does not work is naïve. The effectiveness of the props can be seen as only part of the show. Each part of the treatment reinforces the other and it helps to have faith.

Oliver Gillie is medical editor of *The Independent*, which is due to begin publication on October 7.

ACUPUNCTURE

‘The object is to balance the two types of energy—the yin and yang.’

An acrid smell of burning herbs meets the visitor to Dr Roger Newman Turner's clinic in Weymouth Street, London. Newman Turner, who wears the short-sleeved, white tunic favoured by American doctors, has kind eyes and a gentle look. He is qualified as a naturopath and osteopath—a training of four years—and as an acupuncturist—another two years' training part-time.

The commonest problems Newman Turner deals with concern

muscles and bone—rheumatism, arthritis and chronic back troubles. He also treats asthma, hay fever, gastric and digestive problems, migraines, skin troubles, anxiety and stress. Conventional medicine now broadly accepts that acupuncture can be effective for relief of certain pains but Newman Turner believes that it can do far more.

“Arthritis may be helped by stimulating acupuncture points which will encourage the body to produce more of the hormone cortisone,” he says. When this is indicated Newman Turner stimulates a point known as “the outer pass”, or point 5 on the “triple warmer” channel, a point just above the wrist. He generally combines this with stimulation of another point called “gallbladder 41” which is on the top of the foot between the bones of the fourth and fifth toes.

Newman Turner uses an ancient Chinese method called moxabustion to give extra stimulation to the acupuncture points. He puts in the needles and then places a herb called moxa on the top of the needle and lights it. Heat passes down the needle into the body. According to classical Chinese theory the heat from the moxa reinforces chi—the vital energy which suffuses the body and which flows along meridians and channels such as the triple warmer.

“Acupuncture has a very calming and relaxing effect. Moxa has a stimulating and revitalizing effect. The object is to balance the two types of energy in the channels—the yin and the yang. Yang is the warming, contracting, masculine energy, yin the female, colder, more fluid energy,” says Newman Turner. ➤

ROGER NEWMAN TURNER BELIEVES IN TRADITIONAL CHINESE TREATMENTS



» He finds that the traditional Chinese methods work particularly well for treatment of menopausal problems such as hot flushes, bloating and irregular menstrual flow. An important point for this treatment is "spleen 6" which lies 3 inches above the ankle bone on the inside of the leg. This is also called "the cross-roads of the three yins"—a point where the three yin (female) channels in the leg meet.

"The spleen governs the ability of the body to maintain and hold energy and to distribute and hold body fluids," speculates Newman Turner. "Stimulation of acupuncture points may act on the spleen and so change the distribution of fluids, including blood, in the body. It may also act through the pituitary gland at the base of the brain to alter the secretion of hormones from the ovary."

Newman Turner believes that other points may be used to stimulate the immune system to fight infectious disease, although he does not suggest that these should be used to replace the powerful antibiotic drugs in the Western doctors' therapeutic armoury. Points on the hands, feet and ears are effective for producing relaxation and relief from stress. There are 120 points on the ears and some acupuncturists restrict their activities to these. "The basic blueprint of the organism is carried on the ear with the head represented on the lobe and the internal organs lying around the ear-hole," he says.

The claims made by acupuncturists go well beyond what has yet been recognized by Western scientific medicine. Some of these may well be true. But quite apart from its direct effects on the nervous system acupuncture is, to many people, an impressive procedure with a detailed theory to explain their complaint. The results of acupuncture treatment must include much benefit obtained by suggestion—the placebo effect, often produced when a doctor, not knowing what else to do, gives his patients dummy tablets.

The British Acupuncture Association, 34 Alderney Street, London SW1 V4EU, tel 834 1012, publish a directory of practitioners who have some medical training (e.g. nursing, naturopathy, osteopathy, etc) and have passed a postgraduate course in acupuncture.

Dr Roger Newman Turner has written several short books on diet, published by Thorsons, Wellingborough, Northants, and a more comprehensive book called *Naturopathic Medicine—treating the whole person* (Thorsons, £4.95).



BIOMAGNETIC THERAPY

Dr Terry Williams is a genial, red-faced man with silver hair who claims to have made startling cures with tiny magnets no bigger than a match head. Williams was one of the founders of the British College of Acupuncture, and after presenting a thesis became one of the few British people to be awarded a doctorate in acupuncture, although it needs to be said that such a doctorate would not be recognized by universities in Britain or elsewhere.

Williams, who began his career as an osteopath, went to Japan in 1977

to learn the biomagnetic method of treatment. It involves taping tiny magnets over acupuncture points and leaving them for four or five minutes.

"Biomagnetic therapy has the advantage over manipulation in that it does not cause the patient any pain," says Williams. "Biomagnetism can disperse pathogenic accumulations of minerals in the body. It is also much easier for the therapist to do—manipulation involves hard physical work."

The magnets produce an instant cure according to Williams, although the patient does not feel anything. If, for example, the patient has a difference in leg length of 1½ inches the legs will instantly become the same size. Defects in other parts of the

skeleton such as the sacrum (the tail bone) or the neck are also instantly changed. But the magnets can work through the nervous system as well to influence the endocrine (hormone) system, says Williams, and there are, therefore, few conditions which might not benefit from biomagnetic therapy.

Williams, like other acupuncturists, finds that the points known as "triple warmer 5" combined with "gallbladder 41" are very effective for treating indigestion and ulcerative colitis. "Small intestine 63," a point just below the ankle bone on the outside, he finds effective for digestive problems and for treating male problems such as impotence as well as the prostate and bladder. The point must, however, be stimulated

JANE VUKOVIĆ'S FOOT MASSAGE TACKLES PROBLEMS ELSEWHERE IN THE BODY

with the south pole of the magnet. Williams believes that alternate fingers on each hand have north or south poles and so the whole procedure has to be performed with great care to achieve the correct stimulation.

"I don't claim to cure anything. The body cures itself—I just remove the causative factors which are often catalytic mineral deficiencies," says Williams. "We cannot repair damage done but we can arrest it." The treatment, he says, benefits people suffering from pre-menstrual tension, schizophrenia, paranoia and multiple sclerosis.

Williams says he does a lot of work with brain-damaged children and quotes the case of a near miraculous recovery of a 10-year-old boy who was "just a rag doll" when he first came to see him. After 12 months' treatment with magnets the boy was able to walk.

Children suffering from brain damage can make remarkable improvements spontaneously or as a result of other factors such as increase in the morale of parents—so it would be unwise to accept such claims without reserve. Another boy aged seven was having 27 epileptic fits a day but became free of them, says Williams, after biomagnetic therapy and has been free of them for three years. Again, such children do make remarkable spontaneous recoveries.

"If the leg of a salamander is cut off it will grow again because there is a measurable electromagnetic force which controls it. If nature is left alone the body will heal itself. We are harnessing the body's own curative ability," says Williams.

However the connexion with magnetism and what Williams does to patients seems remote. In the course of reporting a quite different story about nuclear magnetic resonance—a new means of making pictures of the inside of the body—I spent two hours in the centre of an enormously strong electromagnet. The poles of the magnet were switched from north to south every few seconds and I felt nothing. Surely if magnetism had an important influence on the body the experience would have made me very ill. It certainly makes me wonder whether tiny magnets could be doing anything other than providing an extremely impressive healing ritual.

The clue which suggested to me why Williams was successful came when he spoke more of his theories.

"The patient must have self-love—if they haven't then all their problems are worse," says Williams. "We can induce self-love by rebalancing

the heart meridian and the heart itself. This has a very strong effect. Nine acupuncture points going from the axilla (armpit) to the nail of the little finger are involved."

Again the theory itself is misleading—it is the whole experience of therapy itself which matters. This is, after all, holistic medicine. The theory provides a convenient logic for an impressive ritual—magnets represent a force known to us all and yet still mysterious because they act invisibly over a distance. The ritual is performed for the benefit of one special person. It suggests that the patient is important to others, that he or she is valued and thus self-love increases. A laying on of hands, as the therapist searches with fingers for painful spots, gives the patient a feeling that the body has been changed. And so with increased morale and confidence the body may go on, as Williams himself says, to heal itself.

Terry Williams is now primarily concerned with teaching. He will be giving a series of lectures at the Churchill Centre, 22 Montagu Street, London W1 1TB, tel 402 9475, from October. His daughter now continues his practice in Torquay. To obtain the name and address of a local biomagnetic practitioner write to the British Biomagnetic Association, 179 Fore Street, Heavitree, Exeter, Devon.

REFLEXOLOGY

• All disease is a blockage of energy flow, according to reflexology. •

Jane Vuković has a way of finding sensitive points in the feet. She pressed her fingers into my heel and found a painful spot. It was a point which reflected the state of my prostate—did I have to get up in the night to empty my bladder? Yes, sometimes. Massage of my heel could improve my bladder function, she said.

She worked systematically over my right foot pressing the flesh with a strong action of the finger and thumb. Another pain spot was discovered at the base of my big toe. Did I sometimes grind my teeth in the night? Yes. Work on this point could put it right.

Jane hit another pain area on the outside edge of my foot. That represents the spine she said—do you

suffer from back trouble? No. More pain—higher up this time. This was supposed to indicate trouble with my lymphatics—did I have swelling of glands under the arm? No. Pressure on the next point near the top of the foot sent me into agony—this was supposed to indicate pain in the shoulders. No—wrong again. I have no problem at all with my shoulders. It seemed to me from the type of pain that Jane must be trapping a nerve and pressing it against the bone but apparently such a concept has no place in the theory of reflexology.

According to reflexology the body is divided into zones. Superficially these resemble the meridians of acupuncture but in fact they are quite different. Energy is said to flow in these zones but sometimes the flow of energy is obstructed because of a problem with some part of the body. The energy is then attracted by gravity and falls into the feet. Assiduous massage of the correct point on the feet may release this energy and the part should then heal itself.

IN OLDEN DAYS . . .

James Gillray's print of a doctor (still wearing riding boots) performing a blood-letting, illustrates how unpleasant much early medicine was for the unfortunate patient. For centuries the art of medicine was handed down as a set of hard and fast rules which the practitioner disregarded at the risk of being called a heretic. In early civilizations medicine was practised by priests, and treatment was dispensed by means of spells and charms.

The transition from magic to medicine was a slow one and for many centuries the theory of the four humours held sway: blood, phlegm, and yellow and black bile in proper balance were thought to be responsible for good health. Later, herbal remedies were considered to provide the answers.

The age of enlightenment penetrated medicine late—the first real advances were made only after the knowledge gained from observing and recording anatomical studies had been exploited fully (dissection of corpses had previously been subject to religious sanction).

Even in the 18th century blood-letting—cupping and the use of leeches—as well as sweating, vomiting and purging were thought to be correct cures for a multitude of ills. Voltaire defined

All disease is a blockage of energy flow, according to reflexology. But such a broad statement, by claiming everything, surely ends up claiming nothing. What about the micro-organisms and the poisons which we know cause illness? Do they act only when there is a blockage of energy flow? If so how is it that a perfectly healthy person may be poisoned, or infected with disease?

I listened with scepticism while Jane cited some extraordinary results obtained following reflexology treatment. A girl who was deaf in one ear was able to hear after massage of the feet cleared a blockage. An ex-army officer with a nervous tic which had lasted years was cured after foot massage. A dancer who fell during rehearsal and suffered constant pain in the legs lost the pain after treatment. Women who are trying unsuccessfully to conceive are helped by reflexology, she said.

For £12 an occasional foot massage will do no one any harm and I am sure that many people will feel better for it. Belief in the theory →



medical treatment as "the art of pouring drugs of which one knew nothing into a patient of whom one knew less".

However, by the end of the century science and technology began to combine with clinical practice and gave birth to modern medicine.

Many people consider that medicine has now become excessively dependent on drugs, with doctors tending to regard the body as a mendable machine, scarcely related to the personality. Much alternative medicine seeks to correct this trend, sometimes drawing on the wiser elements of earlier approaches.

Simon Horsford

» may not be essential to obtain benefit but it probably helps.

Jane Vuković trained with Doreen E. Bayly whose book *Reflexology Today* (Thorsons, £3.50) is a good source of information. Jane practises and teaches at the Churchill Centre, 22 Montagu Street, London W1 1TB, tel 402 9475. Training involves a three-weekend course in massage followed by a two-weekend course in reflexology. Students must then complete several supervised practice sessions before qualification. The Churchill Centre will help anyone find their nearest reflexologist.

OPTIMUM NUTRITION

‘Nutritious food is important to fortify the body’s healing processes.’

Patrick Holford suffered from severe acne until he became interested in nutrition and began to take vitamins. The experience launched him into a career as a nutritionist and led him to found The Institute for Optimum Nutrition in Fulham (5 Jerdon Place, London SW6 1BE, tel 385 7984).

He studied psychology at York University and was impressed with the evidence that schizophrenia could be treated with minerals, vitamin B6 and zinc. He began to take large doses of vitamins for his acne and experimented with changes in his diet. Finally he settled on a low-fat diet with no sugar or bread, supplements of vitamin A and zinc. ‘The acne began to go but it took six months to clear and a year and a half for all the scar tissue to disappear.’

Holford believes that it is impossible for most people today to obtain sufficient vitamins for optimum health. Conventional nutritionists calculate recommended daily allowances of vitamins necessary to prevent deficiency diseases. But Holford points out that the amounts necessary for optimum health may be much greater. Many people in Britain obtain barely enough vitamins to provide even the recommended daily allowances and so it is a reasonable inference that they are not obtaining enough for optimum health. ‘Nutritious food is important to fortify the body’s natural healing processes, yet a review of the patient’s diet and possible nutrient deficiencies is by no means a stan-

dard element in medical practice,’ says Holford.

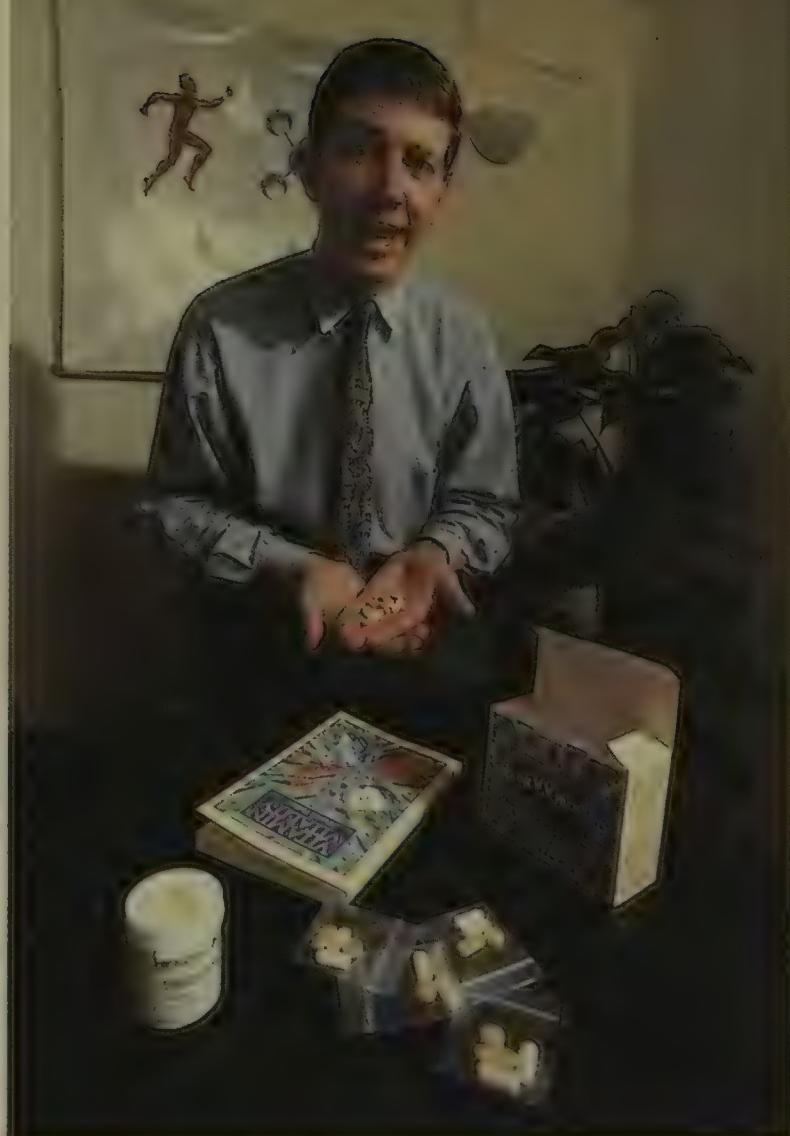
Holford’s books, such as *The Whole Health Manual* (published by Thorsons, at £1.95, paperback) and *Vitamin Vitality* (Collins, £3.95, paperback), have become best sellers, and he and his staff also counsel people on individual dietary requirements. He takes a sample of hair to analyse for mineral content—a deficiency of minerals in the diet can be spotted this way, although accuracy of the method is disputed. He also asks clients to fill in a long questionnaire about symptoms such as dandruff, headaches, bad breath, insomnia, memory blanks, menstrual problems and so on. This is analysed by computer to identify clusters of symptoms which suggest a particular deficiency.

Holford has advised thousands of patients. The commonest complaint is fatigue, constant tiredness and lack of energy—more than half of his clients suffer this way and most find they have more energy after following Holford’s nutrition programme. Other common complaints are headaches, skin problems, arthritis, reduced immunity to infections, skin and menstrual problems. Three-quarters of Holford’s patients report an improvement in their symptoms after his dietary programme and half report great improvement.

His analysis shows that most patients have deficiencies of vitamins. Even those people who are assessed as having a good diet often have significant deficiencies. The reason for this is, presumably, that vitamins and minerals are not always fully absorbed, particularly in older people. The most common deficiencies are in vitamin A and B complex. Other people suffer from allergies or are intolerant of certain foods and need advice on how to avoid them.

Holford believes that most people can benefit from taking extra vitamins and minerals regularly. He has worked out a supplement—the vitamin vitality pack—which he recommends and which he himself takes daily. He says that it is necessary to take it for up to a year to obtain benefit. It consists of four tablets costing 24p a day—they contain multiminerals and multivitamins and an additional tablet of vitamin C and vitamin B complex. The pack is available by mail order from Health Plus, 118 Station Road, Chinnor, Oxon OX9 4EZ, at £7.95 including postage.

Nutrition advice is given outside the structure of conventional medicine and Holford himself is self-taught as a nutritionist. However, his advice differs from many other alternative remedies in that it



is generally based on accepted scientific concepts. Holford extends these ideas and operates in an area of hypothesis and clinical observation in much the same way as a great deal of conventional medicine. However, conventional medicine in the UK just does not provide a service in this area.

EXAMINING THE AURA

Every human being is surrounded by an invisible aura—an emanation of the body which reflects the state of the inner person—so the theory goes. Since the aura is invisible it cannot be examined directly, but enthusiasts believe that it can be detected by indirect means and that this may be used to diagnose illness.

In order to have my aura examined I stood on an insulating rubber mat with my hands on a sheet of photographic paper while a high-voltage electric current was passed through my body. There was a tingling sensation and in the dim red light I could see tiny sparks jump between my hand and the sensitive paper. This is Kirlian photography—when the photographic paper is developed a pattern left by the sparks is said to reveal the shape of the aura. The aura is said to change according to physical and mental

health and according to mood.

For £12 I had my aura photographed by the London Natural Health Clinic and a kindly girl called Lorraine gave me a “detailed” interpretation. She diagnosed a disturbance of the throat and stomach areas consistent with a bout of gastric flu from which I was recovering and some tension in the shoulders—a common symptom in people who are suffering from nervous strain. At first sight the process seems as sensible as having an X-ray taken and no more mysterious.

Lorraine saw a difference between the right and left hands which showed unrealized creative potential and a self-image which could be improved. These were safe speculations which most people would find it easy to agree with. I asked her if the trace told her anything about my emotional life which was in turmoil. But my emotional problems apparently had left little trace.

Some years ago, at the start of the boom in alternative medicine, I interviewed a physicist at Stanford University in California who had conducted a series of investigations into Kirlian photography. He wanted to find ways of measuring the human aura, but had reluctantly come to the conclusion that Kirlian photography was completely unreliable. He showed that the result obtained depended very much on the way in

NUTRITIONIST PATRICK HOLFORD BELIEVES IN HIS VITAMIN VITALITY PACK

which the hand was placed on the photographic paper and how it was pressed down.

Like many practitioners of alternative medicine this physicist was looking for objective verification of "inner experiences". But to look for this type of scientific truth in alternative medicine is to make the same mistake as the pedant who insists on a literal interpretation of the Bible. When Lorraine had finished my analysis she said I was a difficult subject because I had given so little away. I said little because I wanted to see what she could make of the photograph without being influenced by what I said. However by saying so little the potential of the situation was lost.

Next to me a thin, pale woman with a sad look on her face, broke down in tears during her analysis. She talked to the therapist about matters which touched her deeply. The situation made me think of the patient who comes to the doctor with an indisputably medical symptom such as a headache when he or she really wants to talk about psychological problems. The patient needs a pretext to be there in case he finds the doctor unsympathetic, and not until the doctor provides the right opening will the patient reveal the real problem.

A photograph of the human aura provides the perfect pretext to talk about anything. And the impressive theory suggesting that the photograph shows human character gives the patient an opportunity to reveal his or her deeper problems. The therapist has only to put out a few fliers and if rapport is good will rapidly find out what the patient wants to talk about. So the patient reveals the problem and the therapist, by giving the patient the chance to put it in words and by listening, performs a therapeutic function.

With experience the therapist may begin to be helpful in all the ways that psychotherapy can offer. However, few of these practitioners are trained in psychotherapy and so human warmth and intuitive sympathy are the qualities most often provided. Further treatment with meditation or relaxation may be suggested and these are established ways of helping people who suffer from stress.

Kirlian photography is one of the techniques of diagnosis used by the London Natural Health Clinic (Suite 1, London House, Old Court Place, 26-40 Kensington High Street, London W8 4PF, tel 938 3788). They also perform hair and blood analysis and "energetic output from organs, glands and systems".

HOW TO CHOOSE A PRACTITIONER

It is always best to take your problem to a conventional doctor first and see what he or she has to say. There may be a simple remedy well recognized in conventional medicine. And if one doctor does not help, sometimes it can pay to go to another partner in the same practice a few days or weeks later—or to seek a second opinion from a conventional doctor privately.

If you want to find the name of a practitioner in alternative medicine write to the Council for Complementary and Alternative Medicine (CCAM) or the General Council and Register of Osteopaths who will send you names of practitioners in your area who have had three to four years of full-time training. They are therefore well equipped to judge whether they are the right person to deal with your problem or whether you require a second opinion from a conventional doctor.

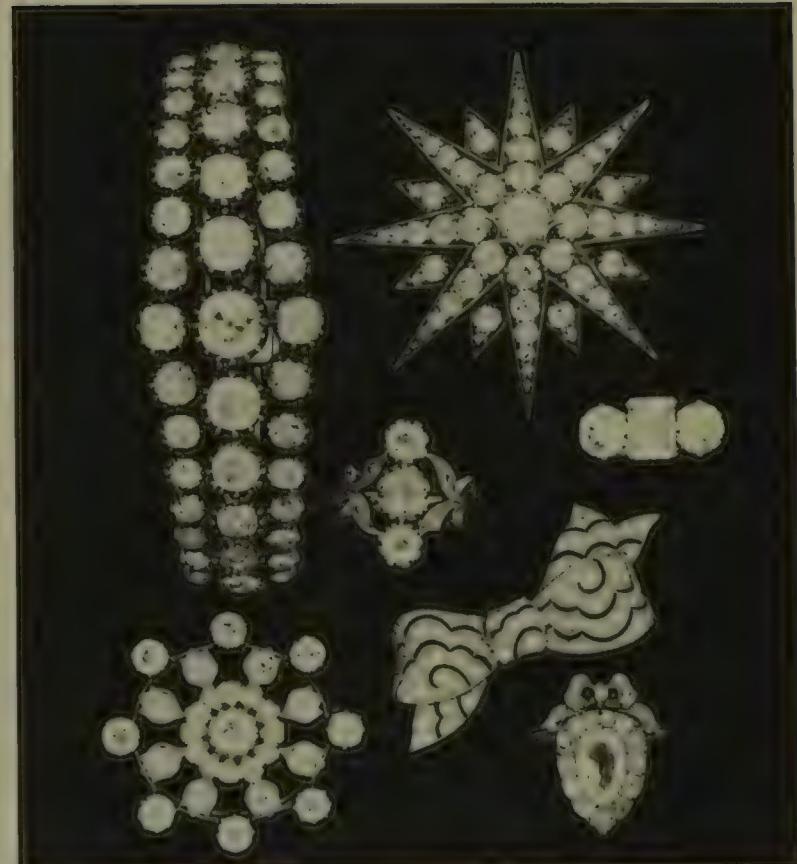
The CCAM has on its books naturopaths who advise on diet and lifestyle as well as practising acupuncture, homeopathy and manipulation—this may well be the practitioner to approach if you are uncertain of what you need. The CCAM also registers acupuncturists, herbalists, homeopaths, some osteopaths and chiropractors. Chiropractors, like osteopaths, practise manipulation but for a wider range of conditions.

There are many other practitioners not registered by these two organizations who have spent less time in training but nevertheless may be effective. A full list of organizations which will generally supply details of practitioners may be obtained from the *Handbook of Alternative Medicine* by Stephen Fulder, published by Hodder & Stoughton at £5.95.

The cost of consultation is around £10 or £15 for between half an hour and an hour although fees are often higher in London. Well known practitioners charge more. Remember there is a crazy fringe which, among other things, will try to impress you with the power of crystals, magnets and perfumes. To obtain benefit and enjoy the treatment, suspension of disbelief is necessary.

Addresses: The Council for Complementary and Alternative Medicine, Suite 1, 19A Cavendish Square, London W1M 9AD, tel 409 1440.

General Council and Register of Osteopaths, 1-4 Suffolk Street, London SW1 Y4HIG, tel 839 2060.



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PORTOBELLO ROAD

*Portobello Market**Edna Lumb*

Saturday is the day for the Portobello Road. From Monday to Friday there is a neighbourhood fruit and vegetable market, but on Saturdays huge numbers of people stream into the road, from Chepstow Villas to Golborne Road about a mile to the north, which is transformed into a general market specializing in antiques, oddities and junk of all kinds and spreading through some 2,000 stalls, shops and emporiums. It is impossible to be precise about the goods on offer because their range changes every week, but on any Saturday you will certainly find a great variety of old silver, jewelry, coins and medals,

bottles and glasses, lamps and door handles, records, books, toys, bicycles, old gas masks and a seemingly unlimited supply of surprising objects of all kinds. The market is also well supported by buskers, street singers and one-man-bandsmen.

This most celebrated and popular part of the Portobello market dates only from the 1950s, when the antique dealers began to move in following the closure of the old Caledonian Market. Before that it was fruit and vegetables, the first official licence for street trading having been granted in 1929. The name Portobello dates from the previous century, when a farm in the area was

given the name to commemorate the capture by Admiral Vernon of Porto Bello, in the Gulf of Mexico, from the Spaniards in 1739.

The Saturday market today begins at 8.30am and goes on until 5.30pm. The traders know their business and there is not much chance of finding any real bargains—the dealers get there early and have generally gone through the goods while they are being unpacked, long before most visitors start to arrive—but the prices are generally reasonable, and for such things as jewelry, silver and furniture are likely to be less than you would have to pay in London shops. **JAMES BISHOP**

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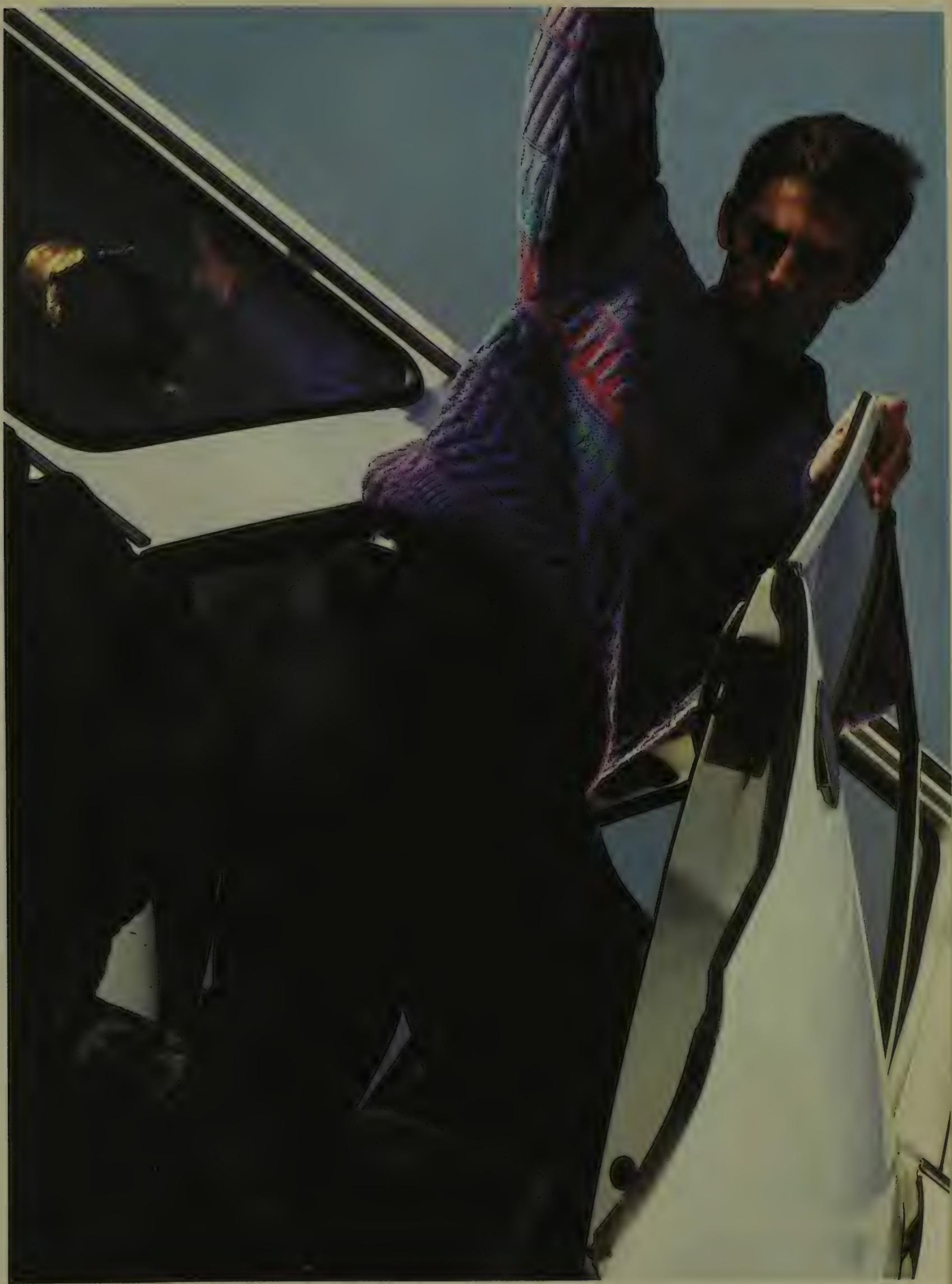


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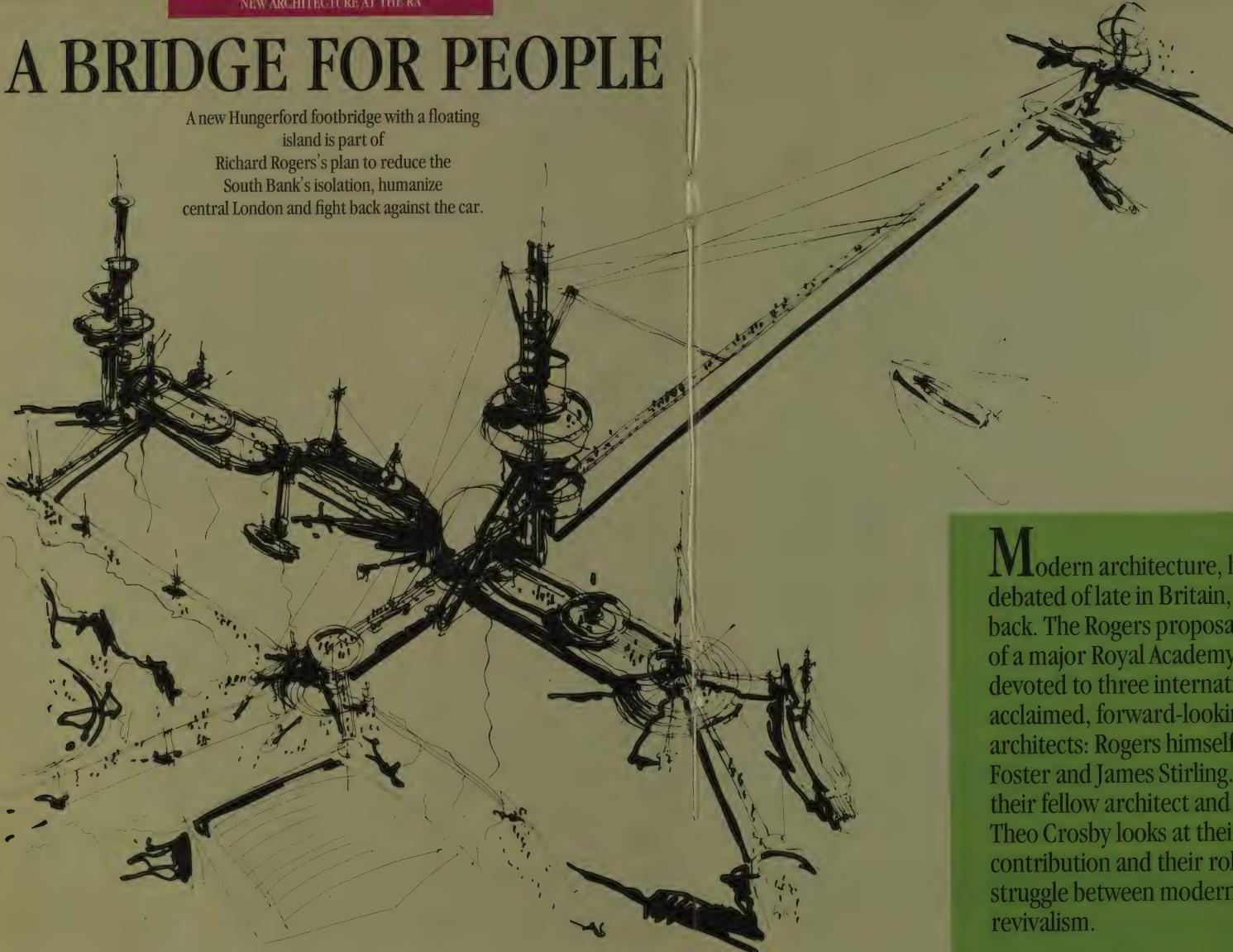
Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.





A BRIDGE FOR PEOPLE

A new Hungerford footbridge with a floating island is part of Richard Rogers's plan to reduce the South Bank's isolation, humanize central London and fight back against the car.



Modern architecture, hotly debated of late in Britain, is fighting back. The Rogers proposals form part of a major Royal Academy exhibition devoted to three internationally acclaimed, forward-looking British architects: Rogers himself, Norman Foster and James Stirling. On page 54 their fellow architect and designer Theo Crosby looks at their contribution and their role in the struggle between modernism and revivalism.

THE ROGERS PLAN

A report by Roger Berthoud

Oct 86

London is an exasperating yet in some ways lovable mess. It would be much less exasperating, much less of a mess and a great deal more lovable if a few key obscurities could be identified and removed. The architect Richard Rogers, who co-designed the Pompidou Centre in Paris and with his partners gave London the new Lloyd's insurance headquarters in the City, has come up with a scheme which could revitalize the heart of the capital. If implemented, it would also animate the Thames, reduce its effect as a barrier between the north and south banks, and bring the South Bank arts complex firmly into central London.

The most striking proposals, which can be studied at the RA exhibition to:

- remove Hungerford Bridge with its six-track railway line and footpath;
- replace it with a slim suspension footbridge realigned with Northumberland Avenue;
- relocate Charing Cross station to the present site of Waterloo East;
- sling a shuttle transport system underneath the footbridge for passengers between Trafalgar Square/Strand and the new Waterloo station;
- pedestrianize the north side of Trafalgar Square by the National Gallery;
- build a floating island off the South Bank, over which the new footbridge would pass;
- reroute the four-lane Embankment road into a tunnel-tube sunk into the Thames mud;
- create in its place a continuous river walkway from Blackfriars to Chelsea.

The Rogers Partnership became closely involved in the areas concerned several years ago: to the north while devising their short-listed scheme for the National Gallery extension, and on the South Bank when attempting to bring their Coin Street development plan near the National Theatre and London Weekend Television to fruition against the GEC opposition.

Trafalgar Square became like so many of London's prime public spaces, little more than a grandiose traffic roundabout (Piccadilly Circus, Marble Arch, Hyde Park, even Buckingham Palace are others), the Rogers National Gallery scheme incorporated an underground arcade linking the new building to the square's central pedestrian island. The Coin Street plan in turn envisaged a new bridge as part of a galleria stretching virtually from Waterloo to the City.

At the heart of the present scheme is the removal of Hungerford Bridge and, almost as important, of its extensive north and south bank ducts. Although the bridge's lack of cars and its narrow footpath give it a certain appeal, it is tall, wide and unlovely. Furthermore it blocks off views of a great bend in the river and of the north bank at its most handsome. Its viaduct bisects the north-side embankment gardens and cuts off Northumberland Avenue, and on the south bank wrecks views of and from Waterloo station and disrupts the arts complex.

The idea of removing it is far from new. In Feltham and Ralph Hyde's remark in their fascinating book *London As It Might Have Been* (John Murray, 1982), only mid-19th-century railway maniacs could account for the replacement of Brunel's beautiful suspension bridge, opened in 1845 and its replacement 19 years later by an "aristic stroke", as it was soon dubbed. *Punch* later satirized it as a cartoon showing a demure Spirit of Darkness gloating, "You're my masterpiece".

One impressive design for a substitute came in 1906 from T. E. Collcutt, architect of the Savoy Hotel. Like the proposed Rogers footbridge, Collcutt's lined up with Northumberland Avenue. In the style of the old London Bridge and of the Pont Vecchio in Florence, it had shops on either side. Being born in Florence, Rogers, too, toyed with the idea of an "inhabited" bridge before rejecting it, because it would have replaced one visual obstruction with another, albeit handsomer one. Collcutt had also envisaged Waterloo serving as a double railway terminus.

Many other schemes have followed, including a zany one from Owen Luder in 1954 for a roadbridge with a helicopter landing station on top of it perhaps that idea came from Lutyens's plan in the 20s for a double-decker bridge for road and rail traffic.

The Rogers proposals for replacing Hungerford bridge with a simple structure have particular significance for Waterloo station destined to become the arrival point for millions of visitors if the Channel tunnel is built; in effect, London's gateway to and from the Continent. To create a worthy reception point there would be no small contribution. If the existing bridge remains, billions of pounds would have been spent to bring visitors to within 700 yards of Trafalgar Square, only to confront them with an ugly brick viaduct when they emerge

from Waterloo station. The two-minute walk required to reach the Festival Hall from Waterloo station at present involves choosing between several depressing or actually sinister pathways leading by or under the viaduct. That could all be transformed by its removal. The handsome façade of Waterloo station itself would be opened up, and the left flank of the Festival Hall revealed. That would be a significant contribution to the plans I recently described (*JLN*, July) to revamp the whole arts complex, *inter alia* by removing the hideous walkways and providing improved access at ground level.

Having reached the river via a covered way the visitor could then take a pleasant stroll over the Thames's only pedestrian bridge, enjoying fine views to left and right, from the Houses of Parliament to St Paul's Cathedral. Straight ahead there would be a dramatic vista up towards Northumberland Avenue to Trafalgar Square. This "silver mile", as it might be called, would greatly reduce the South Bank's sense of isolation, and the feeling that the river is cut off from the West End.

At the end of the mile of the 1951 Festival of Britain on the South Bank would be incorporated in the Rogers plan a floating island, to be built or moored about 30 yards clear of the bank. The idea is to populate five of the 60-odd acres of water lying between Westminster and Waterloo bridges.

The island would be about 300 yards long and 20 yards wide, and two or three storeys at its highest. Amenities on it might include res-

The first Hungerford Bridge was this suspended footbridge designed by the great Brunel, portrayed here by the JLN after its opening in May, 1845.

Railway mania led to its early replacement by the present structure. The chains were used for the Clifton suspension bridge at Bristol.



BRUNEL/THOMAS

taurants, shops, cafés, cinemas, a skating rink, swimming pool and waterfront shops. It would be composed of linked sections running between three fixed towers at either end and in the middle. Rather like the old Festival Skylon, these would be essentially sculptural affairs, proclaiming that Britain is alive, capable of producing symbols of the age we live in, and not entirely in the hands of the conservationists; and their platforms, spheres and cylinders could serve as viewing points, restaurant locations and so on. The footbridge would pass through the central tower, with access naturally to the floating island on either side.

To add a broader appeal to the South Bank's attractions, Rogers favours the building of a Museum of Today and a children's museum on the floating island and under Jubilee Gardens.

At the other end of the bridge, the possibilities are immense. Brunel's Hungerford footbridge led to the popular Hungerford Market, where fruit, vegetables, fish and meat were sold and to which an art gallery and bazaar were added in 1851. The removal of Charing Cross railway station—but quickly, before Terry Farrell builds his "air rights" office block over the massive platforms—would open up a site twice as large as the Covent Garden plan, for shops, offices, commercial space and residential housing for the Royal Ballet. Revenue from this site and from the redevelopment of Waterloo East station could pay for much of the entire scheme.

One desirable aim, Rogers suggests, would be to open up a view

here of the Thames from the Strand, which after all used to run alongside it, yet is now entirely cut off. Cleopatra's Needle might be rested at this focal point, approached by a grand staircase, Spanish Steps-style. The removal of Charing Cross station and hotel would reveal the Church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, not just from the river but from the Festival Hall.

It is high time, Rogers and colleagues believe, that Londoners wake up to the wasted potential of Trafalgar Square, once considered the heart of the empire and still the capital's natural central public space. In particular the public nature of the terrace in front of the National Gallery needs to be established by closing the road which cuts the gallery from the area of fountains, lions and Nelson's Column. Some remodelling of the square might be needed, it is suggested, to redeploy traffic (probably two-way) in the lower part.

St Martin's, too, needs to be rescued by judicious pedestrianization from its largely marooned state. At the same time the vast and hideous array of traffic signs and signals near should be drastically reduced. The church is one of the square's few true glories and needs to be viewable as such.

The fight-back against the strangulation of London (and other cities) by the motor car seems to have lost momentum, and nothing has done more to cut Londoners off from the river than the evolution of the embankment into an impossibly busy four-lane highway. Imaginative plans for the creation of a leafy Thames-side promenade abounded for 200 years before the Victorians

One desirable aim would be to open up a view of the Thames from the Strand, which once ran alongside it.'

A Silver Mile from Trafalgar Square to the South Bank would bring the arts complex into central London.'

THE BIG THREE

An assessment by Theo Crosby. Photographs by Richard Bryant

The Royal Academy's New Architecture: Foster, Rogers, Stirling show, opening on October 3, is the largest exhibition about architecture at that august institution for 40 years. To some extent it shows the degree of public interest and, above all, it demonstrates very nicely a contemporary value judgment. After the hugely popular Lutyens show at the Hayward Gallery in 1981-82 it moves

the debate about architecture neatly forward.

The three architects, Norman Foster, Richard Rogers and James Stirling, are world figures, and it is certainly a long time since Britain could field an equivalent group of talents. So we should be grateful to the Academy, and to the sponsors, for a demonstration of the state of the art. For the art is in a marvellous

froth of change and controversy and our heroes are by no means at the centre.

Suddenly, architecture is no longer about functions, techniques or social engineering. All these once fixed ends are now accepted as means: means towards *style*. This once forbidden subject, the very heartland of architecture, had been by-passed by modernism as irrelevant to a new world but it has turned up, like a ghost, to haunt us all. The modernists have delivered much, but not a cosy, satisfying world, and all the current argument is about learning how to do so.

We are learning—albeit slowly and painfully—where architecture, and that means style and content, goes next after five decades of modernist practice and theory. We are *Learning from Las Vegas* with Robert Venturi. This influential "post-modernist" who will build the National Gallery extension hammered the first wedge into modernist theory with *Complexity and contradiction in architecture*. His book on Las Vegas looks at the real contemporary production in the US, the Strip, the sheds with decorated fronts, the billboard world of the bypass and the B movie. Somewhere in there is a contemporary style, even if he has not quite found it yet. Venturi's decorative pasteboard buildings have become a major influence, founding a school with many followers.

We are learning from the past with Leon Krier, a very European theorist who sees the future in the revival of Classicism. Krier looks at the modernist world with unconcealed distaste and points out that scale and proportion and satisfactory spaces depend not at all on technology, but on sensibility, memory and a hierarchy of forms. These establish values, a kind of structure of meaning, and there is a well-understood, ready-made system just behind us in the classical tradition.

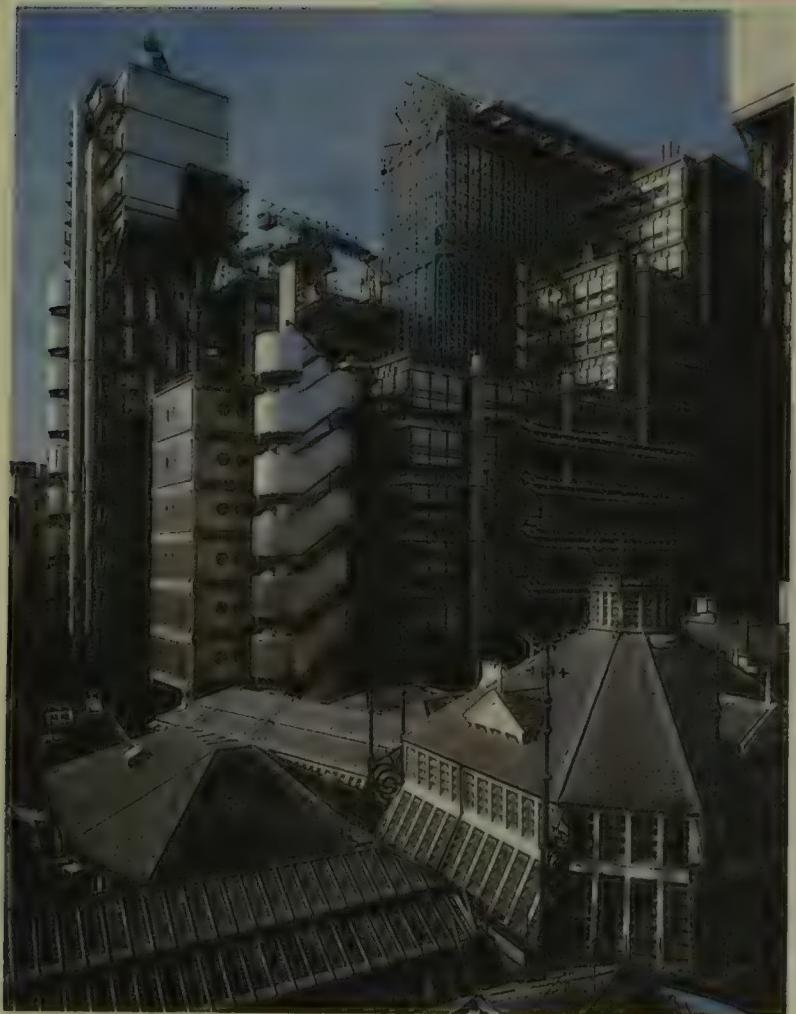
Learning by looking at the present has drawn many architects to revalue the past, to grope back to a natural tradition of building, a vernacular. The same process in the 19th century gave us the Arts and Crafts movement, and our prettiest buildings. There is a whole generation on this learning curve, and it is something peculiarly British. It has been enshrined in the Kent County Council handbook, before which the most determined developer trembles.

In this learning process there are many directions, dreadful

James Stirling: a detail, right, of his still uncompleted Tate Gallery extension; below, part of the museum, small theatre and administrative offices of his Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart; opposite, the entrance from the lower galleries to the sculpture terrace around the central drum. The drama of Stirling's design has transformed the museum's attendance and rating.







Richard Rogers: a view across the roof of old Leadenhall market to his new headquarters for the Lloyd's insurance market, left; below, part of the external escalator at the Pompidou Centre in Paris.

→ lapses in taste, much aimless copying and little of any quality. The moderns admired the Georgian neoclassic: very simple, hard to do a bad building. They expected modernism to produce a standard universal kind of building that would match the 18th century, when the same style was common all over Europe. And so it has turned out. The cities of Europe, and everywhere else, have been gutted and rebuilt in the modern style. Even the Dutch, who do a kind of decent, deadpan modern architecture everywhere, are bored stiff with it.

The Victorians truly hated simplistic neo-classicism, the cheap painted stucco, the essential unseriousness of it. Where they had Pugin to moralize, we have Krier, and they say much the same (and very good it is too, and rather hopeful). Out of this intense, antagonistic debate something very interesting is emerging. As in most other departments of 20th-century life, it crystallizes around personalities, each with a slogan. This allows for pigeon-holing and for shorthand discussion, but of course it ignores whole areas of achievement which are not hyped by the national press.

The protagonists at the RA are certainly very well hyped, but they are hardly representative of the current discussion. Foster and Rogers represent the technological wing, the last inheritors of the old modernism. Foster thinks like, and often quotes, Buckminster Fuller, the ultimate gunslinger of high technology. Rogers is rather more complex. He is a European, nephew of the great Ernesto Rogers, a pillar of Italian Rationalism, a pioneer of modernism in the 1930s and of a most intelligent historicism in the 50s. He is a Romantic, responds to the American dream as a wondering spectator, not a participant. His work owes much to the romance with space and technology that Europe experienced in the 60s. The Centre Pompidou and the Lloyds building are masterpieces of this genre, intelligent, self-contained and, at least in the former case, astonishingly popular. To have made a popular artifact out of modern Meccano is a real achievement, and it is a tribute to a certain devastating innocence. These buildings are clever but unselfconscious. They seem unaffected by awareness of the past, whose history fills other (lesser) architects with doubts which are eminently Victorian.

The buildings of Norman Foster are related, but sleeker; equally intelligent and formidably worked over.

They are perfectly aware of place and setting but also sufficiently arrogant to seize the limelight. This arrogance is deliciously and endearingly un-British. It has a certain charm. Technologically-based buildings are, of course, as much "styled" as any other style but are a good deal less hospitable to other impulses. They do not incorporate other styles, art or craft. Such things are always "placed" in "creative" opposition: hence sculptures in plazas and not as was inevitable in the past, as part of the building.

In the initial, heroic phase of the modern movement, supported by artists, poets and musicians, it was thought proper to attempt a synthesis of all the contemporary arts. Such an endeavour would never occur to Foster or Rogers, and is unlikely to bother Stirling either. The latter is, however, a rather more complex character, who has been through the technological phase in early, much praised, buildings which have not worn well. He spent many years in the wilderness and his great reputation comes from competition wins abroad: a series of art galleries and university buildings of an increasing seriousness, elegance and expertise.

His best known work is the Stuttgart Gallery, wilful and often awkward, but a real new urban achievement. It contains a series of good serious rooms kind to art. The great hemicycle in the centre is a superb late-Roman setting for sculptures, and one of the best modern spaces ever. It does, however, owe a great deal to history, to previous buildings: this is conscious, serious, referential art which would not be out of place in the Royal Academy of Victorian times. Most interesting is, however, its immense popular success which has pulled an obscure provincial gallery into the limelight.

Successful architects play what Lutyens called "the Great Game"—that is, getting large jobs and building large buildings. Our greatest gamester is, of course, Colonel Richard Seifert, the builder of the NatWest Tower and most of modern London, but the new men are beginning to run him very close.

The sums involved in Foster's Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, or in the Lloyds building are astronomical, making even Colonel Seifert's achievements somewhat pallid, though one suspects the Colonel of being a lot cleverer with the proceeds. The same great game is, of course, played with even greater intensity in the US. Consequently the



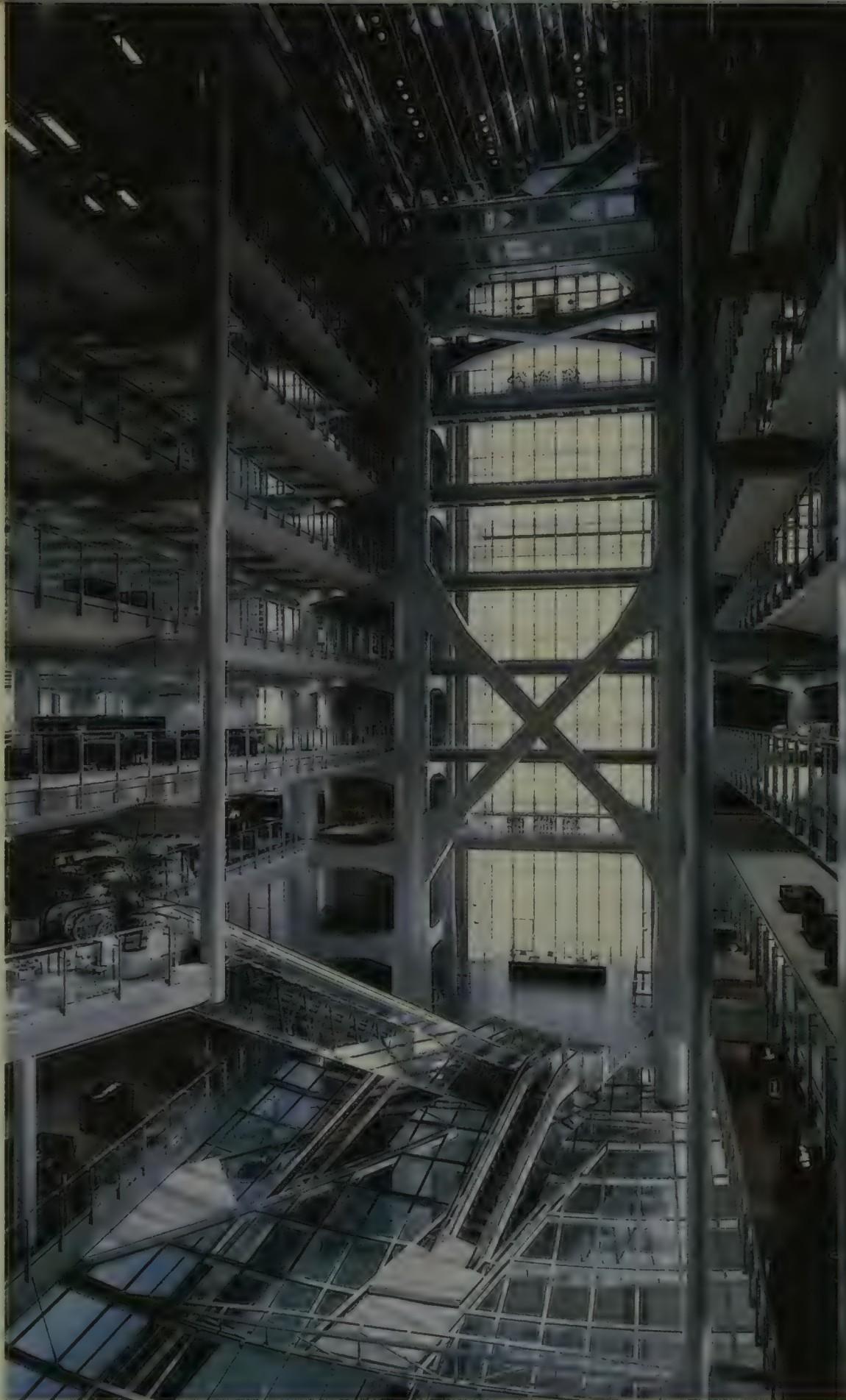


shift in taste from the founder modernists (Skidmore Owings & Merrill, Mies van der Rohe) to the new generation (Johnson, Graves, Venturi, Jahn) causes even more heartburn there than it does in England.

Here the profession is still a band of brothers striving for excellence, even if with slightly gritted teeth. The RA show is about stars; it leaves out whole areas of style and achievement, and rafts of excellent British architects: Arup Associates, Powell & Moya, Denys Lasdun, Ted Cullinan, Terry Farrell and many, many others. But they say the history of literature is made of best sellers, and so it is with architecture. The personality is important because it enables an idea to be carried, launched and realized. In a culture devoted to equality and anonymity, where the rich are too timid and the poor too ignorant, we need some markers. We need monuments, something to look at, to enliven our cities, to take their place alongside the great buildings of the 18th and 19th centuries. Such things are made by star performers.

Today we all begin to see that our next phase is not manufacturing but service, entertainment and tourism. These things feed on great, complex, interesting buildings. We need more and more of them to spread the load of our visitors, who descend too heavily on the best-known attractions.

Where, for example, is the great monument to the Battle of Britain, rising somewhere perhaps in devastated Docklands? It could be



the next step in the visitors' tour of London: Westminster, City, the Tower, Docklands, Greenwich, Butlers Wharf, the *Belfast*, the *Globe* and back to Westminster. With 13 million tourists this year it is becoming essential to think in these terms, to create new attractions. We should be thinking of revitalizing the river as a tourist artery, neatly avoiding the endless buses and traffic congestion.

In effect, the nature of the archi-

tect's task has been reaffirmed: from being a servant and midwife to technology, he is now required to become an artist, to heal the damaged cities and to make something beautiful and compelling. That is everything to do with form, and with content. In short it is to do with style. Such a change of climate is fortunate. A new kind of architecture is slowly being born, just in time for a new turn of the Great Game.

Norman Foster: general view, top left, of his headquarters in Hong Kong of the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank; above, the atrium extending from the ground-level plaza to the 13th of its 47 floors.



"But Jack!" I protested.



"Well you did ask me to give you a ring this afternoon," he laughed.

This ring, the work of designer Anthony Power, is set with a fine quality brilliant cut diamond of over one carat.

The quality and the value of every diamond is judged by the 4Cs (colour, cut, clarity and carat weight) but a fine diamond like this has a special fire and brilliance.

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Mohair and wool evening suit with
peak collar; cotton dress shirt
with winged collar; silk self-tied bow tie.
All from Gieves & Hawkes.
Leather patent shoes, Charles Jourdan.

USES & ABUSES OF THE DINNER JACKET

ANGUS MCGILL
ON THE TUXEDO'S
100 YEARS
OF SOCIAL CLIMBING

• THE DINNER
JACKET...A GREAT
LEVELLER •

Wool evening suit with shawl collar
by Rex Traform; silk self-tied bow tie.
From a selection at Harrods.
Cotton evening shirt with turn-down
collar from Gieves & Hawkes.
Shoes by Charles Jourdan.



WELL DONE, GRISWOLD!

Oct 88

ANGUS MCGILL
SALUTES THE MAN
WHO DOCKED 'TAILS'
TO GIVE US
THE DINNER JACKET

On October 10, 1886, Mr Griswold Lorillard arrived at the Autumn Ball at the Tuxedo Park Country Club, New York, removed his silk hat, white scarf and evening coat and caused a profound sensation.

Gentlemen Club that night were naturally wearing what gentlemen dining in public with ladies present were wearing everywhere else, to wit a tail suit with white waistcoat.



"Jack Buchanan seems to have spent most of the 1930s in his dinner jacket."

starched shirt, stiff wing-collar and cuffs, and white bow tie. In short, the full soup and fish.

The leading arbiter of such matters across the Atlantic was Britain's Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, a man obsessed with clothes. He is said to have launched a new fashion every session and he certainly did his best. His was the double-breasted jacket, the bowler hat, the Homburg, the crease in the trouser, the Prince of Wales check. He was at the same time a stickler for the right thing, and every evening of his adult life changed into the customary uniquely uncomfortable outfit.

How would he have reacted to Mr Lorillard's extraordinary appearance that night? To the astonishment of fellow guests he was seen to be wearing a short black coat with satin lapels and a black bow tie. The man was known to be a swell. Was he also a cad? He was insulting the ladies, God bless them, and making a damned exhibition of himself to boot.

He was also making a small bit of social history. This is the first recorded instance of the modern dinner jacket being worn on a public occasion, so happy birthday dinner jacket, 100 years old this very month and looking, may we say, very chipper. Some sought to give a dinner in its honour.

Men's fashions, it is said, all start as sports clothes and progress to the great occasions of state in easy stages. They become informal day wear, then formal day wear, then evening wear. Then they go over the top and are taken over by functionaries—head waiters, toasters, high-count judges. They started off as a hunting coat, is just finishing a journey. The track suit is just beginning one.

I don't know how well the dinner jacket fit this theory. What sport was played in a short black jacket with shiny lapels? Perhaps smoking counted as a sport. That was its role



before Mr Lorillard set out for the ball at the country club: a comfortable and useful jacket to slip into when, with a few male cronies, you took yourself off to the smoking room. It is, indeed, still known as *les smoking* by the French who are even more conservative in such matters than we are.

It was years before the new dinner jacket was accepted as truly respectable by the English but it was a tremendous hit in American society which was only too pleased to get rid of the boiled shirt. We should remember with gratitude that it was the Americans who first started wearing soft shirts with black ties. God bless America.

The decisive factor here was the new Prince of Wales, later Duke of Windsor. His father, King George V, was the most conservative of men. He opposed all change and wore side creases in his trousers until the day he died, but his eldest son had his grandfather's passion for clothes. He embraced every successive change in fashion and introduced a great many himself.

He replaced his fly buttons with a zip, replaced his jodhpurs and his Fair Isle pullovers, shorts and Windermere knots were considered by some to foreshadow the end of Empire. But perhaps his greatest contribution to the history of his time was his pioneering work in the wearing of the dinner jacket. He and his younger brother and young Lord

Mounbatten started wearing them in public in the 1920s, and soon just about everyone else did, too.

For a while the tailcoat and the dinner jacket co-existed with new gentlemen's agreements: about which should be worn when. But just as the First World War had finished off the frock coat, so the second tolled the knell for tails. After 1945 the dinner jacket rapidly took over and now it has the dining room and the ballroom pretty much to itself. In America, indeed, it has conquered other social occasions, too. When John McEnroe married Tatsumi O'Neal earlier this year he wore a dinner jacket and white plimsoles.

The Americans have always had a taste for white tuxedos, the evening jackets named after the country club where we began. The British regard this garment as suited to cruise ships and tropical climates but at home they tend to stick to the black dinner jacket. It suits the climate and the news, both customarily sombre.

We also rather like the resounding way it stays the same. Indeed it has not changed much in 50 years. Jack Palance seems to have spent most of the 1930s in hats and pictures of him at that time have a distinctly modern feel. True, he liked his dinner jackets to be double-breasted with a stepped lapel, a style that went out of favour for a while but is now getting quite popular again. And the wing-collars and stiff shirt fronts

he always wore, as did everyone else at that time, are back with a vengeance.

Who would have thought that men would ever willingly go back to collar studs? But this is what is happening. Young men, in other respects apparently in their right minds, are encasing their necks in stiff wing-collars secured with a stud in the front and a stud in the back. This means that their shirts have to be starched, too, with studs down the fronts, and this means starched cuffs with links, and waistcoats and an hour to get dressed.

Happily they are in a minority and long may they remain so.

The new wing-collars are seen everywhere and reveal the least attractive bit of the tie but at least they're soft and attached to the shirt. The rest of us will continue to wear comfortable soft evening shirts with turn-down collars and pleated fronts and a dinner jacket that we suspect is not the natty bang-up-to-the-minute job it once was.

If we were having a new one, Savile Row would advise a classic single-breasted jacket, probably with a peaked collar, though shawl collars are still well liked, trousers cut straight and worn with braces, a waistcoat probably, the whole in black mohair and wool, perhaps all wool, rather hot, with a silk lining.

I did say *black*, didn't I? Not midnight blue? That's right.

The bill for this simple outfit will

not be small. The distinguished Henry Poole, for instance, would charge £850. At least. Those who think this rather reasonable, things being what they are, should go to Huntsman. Theirs costs £1,400.

Never mind. Things are cheaper off the peg. Gieves & Hawkes, just a few doors away from Huntsman in Savile Row, do such a suit for as little as £175, and Selfridges will fix you up with one for only £130. No waistcoat, of course. Self-supporting trousers. A touch of man-made fibres but handsome and serviceable and could anybody tell? Well, yes, I suppose they could.

Oh yes, there's the black bow tie which for some reason has given its name to the entire outfit. There's not a lot to be said about the tie except that it should be black. All temptation to wear one in different colours should be withheld. You might just have one that lights up and revolts.

The tie should be *tied* of course. I don't need to mention that really, do I? And not, unless you are going as Xavier Cugat, a cummerbund.

So what happens to the dinner jacket, the great leveller, the people's friend, now? I hope it lasts a few more years before being overtaken by the Law of Fashion: the one I've got fits and is quite new. But you never know, a new Griswold Lorillard may even now be waiting in the anteroom. Goodness knows what he will be wearing this time. ☺

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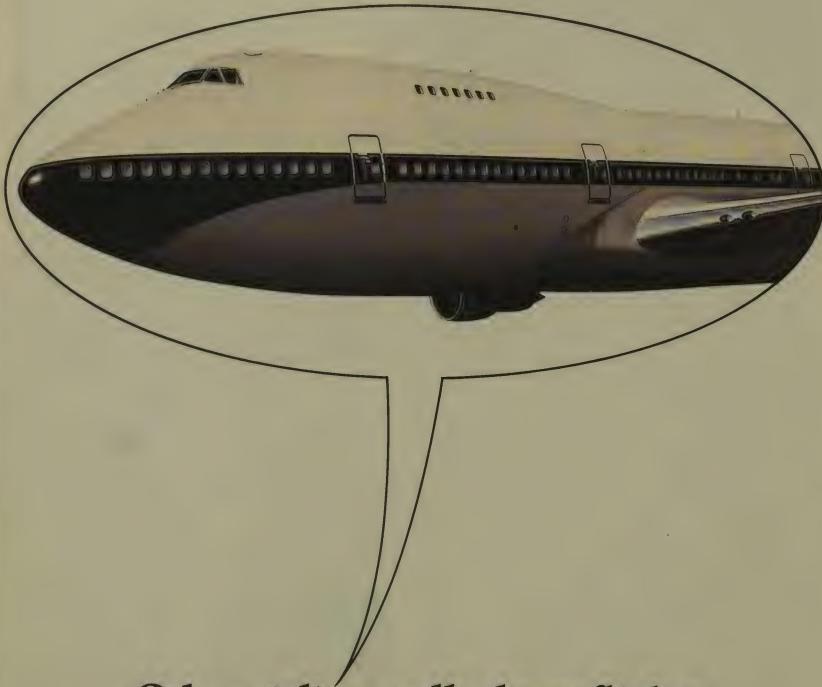
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Nabataean pottery legacy

Alistair Killick's work at Udruh in southern Jordan has revealed a haul of exceptionally fine ceramics.

The perennial spring at Udruh on the edge of the Jordanian desert attracted settlement throughout antiquity. In Nabataean and Roman times Udruh, which is 15 kilometres east of Petra, lay on the main trade route from the Red Sea to Damascus. The architectural site consists of a large second-century AD walled town with 24 projecting defensive towers. Several of these towers still survive to first-storey height and sections of the town walls are standing 7 metres high after excavation. Other standing structures in the town include a Roman basilica, a Byzantine church and an Ottoman fort.

Udruh was the scene of the historic conference between the Governor of Syria and the prophet Mohammed's nephew in January AD 658 and it was as a result of the treachery at that conference that Muawiya (the Governor of Syria) was able to establish the first Islamic dynasty with its capital at Damascus. Inscriptions and literary sources emphasize the wealth and importance of the town in Byzantine and Early Islamic times, which have led several historians to overlook its mention by the geographer Ptolemy in the early second century AD.

The only serious early archaeological work at the site was a five-day survey in 1897 by two German pioneers, Brunnow and Domaszewski. Between 1980 and 85 excavations were carried out at Udruh. Rescue work began in 1980 because a modern village had expanded westwards over the archaeological site and many of the walls had been removed although little was known of the history of the site. In fact surface artifacts indicate occupation beginning in the Stone Age around 10,000 BC and continuing into the chalcolithic. A dense scatter of neolithic tools and flakes outside the later town suggests a pre-pottery neolithic settlement which to date remains unexcavated. Early and Late Bronze Age ceramics show a continuity of occupation on the site, and Late Iron Age walls in the lower levels of a deep trench close to the spring source are the earliest structures so far found on the site.

The first excavations firmly established the date for the foundations of the town walls in the second century AD, and work began in the basilica and two other areas within the main walls to establish the internal plan and phases of the town in the Roman and later periods. In 1982 work was



Top, Nabataean rouletted and painted vessels from the first century AD; above left, the same articles before conservation work. Above right, workers sieving the soil from a trench for ceramics and other artifacts.

hampered by the need to remove fallen ashlar, several of which were more than 3 metres long. While awaiting the arrival of a stone pulley I examined an area 30 metres south of the town walls where aerial photographs had indicated large quantities of ash lying close to the surface. Work in 1983 and 1985 revealed a Nabataean pottery kiln there.

From the second century BC the Nabataean kings had maintained a monopoly of the trade route from the Yemen and the Far East until, in AD 106, they were annexed into the newly created province of Roman Arabia. The Nabataeans are best known for their capital at Petra, but their pottery is also one of their most remarkable legacies. The fine and delicate ceramics have more of the

texture and quality of porcelain than one would normally associate with earthenware. In fact the fineness of the techniques used in both manufacture and decoration are unparalleled in earthenware in antiquity.

The structure of the kiln is still uncertain, but more than 1,000 kilograms of Nabataean ceramics have been removed from an area 10 metres by 5 metres by 2 metres deep. Other finds include spindle sockets for potters' wheels, an iron trimming knife and a bronze spatula identical to that used by modern potters for shaping and smoothing.

The excavations have shown that there was a sizeable Nabataean settlement at Udruh which was in part underground, with tunnels and semi-subterranean structures quar-

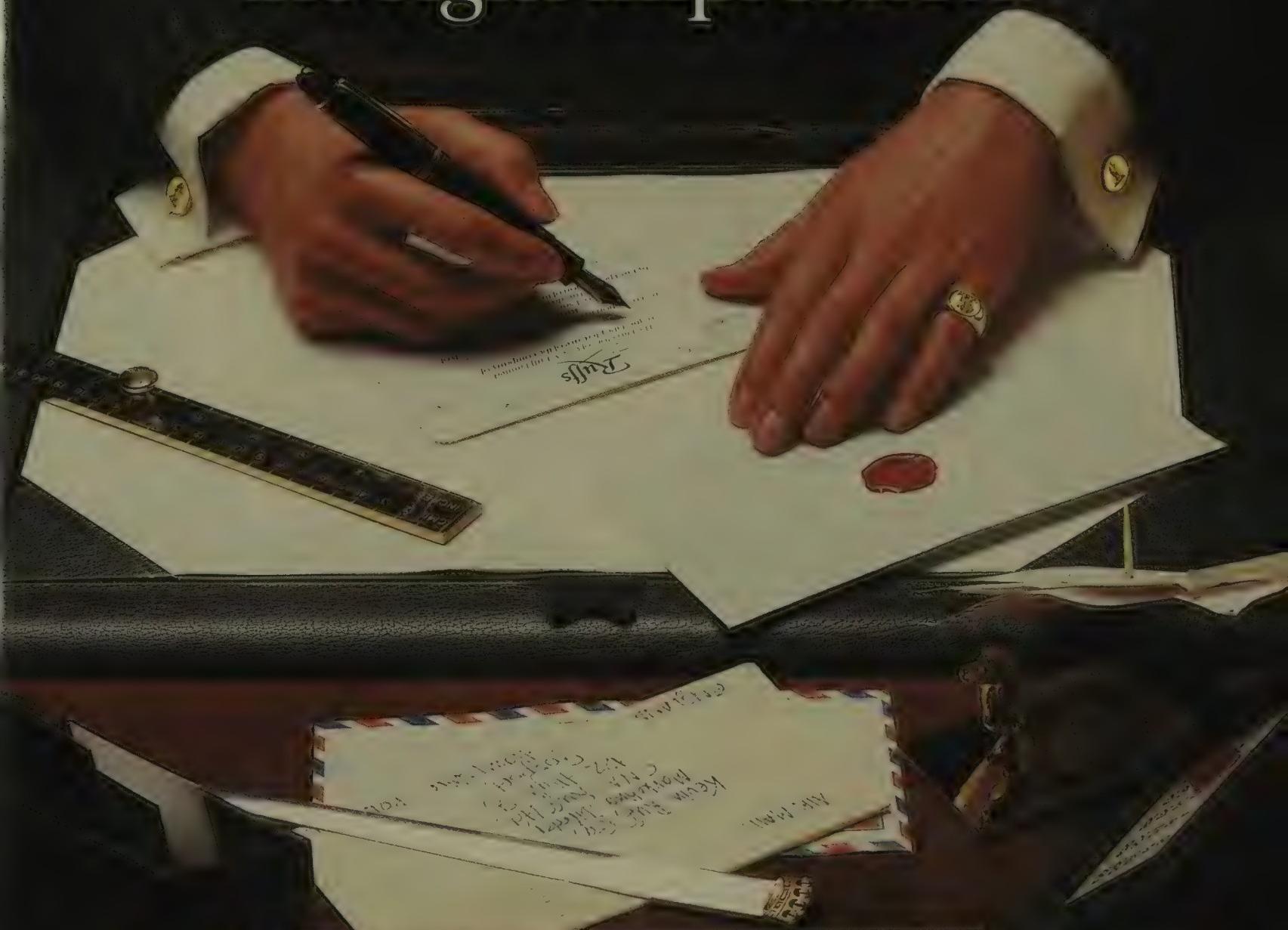
ried into the limestone hillside south of the town walls. One passage more than 20 metres long was found part filled with a mass of Nabataean ceramics and glass. The extensive re-use of Nabataean dressed blocks in the Roman town and a Nabataean obelisk rebuilt in a wall indicate that there was more than a scanty occupation. The town walls were probably constructed at around the same time as the road in AD 112-114—a papyrus from Egypt mentions legionaries at work in quarries in the area at that time. The papyrus may well refer to the most extensive quarries in Jordan, discovered in the 1980 survey, 1 kilometre to the west of Udruh. The town walls would have stood 12 metres high and have presented a formidable obstacle to marauding desert tribes from the east. The walls were largely rebuilt in the Late Byzantine period but were not significantly altered throughout the later phases of the site which continue without major break until the 16th century.

In 1980 a detailed survey of the region was started. More than 200 new sites have been found including a Roman construction camp and a complex series of forts and towers forming a defensive frontier along the Roman highway. Udruh can only now be placed in regional perspective and maps are being prepared of settlement distribution in the various periods, terracing systems, geology and water resources.

The excavations have stopped while a final report is prepared of the work from 1980 to 85. An exhibition of the work at Udruh will open in Brussels in 1987 and go to Paris and various British museums. If sufficient interest is generated as a result of publication and the exhibition, work will continue—less than 5 per cent of the site has been excavated so far, and, as one leading historian wrote in 1970, "Udruh is already fading as its village begins to encroach."

The field work at Udruh was funded by the British Academy, the British Museum, the British Institute at Amman for Archaeology and History, the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, the Palestine Exploration Fund, the Manchester Museum, the Seven Pillars of Wisdom Trust, the Oriental Museum at Durham, the Educational and Charities Commission of the Worshipful Company of Grocers, the Birmingham City Museum, the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, the Society of Antiquaries of London, the Wainwright Fund of Oxford.

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MOTORING

Putting safety first

Stuart Marshall describes how BMW are helping to improve the standard of driving

Although the vehicle population grows yearly, road-accident casualties are going down in Britain. Last year, about 5,200 people died on Britain's roads and roughly 12 times that number were seriously injured. It is cold comfort for the bereaved or maimed, but 1985 did have the second lowest road casualties since 1958 when there was only one quarter as much traffic. It follows that our roads are much safer than they were a generation ago though clearly not safe enough.

One good reason for the reduction in casualties is the development of more than 1,000 miles of motorways which are by far the safest roads because they separate fast-moving traffic from slow-moving pedestrians and cyclists. Some of the credit must go to the vehicle manufacturers, too. Today's cars (and lorries) are much less likely to kill or maim their occupants in a collision. Better tyres, brakes and steering have made them easier to control and enable a skilled and attentive driver to prevent a hazardous situation from turning into an accident.

Road accidents have many contributory causes: surfaces made slippery by rain or snow; traffic that may be exceptionally dense; visibility that could be restricted by heavy rain or fog. The road itself may be at fault, with broken surfaces or ineptly laid-out junctions. Mechanical failure or tyre trouble cause a fairly insignificant proportion of road accidents. By far the largest number of accidents, however, are due to human failure—to inattention, impatience, exhibitionism and aggression. Ignorance plays a part, too; ignorance of what road signs mean and even of the kind of behaviour that is expected of a person in control of a potentially lethal machine.

What, then, can be done to improve the standard of driving? The pessimistic view is: not a great deal,

because a person's behaviour in a car is related to his or her general behaviour. Severe punishment for those who break the law on the roads is a panacea put forward by the unthinking. Sanctions obviously have a part to play but education is much more important. Surely it is better to avoid an accident than to punish the guilty driver (or cyclist or even pedestrian) who caused it?

Possession of a quality car should increase a driver's safety but this is not necessarily so, especially in Britain where the company-car system may put high-performance models in the hands of less than well qualified users. How many drivers of BMW cars, for example, have the skill to get the best out of them? Not very many, if former international rally star Rauno Aaltonen is to be believed. For the last 10 years he has run BMW's car-control course in Germany. About 5,000 BMW owners, have been through his hands.

Before putting me through my paces recently, Mr Aaltonen told me that the first thing was to know how to sit properly in the car. "No one sits properly in a driving seat unless they are shown how. You must get your body firmly into the seat with your shoulders against the backrest."

Mr Aaltonen's next rules will raise eyebrows at the Institute of Advanced Motorists and among drivers who pride themselves that they know something about making a motor car move quickly. "Do not shuffle the wheel between your hands—it is slow and you don't know how far you have turned it. If it has a T-bar like a BMW, hang your thumbs lightly on it. Turn the wheel until your hand gets near the knees, then smartly move your hand back up the wheel again."

"In an emergency on a slippery surface, don't change gear if you are entering a corner. It is a distraction and the extra drag on the driving

wheels could make them lose grip. It is much better to declutch instead."

"For straight-line stopping from moderate speeds, forget all you have heard about cadence braking—the technique of alternately pushing and releasing the pedal in quick succession to prevent the wheels from locking. Just brake as hard as you possibly can."

"And if you start skidding in a corner, ignore the so-called experts who tell you to 'power your way out of trouble' by accelerating. Just declutch. That will get all the wheels rolling freely again so you can start effective counter-steering."

Mr Aaltonen approves of ABS (anti-lock) brakes but points out that very few cars have them. "In a car without ABS, and that means the vast majority, you must hit the brakes as hard as you know how—imagine you are trying to snap the pedal." From high speed, cadence braking is permitted. "But as soon as you are down to 45mph on dry tarmac, 30mph on wet tarmac, 15mph on packed snow or 3mph on ice, the quickest stop comes from having all four wheels locked."

Another basic truth of which all too many motorists seem to be unaware is that an excess of power on the driving wheels, or too much steering lock, makes a car uncontrollable. Everything depends on grip between tyre and road. If a tyre is spinning or sliding sideways, it has lost almost all its grip to drive a car forward or keep it pointing the way the driver intends to go.

As part of his amazing repertoire of car-control tricks, Mr Aaltonen can perform a 360° spin at 50mph, continuing on his original course as though nothing had happened. And he can perform all manner of steering manoeuvres backwards that most drivers would find hard to do the right way round.

But he is adamant that the public highway is no place for such goings on. "Some people will say that if they are heading for a roadside tree it is safer to spin the car so that it hits it rear end on. In fact, they would probably hit it side on. Which side would they prefer to get smashed—their side or their passenger's?"

The Aaltonen BMW car-control course takes two days and costs about £300, including hotel accommodation. It is available only in Germany at present and is booked solidly for many months ahead. It would be nice to think that social responsibility, without which no one can be a truly safe and caring driver, could be taught as quickly.



The driver of this BMW 325i tackles Rauno Aaltonen's car-control course

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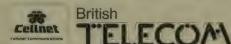
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Desert destinations

Gavin Lyall moves from the wonders of Petra to Dubai and its desert attractions.

Let me tell you that a lifetime mis-spent watching John Wayne movies is no preparation for actually getting onto the top deck of a horse for the first time since childhood (if I ever did it then). I was not even allowed to hold the reins; the whole assemblage was towed—once I had stopped kissing the horse's neck on the far side and the contents of my shirt pockets had been picked up—by a 10-year-old Arab lad, and we were off on the dung-strewn road to the city of Petra. Later, they told me I could have gone by Land-Rover.

Strictly in retrospect, I am glad I did not. Petra is all it is cracked up to be, and when the last turn in the shadowed gorge showed the sunlit faience of the Treasury building carved from the rock—rose-red and a dozen other colours—I was glad to have arrived slowly and awkwardly.

Indeed, its geographical situation is what made Petra possible. Take a spider about half a mile wide in the body and ram it into the sandstone/limestone hills just above the Jordan rift valley. Remove the spider. Let the Nabatean tribe, originally from Egypt, find the dent left by the spider's body and build a city of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants (Petra is not just beautiful, it is *big* which your feet will tell you). The houses and shops were destroyed by earthquakes and flash floods, buried under sand so fine that you can read the maker's name on a shoe footprint. What remains are the symbols of death and taxes carved from the vertical hillsides, the columns and friezes of the Treasury, temples, burial vaults. Petra was a night-stop and trading-post on the camel routes from Africa, the Far East and Europe, and safe from sudden takeover because access is only by those spider-leg gorges, 50 feet high and Land-Rover width. John Wayne would not have taken his cavalry down those routes, and neither did the Romans. They took over by treaty, and by natural succession came Christian Byzantium and then the sand.

It is said you cannot sink a spade into Jordan's sands without finding some antiquity; for years they have been excavating around Mount Nebo, the outlet of Amman, to discover Moses's tomb—and keep finding yet another Byzantine floor. Some of these are quite remarkable, partly because they show hunting scenes with zebra and wild boar, long gone, and plenty of trees, almost gone. So there is now an annual Tree Day, when the King



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAGEBANK

plants one and everybody else is supposed to do the same. The hope goes beyond beautification: trees can be windbreaks and binders of the tillable soil and even, in forest quantity, provokers of rainfall. For years the Jordanian government has been trying to pin down the wandering Bedouin tribesmen—the original inhabitants and source of the Hashemite royal line—into subdivided village housing and farm plots. Just an inch or two more rain, the difference between a lean and a fat sheep, could give the country the self-sufficient farming community it needs.

I stood in the rain and saw why the main shopping street had columns on either side—paid for by the shopkeepers—supporting wooden roofs for the pavements and saw the ruts in the stone roadway and realized that Roman chariots must have standardized on an axle width both to wear those ruts and their fit into them. I like shopping in Chichester and would have liked to shop along the oft-lamp-lit arcades of old Jarash, probably more so than in modern Amman—the shops are mostly full of imports.

And perhaps,

it should be *Kings' Highway*, as travelled by three wise men 1,986 years ago. The highway was there in Petra's time, it runs past Shabwa and Karak, where the Crusaders built castles—both badly ruined but still impressive—through Amman and on to Jarash, which is just *there*, a market town of the Pax Romana but still as Chichester was but is not now.

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That said, Jordan is comfortably westernized with good hotels, particularly government rest houses

which provide cheap meals and drinks near the main sights, virtually no liquor laws, a modern airline and airports (Amman and Aqaba—the latter town a bit Blackpool-cum-Riviera, but there is a coral reef to swim around and good seafood to eat).

I flew out of Aqaba on Alia, the Jordanian airline, seated next to an army officer going on leave who timed the difference between take-off and the "no smoking" sign going off—13 seconds, before even the undercarriage had clumped home. That is my sort of airline. So we lit up and he said he liked all Englishmen, and I said I was damned if I did, and anyway what about camels? I had seen "camel crossing" signs on the Desert Highway but hardly believed it. Camels, he explained, were now investments rather than transport. They gave milk, hair for rugs, ultimately meat, and cost from £4,000, more if they were racing camels. Had I seen a camel race? I hadn't—that was the main reason I was flying to Dubai, in the Emirates, that night.

Notes scrawled in a Dubai hotel bar:

Northern English voice: "75", 10 litres, three levels, we could do it for 50,000—maybe a little bit more...

US Navy voice: "Just a workshop here, a chance to paint up the ship and look pretty for the trip home..."

Dutch voice: "When this war is over and we can trade again with 46 million Iranians, then you will see a boom town here..."

Indian voice: "I live in a very, very old apartment."

Me: "Old? In this town?"

Indian voice (very ashamed): "Ten years old. But we have air conditioning."

There are also Dubaians in Dubai, though not in hotel bars—I am stricter here than in Jordan.

Al Fahidi fort, built of coral lumps held together with a sandy mud, is now a museum; it displays two aerial photographs. The first is Dubai 25 years ago: a little trading/fishing port—driving ponies on the lips of a creek. The second is today's city: 10 times bigger, a modern grid of new buildings, roads, parks, trees, all built of imported materials by imported labour.

Where the concrete ends the sand begins, just like that, and you deflate your tyres for a better grip. But all cities were built on trade. Arab cities just more than most, and Dubai just more recently. Against a backdrop of glass-and-concrete banks, the dhow docks line up at the wharf, labelled "leaving for Karachi on Tuesday" or "arrive with cargo of spare parts, refrigerators and whatnot building up beside them. Yet wooden ship and glass bank are all part of the same pattern, indeed with oil money gushing thinner, the dhows may be a better investment. The Iraqi and Iranian pilots do not shoot at them, and the dhow-building yard a few miles up the coast in Sharjah is doing very nicely, thank you.

But it was the sand I had come for, specifically a "desert safari". These are run professionally but on a fairly *ad hoc* basis; you just need enough people to fill two vehicles (never go alone into the desert) and we spent the first afternoon, tyres deflated, charging up and crawling down sand dunes. At first this terrified me (I actually walked down one slope to photograph you driving down it), then annoyed me because we did not seem to be going anywhere, but finally I enjoyed it as a form of land aerobatics. I was annoyed as we climbed down a 45° slope. Would anybody believe 50°? 55°?

So to a crackling camp fire (bring your own wood) and we wrestled with a tent heavy enough to stop a crashing aircraft and porous enough to keep out nothing else, then all decided we wanted to say we'd "slept under the desert stars" instead. This, one driver explained, always happened. "You'll sleep better than in any hotel." I did not confess to my sleeping-pill.

Likely I woke up for the desert dawn: no delicate pastels, but crude poster colours and oddly grainy like an over-enlarged photograph. It was a useful reminder that the desert is real, and that our tracks and camp-



Our Travel Editor writes:

The author's tour was arranged by DNATA World Travel, the largest travel company in the United Arab Emirates (UAE) with a principal office in London. Members of the Association of British Travel Agents (ABTA) and the International Travel Agents Association (ITAA), they specialize in business and leisure travel to the Middle East. A 10 day holiday divided between Jordan and Dubai between November and April costs £569 from London on a bed and breakfast basis. A day trip to Petra is £59 extra and an overnight desert safari costs £75. The company will arrange tailor-made holidays to individual requirements. They also act as a tourist information office for the UAE. For Jordan contact Alia, the country's national airline.

Visas are required for all visits to Jordan. For the UAE, holders of UK passports do not require visas for stays of up to 30 days. Other nationals should check their requirements. There are no compulsory health regulations for either country but precautions against cholera, typhoid and polio are recommended.

Address: DNATA World Travel, 125 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5AE (090 3356); Jordan Tourist Board, Alia, 211 Regent Street, London W1R 7DD (437 9465).

Far left, the Treasury in the ancient Nabatean capital and caravan centre of Petra in Jordan, a country where camels still haunt the desert, left.

fire ashes would be blown away.

And now, fortified by bacon-and-eggs, on to the camel racing. To stage this, you take a flat area of stony desert and mark off a track of steel railings, maybe 5 miles around. Lines of camels (all out of 100 gathered there) are lined up (with 7-year-old drivers tied to their backs (illegal but still usual) and give the "off".

Exactly what the jockeys contribute is uncertain; maybe they stop the camels biting the rails on the turns, camels being pretty stupid. Meanwhile, the camels settle into their owners and seemingly invariable straight-legged trot, deciding the winning order in the first few seconds.

But wait: as the camels start, so do 40 Range Rovers. Toyotas and the like, carrying owners, betters and tourists in a weaving, hooting, screeching (voices and colliding metal) dust-storm just outside the rails. I am proud to say that I have taken part in a camel race and I just hope the camels got half the thrill out of it that I did.

Sampling life on the ocean wave

Julian Critchley recharges flattened batteries on Caribbean seas

What is there to be said for a life on the ocean wave? Last January my wife and I left Heathrow and flew to Miami on a British Airways club class flight. We were to join the P&O ship *Sea Princess* in Fort Lauderdale, Florida in order to cruise on Caribbean seas.

I would like to have crossed the Atlantic before the war in a White Star ship in the company of Emerald Cunard. You know the sort of thing: cockney stewards, Odeon-styled interiors and dance bands playing nothing but the music of Cole Porter. Cocktails in first-class cabins with "Chips" Channon, and bitter-sweet shipboard romances leading to farewells at New York's Pier Five.

The *Sea Princess* may not have the grandeur of the SS *Berengaria* but it is a pretty ship. Clyde-built for the Swedes 20 years ago, she combines fine contours with a teak-lined comfort. The dining room is especially large and comfortable, its dividing walls decorated with splendid examples of 18th-century Chinese blue and white ware. So much more the pity that parts of the deck area are ablaze with baskets of plastic flowers fit for the patios of Milton Keynes.

A ship which flies the Red Duster—an ensign that threatens to become a protected maritime species—promises to be well run. Whatever the nationality of the pilot, there could be little chance of a P&O boat running on the rocks. The ship's officers were as "British" as an Ealing Studios film: their long white woolly socks and El Alamein shorts giving passengers of every nationality a feeling of confidence.

What I like best about boats is movement. Lying in bed listening to the buried throb of the engines, and the creak of wooden panelling, watching the reflected motion of the waves projected upon the cabin ceiling, happy in the knowledge that the next landfall will be the magic island of Hispaniola. To be comfortable on board ship is to be comfortable indeed.

I spent the days relaxing in the sun on the quarter deck reading, pausing occasionally either to admire the distant blue coast of some passing tax haven or the rapidly darkening skin of some of my compatriots. Days at sea are marvellously therapeutic, sun, wind and sky combining to recharge flattened batteries. There was little to do save to look forward to lunch and dinner.

The food was not as good as I had hoped. It was too American for my taste, and the over-long menu did



Cruising past the rolling hills of St Thomas, one of the American Virgin Islands and another port of call for the *Sea Princess*.

not augur well. It was rather like staying at the Holiday Inn in Des Moines. The curry (Goanese?) about which I had heard nothing but good, turned out to have been adapted to American taste, but the Lancashire Hot Pot was excellent. I stepped through the menu as if it were a minefield, picking the simpler dishes. And when it comes to salad dressing, "Italian" is, in American, the closest approximation to French. The service, however, was Savoy Hotel standard, although the *maître d'*, who was attentive, was inclined to set fire to any dish that came within his reach. The wines were costly and undistinguished, save for some Californian bottles.

"Hell," someone said, "is other people," and if you agree, a cruise is not to be recommended. Honeymooners, happy to discover each other, would be in seventh heaven; parties of old friends who have clubbed together to see the world have a high old time. The odd couple, however, do need to make friends. On embarkation I was offered the choice of a table in the dining room for two, four or six. I opted for two. We should perhaps have sat at a table for six, chat about food and drink being the best ice-breaker of all. There were 400 or so passengers, a number which some might find to be oppressive.

We sailed from Fort Lauderdale, waking to blue skies and the sight of Havana on the port side. The first

port of call was Cozumel, an island off the coast of Yucatan in Mexico. There were two shore trips arranged, but we preferred to stay on deck, savouring the sun. After a third day at sea, with temperatures steadily climbing from a Miami low, we arrived on the north coast of Jamaica, at the port of Ocho Rios. Here we did disembark, joining a tour of 30 or so to visit Brimmer Hall, a working plantation 20 miles to the east.

We toured the estate in buggies, and then lunched at the side of a pool on local delicacies. Curried goat, plantain and various kinds of bananas, cooked and raw. I am rather fond of curried goat. It was a Sunday and everyone was dressed in their best; families church-bound, the men in shiny black suits, the women in coloured dresses. The villages were poor and picturesque, and the reception was friendly. Rural Jamaica is light years away from the concrete hotels of the coast, and all the better for it, although one glance at the rusting corrugated iron roofs will tell you why so many Jamaicans prefer to live in Britain.

I left the ship at St Maarten, one of the Leeward Islands, in order to attend a political dinner in my constituency, leaving my wife to sail on to St Thomas, (one of the Virgin Islands), the Bahamas and back to Fort Lauderdale. St Maarten is neatly divided into two halves, one French, the other Dutch, an arrangement dating from the 17th century and

one which has generally been peaceful. I boarded a bus in Philipsburg, the capital of the Dutch part, for a guided tour which went in and out of the two territories. I do not think the island could be regarded as "unspoilt" although the French half seems more peaceful. The air was full of the dust of construction. "Everything," said an elderly female passenger, "is either coming down or going up." And the roads were as pot-holed as some stretches of the M1. There is a well-scrubbed decency about the Dutch (all those pastors?) but I would take refuge in the French half where the food would be better.

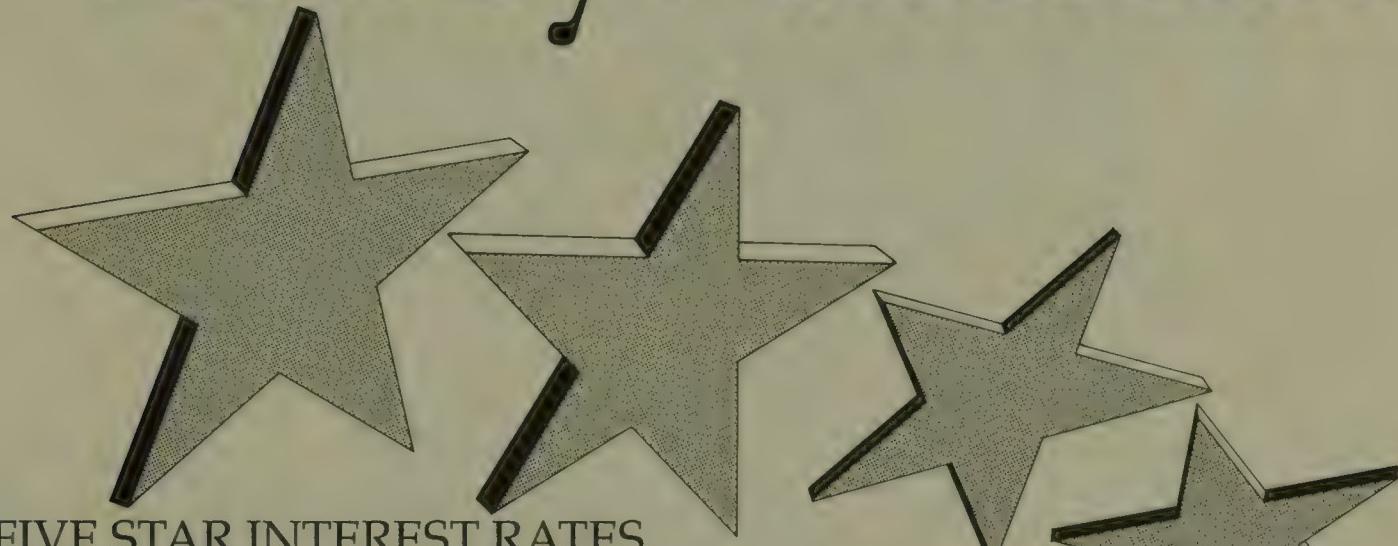
The schoolmaster manqué in me compels a summing up, an end-of-term report. The ship was splendid. The service could not be faulted. The girls who did one job during the day and sang and danced for our pleasure in the evenings, were as cheerful as they were pretty. I award half marks for the food, and none for the plastic flowers. I suppose there are those who cannot live without bingo or slot machines, but I have different vices. My advice is that if you want some winter sun, welcome being cosseted, and do not mind crowds of people, book now. But be sure to take a friend, or, even better, two ○

Our Travel Editor writes:

This coming winter and spring the *Sea Princess* will be based in both Florida and Puerto Rico operating a series of cruises following two itineraries. The first route is from Port Everglades to St Croix, St Lucia, Barbados, the Grenadines, Martinique, St Thomas and then to San Juan in Puerto Rico; the first departure from London by air is December 19 with seven thereafter, the last on April 27. The second route is from San Juan (flying there from Miami) to St Lucia, Barbados, the Grenadines, Martinique, St Thomas, Nassau and back to Port Everglades (for Miami); first departure from London by air is December 28 with six thereafter, the last leaving on April 16. Each fly-cruise lasts 12 days. Fares range from £1,134 to £2,151 including flights from London to Miami by British Airways (or other scheduled services) and to and from Puerto Rico by local services, one night in a first-class hotel in Miami on the way out, land transfers and all port charges. Excursions are extra.

In addition the liner's sister ships *Sun Princess*, *Pacific Princess* and the grandest of all, *Royal Princess*, will operate a series of various cruises in the Caribbean and Pacific from Barbados, San Juan and Los Angeles, several navigating the Panama Canal. These will be offered on a fly-cruise basis from London with fares from £1,057 to more than £3,200. Address: P&O Princess Cruises, 77 New Oxford Street, WC1A 1PP (831 1234).

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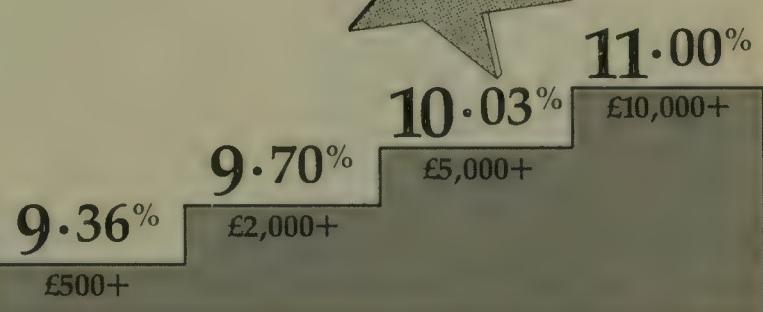
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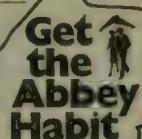
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REVIEWS



CINEMA

Products of creative teamwork

BY GEORGE PERRY

It would be hard to conceive of a finer parting note for David Puttnam, who has left the British film industry to be Chairman of Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, than *The Mission*, which he produced with Fernando Ghaia. The film, so deservedly the winner of the Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival, is a triumph of British cinema and a resounding confirmation of the promise shown by its director, Roland Joffé, with his 1984 work, *The Killing Fields*. Joffé now achieves even greater heights, with a better-

ordered structure, a literate screenplay by Robert Bolt, and three outstanding performances at its heart.

The time is the middle of the 18th century, the place the interior of South America on the River Paraná at Iquazu, a border where Spain and Portugal are dividing up the territories. Father Gabriel, a saintly, dedicated Jesuit played by Jeremy Irons, has journeyed into the jungle, scaling terrifying waterfalls, and encouraged the Guarani, a tribe of fierce, intelligent Indians, to allow his mission to be the centre of their lives, where they would grow their crops and exercise their craft skills (they are adept at producing musical instruments) in a kibbutz-like existence. Among the priests who are with him is Rodrigo (Robert De Niro), a former mercenary.

Under the treaty of Madrid in 1750 the lands must be handed to Portugal which, unlike Spain, engages in slavery. Resistance to the edict would result in the suppression of the Jesuits in both countries. A papal emissary, Cardinal Altamirano (Ray McNally), is sent to decide the mission's fate, knowing that if it and

the others in the territory are allowed to remain in operation the Jesuits will be driven out of Portugal. The consequence of his visit is a short, but savage, jungle war between the natives with their bows and arrows, and a well equipped military task force sent to suppress them. The two priests fight back in their individual ways, Father Gabriel by prayer and devotion, Father Rodrigo by resuming his mercenary skills.

Joffé is a director who generously allows that film-making is creative teamwork, and that the achievement of the cinematographer Chris Menges is as least equal to his own. Working in difficult, almost inaccessible locations, Menges has nonetheless shot the film with extraordinary subtlety, using natural light in his interiors to produce soft, mellow colours.

There is a perfect interplay between the actors, and Robert De Niro in particular enhances his stature, making believable the transformation of Rodrigo from a professional man of violence, used to living on a short fuse, to a devoted

Father Gabriel (Jeremy Irons) with the Guarani in Roland Joffé's *The Mission*.

servant of the church. It is a great performance.

The Mission is a formidable, powerful, passionate film of ideas, yet its action sequences are as exciting as any of those in the moronic pulp that is customarily offered to audiences nowadays.

Andrei Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*, made in Sweden, and the second of his films shot outside Russia, is also a film of ideas, and offered *The Mission* serious competition at Cannes. Ingmar Bergman's great cinematographer Sven Nykvist worked with him.

Erland Josephson plays a professor living in the placid Gotland countryside who, after a family celebration, turns on the television and learns that the ultimate nuclear catastrophe is imminent. His wife, Susan Fleetwood, has a breakdown. He prays for life and renounces his possessions, fleeing in the middle of the night to the home of a mysterious servant called Marta (the Virgin Mary, perhaps?) who comforts »»

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→ him, and the dawn comes unchanged as though the impending holocaust was merely a nightmare. He burns his house down, to the alarm and puzzlement of the others, and is taken away in an ambulance. His little son, a mute, finds his voice.

The Tarkovsky style is unique. His pacing is as measured as it is meticulous. For instance, the film's opening shot lasts for 11 minutes, virtually a revival of a technique used, less successfully, and abandoned by Alfred Hitchcock in the late 1940s.

He explores human anguish and finds that much of it results from a lack of spiritual knowledge and from the substitution of material possessions for inner values, and that the only way the soul can be freed is by their renunciation. It is a dour philosophy, made more understandable by his own history. His son was refused leave from the Soviet authorities to join his parents in Paris when the film was made, but with the onset of Tarkovsky's serious illness they have since relented.

THEATRE Dreams of a neglected woman

BY J. C. TREWIN

We might say of Alan Ayckbourn's *Woman in Mind* (Vaudeville) that it is "a document in madness—thoughts and remembrance fitted", the words used by Laertes in a very different context. But this is also an extraordinary black comedy. By now, having seen a fair proportion of Ayckbourn's plays—this is the 32nd since 1964—it seems to me that no practising dramatist can match his daring, ingenuity and depth.

The newest play, according to its programme, is set "in Susan's garden and beyond". It is the word "beyond" that increasingly matters. The woman, so it appears in the opening minutes, has stepped on a rake and knocked herself out. When she comes to, we see all that happens during the rest of the piece through her eyes: the grimness of her family life—maybe exaggerated by progressive dementia, though exaggeration would be hard—and events in an ideal world that she conjures up in an elaborate garden beyond hers. At length, fevered imagination possessing her, the two worlds mingle, "thoughts and remembrance fitted"; but, as the action fades, both are wiped away during the eerily comic medley or phantasmagoria with which the play ends. Or is it comic? That is for us to decide.

Susan is the exhausted and neglected wife of a dimly unappealing

vicar, forever "finishing off the book" which appears to be a life-work, a full (60 page) history of his parish since 1386 or 1396, not that a decade matters. We can understand why, in her imagination ("beyond"), the unvalued woman finds herself acclaimed as "probably our most important living historical novelist". The household also includes her sister-in-law, so appalling a cook that the contents of a tea-caddy get into a burnt omelette. Naturally, in the circumstances, one of Susan's visions is of a perfect meal served out of doors by her ideal and adoring "family". The tiny garden itself expands, through her battered mind, to a place of maze and arbour, statues and sundial, where the gleaming people she evokes glide about in a summer world. One of these is a "daughter", preparing to marry idyllically: she is Susan's compensation for her real and hopeless son who has been in a depressing cult-group and has now made the dreariest of marriages.

The play, rooted in Susan's mind, moves with astonishing skill (it never leaves the garden) between the glum life the woman has endured and the sunlit hallucinations, figures that grow menacing as fact and fantasy seem to meet and Susan's anger begins to overwhelm her. Then, in the garden still, we face a thunderstorm during the early hours of the morning—if there is any wavering, it is here—and the play dissolves at length to the eerie craziness of its final scene.

In the quality of its invention and technical expertise *Woman in Mind* transcends any other play of the year, and it has, too, the gifts of Alan Ayckbourn's own production and the acting of a rare cast. This is led by Julia McKenzie, never off the stage as Susan, who takes us hauntingly through her extremes of unhappiness, euphoria, and that ultimate confusion when the various images of her distracted mind come bafflingly together.

There she sees her husband as a bishop, presumably the hope she had had for him long ago. Martin Jarvis is entirely in key as the restricted, fumbling personage who has little idea of what is going on, and who is certainly the worst imaginable husband for Susan, especially in her present predicament. Josephine Tewson knows all about his clumsy spiritualist sister settled in the kitchen with her undrinkable coffee and inedible omelettes—during the last round-up she arrives as an equally clumsy maid—and there is a lovely unforced performance by Peter Blythe as the kind of well-meaning doctor who specializes in a flood of breathless reassurances without getting much further. The might-have-been family from "beyond" keeps the required sense of strangeness, especially the "daughter" (Christine Barry).

BALLET Dazzling star quality

BY URSULA ROBERTSHAW

They came, we saw and we were conquered. We fell under the spell of a company unashamedly theatrical, even brash, in its effects, but triumphing through the sheer bravura of its dancers whose skill and star quality were dazzling.

The main criticism was of the repertory presented. Of the four full-length ballets we saw, all but the old classic *Raymonda* were by the Bolshoi's artistic director, that DeMille of the ballet, Yuri Grigorovich, and similarities in choreography and style became apparent, particularly in the handling of the many large crowd scenes. The result was that boyars and Tartar hordes, Romans and rebel slaves, Young Workers and capitalist decadents all tend to blend in the memory as stagefuls of frenetically moving bodies, wonderfully athletic but ultimately producing a somewhat breathless and monotonous effect.

The two divertissement programmes held in the specially built giant tent at Battersea consisted of *bonnes bouches* from the classics, plus a leavening of more Grigorovich, and did nothing to slake a thirst to see what the Bolshoi would make of a major work by a modern choreographer other than the company's resident. But otherwise what a feast we had—from the heart-stopping lifts and throws of *Spring Waters* and the scintillations of Aurora, Kitri and the Black Swan to a novelty for Western audiences: an enchanting dance for two Indian dolls, Grigorovich's setting of the Arabian dance from *The Nutcracker*.

The big memory of this Bolshoi season is of one dancer in particular: Irek Mukhamedov, still only 26 and already in the pantheon. He has an incredible technique. Time and again I found myself murmuring: "I don't believe it—he couldn't have done that," at some extraordinary jump or spin high above ground level; only to see him repeat the feat, identically and impeccably, so that I could only gasp and applaud, grateful to be watching one of the greatest dancers of this half century. In addition to his technique Mukhamedov has that other essential gift for star quality, stage presence. Whether conveying the high (and let's admit it, pretty ham) histrionics of Ivan the Terrible, the noble heroism of Spartacus, or the virile bravery of the young fisherman in *The Golden Age*, his is a commanding figure. You have

to watch him, even when he is not in sublime movement.

In addition there are Natalya Bessmertnova, exquisite in line and with movements smooth as cream; the fine classicist Lyudmila Semenyaka; the young and up-coming Nina Ananiashvili; and Tatyana Golikova, who gave a performance at once alluring and sinister as the evil Lyuska in *The Golden Age*. Among the men, yellow-haired Andris Liepa stood out, though talent-spotters could find a wealth of promising material among the members of the corps.

All in all, anyone who managed to get a ticket to see this remarkable company will have memories to treasure. We were reminded that Bolshoi means big, with big ballets, big effects, big, expansive staging with effective, large-scale designs (by Simon Varsaladze); and with one enormous star.

OPERA

New home for opera in London

BY MARGARET DAVIES

In the transformed Queen Elizabeth Hall, London has acquired a new venue for opera, music theatre and dance. The concert hall has been equipped with an adaptable stage, requiring the removal of up to 350 seats, and improved lighting equipment, whose range and flexibility were demonstrated during the Summerscope programme by the two productions staged by Opera Factory London Sinfonietta.

Harrison Birtwistle's *Yan Tan Tethera*, which received its first performance, is a much slighter work than his recently staged monumental opera *The Mask of Orpheus* though it shares the elements of mystery and magic. The story, drawn from a Wiltshire folk tale, tells of two shepherds, Alan, who comes to the west country from the north and prospers, and Caleb, the local man who is jealous and calls upon the help of the Bad 'Un to imprison Alan in a hill and spirit away his twin sons. His faithful wife, Hannah, resists the power of evil and gains the release of her husband and sons. The title, which means one, two, three, and is the northern shepherd's way of counting his sheep, is also an incantation by means of which Hannah wards off Caleb's magic, but when he tries to use it, it turns against him.

The story's mystic simplicity has a haunting quality, echoed in the hypnotic chanting of the incantation and in Birtwistle's music, which was performed by a string, wind and percussion band of 15 players, con-



Left: two of the Bolshoi's fine soloists, Natalya Bessmertnova and Irek Mukhamedov, in a *pas de deux* from *Spartacus*. Below: Shepherd Alan, sung by Omar Ebrahim, reunited with his family and his flock at the end of *Yan Tan Tethera*.



cealed behind a gauze at the back of the stage, expertly conducted by Elgar Howarth.

David Freeman's production made telling use of the open stage, turned by David Rogers's designs into a grassy Wiltshire plain, dotted with standing stones and an enchanting chorus of nibbling, nudging sheep. Its pastoral stillness also conveyed the slow, seven-year passage of time which spans the work's brief, 90-minute length. The northern shepherd's angular vocal line was strongly projected by Omar Ebrahim, and contrasted with the southerner's smoother tones delivered by Richard Stuart; Hannah was eloquently sung by Helen Charnock.

Any puzzlement about the inclusion of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* in a programme described as "a celebration of our century" was dispelled by the contemporary beach setting, with Alfonso building a sand-castle and the arrival through the auditorium of the other characters dressed in bathing suits. For all the levity of the production—a punk Despina,

the men going off to war as paras and reappearing as lounge-suited Arabs disguised by their beards and head-dresses, and the girls dressing and undressing on stage—David Freeman's resolution of the plot was the epitome of disillusionment, ending in tears, recriminations and rejection as all four went their separate ways. It was more convincing than the usual neat but artificial pairing of either old or new loves, and backed up by the plausibility of the acting, notably Marie Angel's intensely-felt Fioridiligi, and by Anne Ridder's lively new translation. Though not rich in *bel canto* singing, it was an affecting performance, in spite of problems of ensemble resulting from the orchestra and conductor's position at the right of the stage.

Glyndebourne's richly enjoyable *Albert Herring*, given in a reduced setting which captured much of the detail of the original, also emphasized the need for a sunken orchestra pit. This is scheduled as part of the transformation of the QEII and due for completion next summer.

Bryant on Britain and the British

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Freedom's Own Islandby Arthur Bryant
Collins, £15

This is the second volume of the late Sir Arthur Bryant's *magnum opus*, a trilogy of the history of Britain and the British people. The first, *Set in a Silver Sea*, appeared in the author's lifetime. It covered earliest times to the Battle of Agincourt. The second takes the story down to Waterloo. It was largely completed before his death, though he had not covered the "Glorious Revolution", whose tercentenary is to be celebrated in suitable style in two years' time. That gap is filled by an admirable chapter by Professor J. P. Kenyon who writes with authority, vigour and clarity. Sir Arthur Bryant might not have agreed with everything in it, but he would certainly have appreciated the style of the prose. Sir Arthur was a master of the English language, and he had an extraordinary capacity to recreate the past. Apart from G. M. Trevelyan, another splendid writer, he has done more to "popularize", in the best sense of the term, British history than anyone else in the 20th century.

It is essentially a patriotic and "romantic" version which he gives us—"romantic" not in the meaning of romance or fiction, but in that of colour, sentiment, tradition and admiration of a great and dramatic achievement. The emphasis in both volumes is on the unique and peculiar story of England. One can

hardly wonder that he was in the forefront of those who opposed Britain's entry into the Common Market and spent much time and energy in fighting against it. To the majority of the country he and his allies seemed wrong, but battles for lost causes, unless palpably foolish, should not be treated with contempt. He says little about the Jacobites; perhaps the analogy was too painful. His views on the Common Market were public and well known. What would he have thought about the Commonwealth if he had lived to see the current row about South African sanctions?

Any history of such a long and controversial period is bound to be selective. People, politics and wars are the subjects which fascinated Bryant. He was not much interested in social and economic problems, although he could vividly describe the way of life of the rich, the "middle classes" and the poor. He makes no attempt to analyse why the Industrial Revolution, that unique and extraordinary development which has produced and is producing irreversible change all over the world, should have occurred in England rather than anywhere else. Perhaps here the author is too much of an English patriot and not enough of a European to engage in a comparative study. But when it comes to describing what the impact of the new techniques looked like he is better than a dozen dry-as-dust econ-

omic historians with their graphs and statistics: "The northern heaths with their water power and coal-seams became transformed. Gaunt buildings with rows of windows rose like giant wraiths on the wild Matlock hills and in misty Lancashire valleys, and around them rows of cheerless, squalid little houses. Within a few years quiet old market towns like Rochdale swelled into noisy straggling cities, filled with unwashed, pagan spinners and weavers: they seemed to a Tory of the old school 'insolent, abandoned and drunk half the week'."

The Black Country was just as bad: "... a land of forges, collieries and canals with grimy trees and hedges ... and instead of church spires, tall chimneys belching metallic vapours and at night lit by flames ... Here [Birmingham] almost every man in the cobbled streets stank of train oil, and many had red eyes and hair bleached green by the brass foundries."

But if he devotes some of his descriptive powers to the Industrial Revolution, he is even better on the more congenial themes of people and war. On individuals he never lets one down. The successive monarchs are brilliantly depicted, and he is a master at the art of describing war on land and sea. British sea power is one of his major themes. His most notable piece of original historical research early in his career was his biography of Samuel Pepys who, in

addition to being the greatest diarist of all time, has a claim to be the creator of the Navy which made Britain, an offshore island of Europe, the world power that it subsequently became. He writes: "Second only to Johnson, Pepys is the quintessential Englishman. It is conceivable that, but for his work, Britain might never have achieved that permanent naval ascendancy in the world's seas which she was to maintain till the present century, and might have remained what she was until his time, a second-class European power without an overseas empire."

On the latter the author is curiously perfunctory. There are only three or four pages dealing with the conquest of India and the revolt of the American colonies. Clive figures once in the index, George Washington not at all. Nearly a third is spent on the 45 years of Queen Elizabeth I's reign and a third on the Napoleonic wars from 1793 to 1815. This does not leave much for the rest of 400 years of British history which include the Wars of the Roses, the early Tudors, the convulsions of the 17th century, the first two Georges, the two Pitts and much else besides. It is an imbalance, but Sir Arthur might well have corrected it, had he lived. Let us not be too pedantic. This is a marvellously readable book and the battle scenes are unforgettable. One looks forward with pleasure to the final volume due to appear next year.

RECENT FICTION

Promoting the Pym industry

BY HARRIET WAUGH

An Academic Questionby Barbara Pym
Macmillan, £9.95**Dr Gruber's Daughter**by Janice Elliott
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95**Loving Roger**by Tim Parks
Heinemann, £9.95

Barbara Pym, a nice, quiet novelist with a witty turn of phrase, who wrote of pleasant spinsters with hopeless amatory ambitions, was considered in the 1960s to be too old-fashioned to be commercial. She

was rediscovered in the mid 70s with a little help from Philip Larkin, and now holds a position in the minds and hearts of the reading public not unadjacent to God and Jane Austen, which is highly ridiculous. She is simply a good writer who gives considerable pleasure—Anita Brookner with humour thrown in—and I do not think her reputation will be well served by promoting a literary industry around her.

An Academic Question is a product of this industry. Barbara Pym wrote two versions of the novel in 1971 in an attempt, after years of neglect, to write a "modern" novel and to regain publishing attention. She was unhappy with both versions and never tried to have them published. Now that she is dead what she regarded as substandard work is being published. This seems to me to be morally reprehensible on the part of her executor, agent if she has one, and publisher. This is not to say that the editor Hazel Holt has done a bad job. She has taken the two drafts and

reworked them into an enjoyable whole, and although *An Academic Question* is inferior Pym, it is still superior to a good many novels that come my way.

The heroine of the novel is the mildly disagreeable wife of an ambitious academic at a dim university in the west of England. Caroline Grimstone has one child towards whom she has only marginal maternal feeling, a Swedish au pair and a husband who gives her little pleasure. Her only friends appear to be a mother and son called Kitty and Coco who have left their home in the West Indies because of its black government. They are entertaining and think only of clothes, their own beauty and gossip. The son, Coco, has been given the grant to do a university project on the local blacks, although disapproval is felt by the academic community because he has yet to meet a black person. All this is very funny. Caroline is also disapproving of their trivial pursuits although she seeks their company.

Her third friend is Kitty's sister, an eccentric old woman who has a junk shop and is sentimentally attached to hedgehogs.

The story is about the jockeying for position in this dreary hinterland of academic endeavour. While undertaking good works Caroline steals the research of an old man in an old people's home to help her husband do the head of his department in the eye. The very mild guilt she feels and the ripple effect from the act is central to the comedy. Caroline is a pill, but like Esther, the heroine of *Bleak House*, her pillishness becomes less important as the novel progresses because of the other characters that she throws into relief.

Set in the 50s, *Dr Gruber's Daughter* is Janice Elliott's second essay into fantastic fiction. In a university-town boarding house controlled and brooded over by Ilse Lamprey, a mysterious German immigrant cripple, strange things are happening. As Ilse adds to her list of

TOP CHOICE

Road to Victory

Winston S. Churchill 1941-45
by Martin Gilbert
Heinemann, £20

This epic biography grows in stature to match the life it records. The seventh volume runs from Pearl Harbour to VE Day, and it rises splendidly to the challenge of the momentous events it has to describe. The narrative, which draws on a huge number of private papers, secret records, official documents and personal reminiscence, is comprehensive but unlaboured, totally absorbing and frequently exciting. Well trodden though the road has been since victory was won, there is much that is new in this volume, and even the familiar is freshly served. This should be everyone's book of the month.

hates—beautiful girls, spring, nuns, surprises—the Countess, another of the refugees, worries about making tempting morsels for Dr Gruber, the strange old man with a terrible history who lives overhead. Then there is Elinora Flitch, the beautiful virgin professor who is overcome with bizarre lusts as her cat meets a terrible fate. There is a shadowy evil in the shape of Vera, a young girl who arrives as a succuba on the household. She has sharp teeth that sink into live flesh and she disturbs the ways of this gloomy household. The police are suspicious so Ilse Lamprey has to act.

Janice Elliott writes beautifully. The plot is counter-pointed by imagery that almost tells a separate story and brings unexpected, high-flown humour to this black fairytale. My only criticism is that what happens does not truly concern the reader. Instead Janice Elliott constructs an elaborate edifice more to be admired than experienced. But this is a niggle as she has achieved a fine imaginary feat.

Loving Roger by Tim Parks tells of the fatal results of an unsuitable love affair. The novel opens like this: "Roger lay on my new blue rug in the corner by the television and the lamp that seemed like it always had the funny orange bubbles rising in it that he hated. But I went to work just as usual." This sets the tone. Anna, the heroine, tells the story of how she comes to kill Roger, the man she loves and the father of her son. She is a typist in an office and she meets Roger when he goes to work there. He gives her lifts home and she decides that "it was waiting for Roger to kiss me that I must have fallen in love with him". Anna is full of disarming and wise felicities of this nature. Although not stupid she is not educated; neither is the way she tells her story.

Roger is educated, vacillating, and is ashamed of his growing need for Anna. He persuades her to keep their romance secret, and it is in this secrecy and in the claustrophobic narrowness it engenders that the seeds of Anna's love develop a masochistic intensity. Roger, who has risen from a working-class background through grammar school and Cambridge, wishes to be a playwright. The novel is made more interesting by the fact that although it is not clear that Roger would have made it, he is not without originality and talent.

Every aspect of this short novel—the life of the office, Anna's parents, Roger's homosexual friend and *alter ego* in Cambridge—is beautifully realized. The changes in Anna's outlook are so gradual that it was only in the last paragraph that it occurred to me that she had lost touch with reality. Killing Roger merely seemed human. I read the novel at one sitting. It is compulsive reading and I highly recommend it ○

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Clouds from both sides

by Julie Tullis
Grafton Books, £12.95

Julie Tullis died tragically in the Himalayas this summer after reaching the summit of K2, which she describes in this book, published posthumously, as her "dream mountain". She writes vividly of the many climbs she tackled after taking up the sport, or challenge, at the age of 38, and she makes clear that it was the challenge that drew her back to the mountains time and time again, though she knew the odds against survival must be shortening. One in 12 Himalayan mountaineers die, in her words, "for their ruling passion". This book will give non-climbers some understanding of why she and other mountaineers wish to continue challenging the odds, and themselves.

Londoners

by Nicholas Shakespeare
Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95

There is no such thing as a Londoner, as becomes quite evident from Nicholas Shakespeare's lively and entertaining book. For three years he has been walking on, over and under the streets, talking to different people in many varied walks of life. The inevitable conclusion is that London means different things to everyone who lives or works in it, and to those who visit, or, as J.C. Squire put it, that "there is a London for every man in London". The city comprises too many worlds, and too many people, for it to have the easy identity of other capitals—and therein, of course, lies its charm. There is charm, too, in many of these interviews—though one wonders whether all Londoners can be such characters.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
Could do (and has done) better.
- 2 (2) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Relentless investigation by poet-detective.
- 3 (3) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor
Bradford
Grafton Books, £9.95
Readable family saga.
- 4 (4) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The father as spy makes a brilliant spy novel.
- 5 (5) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith
Heinemann, £10.95
Up to standard in his usual exciting way.
- 6 (7) **The Magic Cottage** by James Herbert
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
A spine-chilling nasty!
- 7 (10) **The Bourne Supremacy** by Robert Ludlum
Grafton Books, £10.95
Self-proclaimed masterpiece of a thriller.
- 8 (—) **An Academic Question** by Barbara Pym
Macmillan, £9.95
Posthumous, comfortable novel of redbrick university life.
- 9 (6) **I'll Take Manhattan** by Judith Krantz
Bantam Press, £10.95
The glamour and dirt of magazine publishing.
- 10 (8) **Niccolo Rising** by Dorothy Dunnett
Michael Joseph, £10.95
Brilliant first volume in a new 15th-century series.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **Invitation to a Royal Wedding** by Trevor Hall
Collins, £9.95
This could be your souvenir or . . .
- 2 (—) **The ITN Book of the Royal Wedding** by Alastair Burnet
Michael O'Mara, £8.95
. . . this!
- 3 (3) **Monty: The Field Marshal 1944-76** by Nigel Hamilton
Hamish Hamilton, £15
Final volume of a major biography of a great soldier.
- 4 (—) **Ford** by Robert Lacey
Heinemann, £14.95
The rise and stumble of a motor car dynasty.
- 5 (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof
Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95
Fund-raising supremo tells all.
- 6 (—) **TV-am Official Celebration of the Royal Wedding** by Gordon Honeycombe
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.95
Yet another competitor in the royal souvenir stakes.
- 7 (—) **Walking the Dales** by Mike Harding
Michael Joseph, £12.95
Amusing accounts of walks in Yorkshire.
- 8 (—) **Royal Wedding: Andrew & Sarah** by Ladybird, 75p
Least expensive reminder of a great occasion.
- 9 (2) **The Africans** by Ali Mazrui
BBC, £14.95
The book of the TV series.
- 10 (—) **Life & Death in Shanghai** by Nien Cheng
Grafton Books, £12.95
A brave woman battles through the horrors of the Cultural Revolution.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **Hold the Dream** by Barbara Taylor Bradford
Grafton Books, £3.50
Gushing fantasy for afternoons by the pool.
- 2 (4) **The Burning Shore** by Wilbur Smith Pan, £2.95
Love between a French girl and an English general's son at the end of the First World War.
- 3 (—) **Skeleton Crew** by Stephen King
Futura, £3.50
Spine-chilling short stories.
- 4 (—) **The Bone People** by Keri Hulme Picador, £3.95
Booker winner that faces the problems of cruelty to children.
- 5 (—) **Juggernaut** by Desmond Bagley
Fontana, £2.95
Transporting a transformer across Africa.
- 6 (2) **Moon** by James Herbert
New English Library, £2.95
If horror is your cup of tea, this is for you.
- 7 (—) **The Color Purple** by Alice Walker
Women's Press, £3.95
Award-winning novel of the Deep South.
- 8 (10) **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer
Penguin, £3.50
A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.
- 9 (—) **Lucky** by Jackie Collins
Pan, £3.50
The sequel to *Chances*.
- 10 (—) **The Cider House Rules** by John Irving
Black Swan, £3.95
Brilliantly inventive novel.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **The Royal Wedding Official Programme**
Jubilee Trust, 60p
Inexpensive souvenir in a good cause.
 - 2 (3) **Slow Boats Home** by Gavin Young
Penguin, £3.95
Delightful travel book.
 - 3 (1) **Royal Wedding Official Souvenir**
Pitkin, £2.25
 - 4 (—) **The Royal Wedding**
Jarrold, £1.95
 - 5 (—) **Year of the King** by Antony Sher
Chatto & Windus, £4.50
The experience of being Richard III in a major production.
 - 6 (—) **Royal Wedding Album**
Coombe Books/Colour Library Books, £1.95
Yet another record of the day.
 - 7 (—) **Fat Man in the Kitchen**
BBC, £4.95
Gastronomic tour of 12 countries.
 - 8 (—) **Whicker's New World** by Alan Whicker
Coronet, £3.95
America through the eyes of British immigrants.
 - 9 (—) **The Taste of Health** by Jenny Rogers BBC, £5.50
Succulent foods that are good for you.
 - 10 (—) **Why You Don't Need Meat** by Peter Cox
Thorsons, £2.50
May be all right for some people's diet but not for mine!
- Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

LALIQUE, MAN OF GLASS

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects which will shortly be coming up for sale at Bonhams. They are: a set of five paintings of Christ and the four evangelists by Thomas Cooke; a Victorian silver salver by Robert Garrard; a 17th-century Florentine cabinet; and an opalescent glass figure by René Lalique. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel drawn from the three London salerooms taking part—Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips—and chaired by the editor of the *ILN*.

Since the early 1960s there has been a great revival of interest in Art Nouveau and its successor of the inter-war years, Art Deco. The taste for their elegance and period charm lingers on, even if the focus of nostalgia seems to have switched to architecture. René Lalique (1860-1945), the great French jewelry and glassware designer whose moulded glass *luminaires*, below, fetched £2,200 at Bonhams last year, was in the thick of both movements.

Brought up in Paris, Lalique was forced into full-time employment at 16 by the death of his father. He was apprenticed to a leading Paris jeweller, but came to London two years later to study at an art school in Sydenham, where a French immigrant community flourished. Seemingly he was drawn here by the blossoming Arts and Crafts movement, whose ideals were more to his taste than the neo-baroque style fashionable in Paris. When he returned to France three years later, the Arts and Crafts movement had begun to cross the Channel too. By 1900 he had emerged as one of its leading advocates in France. So successful were his innovative jewelry designs that by 1890 he employed some 30 people in his workshop and was executing some celebrated commissions for the actress Sarah Bernhardt.

Lalique first experimented with glass in the 1890s, using ground pastel-coloured glass to

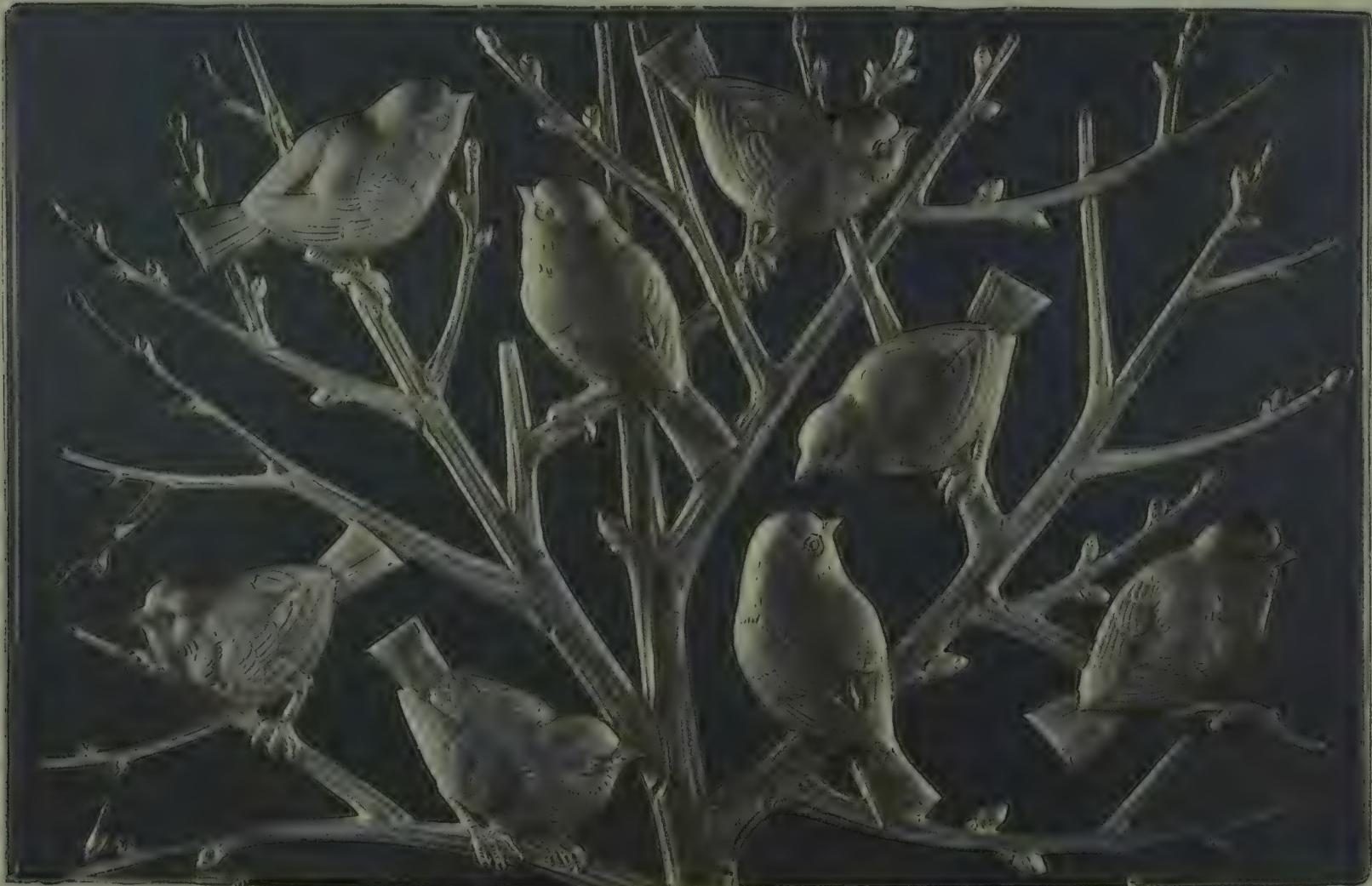
make cameos, sculptured pieces and glass panels for doors, often with the characteristic milky or opalescent effect. An invitation from François Coty to design labels for perfume bottles led him to design the bottles themselves and enter the commercial field. In 1909 he started his own glassworks. So successful were his perfume bottles, vases, tableware and so on, all mass-produced but hand-finished, that a bigger factory was soon needed. It was closed by René Lalique in 1937, but reopened as Crystal Lalique by his son Marc after the Second World War.

£1,000 FOR HAMPSHIRE COUPLE

The August auction was won by Mr and Mrs Robbins of Andover in Hampshire. They will receive a £1,000 voucher from Phillips for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items as estimated by the *ILN* panel. Their estimate was £94,300, compared with the panel's total estimate of £93,900, which was made up as follows:

A	Edward Bell fox hunting print	£1,900
B	Delft posset pot	£8,600
C	Penny Black plate block	£81,000
D	Singing-bird music box	£2,400

Fauvettes (warblers), a glass *luminaire* moulded in deep relief and set in a metal base, by René Lalique.



ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 BONHAMS VOUCHER

A Thomas Rooke oil paintings

A set of five oil paintings of Christ and the four evangelists by Thomas Rooke for a memorial to Christina Rossetti. 34.3cm x 107.3cm. In a sale on October 16, 11am. (Viewing October 13, 15, 9am-5.30pm, 14, 9am-7pm.)

Bonhams estimate: £10,000-£15,000.



B Victorian silver salver

Victorian silver salver by Robert Garrard, 55cm diameter, with leaf and scroll-moulded border on four leaf-capped scroll feet. Flat chased and engraved with "C" scrolls, flowers and leaves, the centre with a coat of arms. 139oz. In a sale on October 7, 11am. (Viewing September 30, 5.30-7pm, October 3, 6, 9am-5pm.)

Bonhams estimate: £2,000-£3,000.



C Florentine cabinet

A rare 17th-century Florentine *pietra dura* cabinet depicting scenes from Aesop's fables. 55cm x 96cm. In a sale on October 2 at 2pm. (Viewing September 29, October 1, 9am-5.30pm, September 30, 9am-7pm.) Bonhams estimate: £10,000-£15,000.



D Lalique figure

"Thais" in frosted opalescent glass by René Lalique. 21.5cm high. In a sale on October 9, 6pm. (Viewing October 6, 8, 9, 9am-5.30pm, 7, 9am-7pm.)

Bonhams estimate: £1,500-£2,000.

HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Bonhams in London in October. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Bonhams which can be redeemed at any Bonhams sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable.

In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the opalescent glass figure by René Lalique, which the experts judged the most difficult to estimate, most Phillips.

closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the October competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than October 31, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the October, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the October auction will be announced in the December issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at

OCTOBER COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

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Send the completed form to:

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20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

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Estimate for object B _____ Estimate for object D _____

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A decade of development

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

In some quarters it is claimed that the decade of the 1970s was the most successful ever for wine. In the "new world" perhaps, with wine-making skills producing better and better wines in California, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape. But in Europe? I think not.

Take Bordeaux. The 1970s opened with a flourish. The vintage of 1970 itself was a rare combination of quantity and quality—or so it was claimed. Perhaps the wines are merely going through a dull stage but, after 16 years, quite a few are lacking fruit and vigour. 1971s, originally higher priced yet not as highly regarded, are turning up trumps and drinking beautifully, particularly the Pomerols. All agreed that the 1972s were poor though it is now just worth buying the better growths at give-away prices for everyday drinking. 1973s were overcropped and wishy-washy, 74s copious and graceless. 1975s arrived at an opportune moment, just as the slump had receded, but were, I think, over-hyped. I have always had reservations about this vintage. They are maturing rapidly in colour, yet retaining unattractive tannins. Will they end up like a cross between 52s and 57s?

Clarets of the 1976 vintage were pretty but lacked the fine bone structure to develop into mature beauties. They should be consumed now. There is no question about the 77s—they were poor. 1978, "the year of the miracle" (disastrous spring and summer saved by a perfect autumn), produced useful wines but I have a feeling that the 79s, despite being prolific and, for quite a time, ignored by the trade, will turn out better.

What makes, or breaks, a vintage is the weather. What makes or breaks the wine is people. The atmosphere of the early 70s in Bordeaux and Burgundy was euphoric—the growers and merchants thought they could sell anything at any price. The temptation to overproduce was, alas, not resisted, and continued through the very real slump of the mid 70s. But out of the ashes, phoenix-like, arose some new attitudes: changes of management and of ownership in Bordeaux, and increased awareness in Burgundy. André Mentzelopoulos bought Château Margaux and spent a second fortune on improvements. His aim was to restore Margaux to its rightful position among the first growths. His widow and daughter are continuing to nourish the renaissance. Around the same time Ausone, traditionally the first of the

firsts in St Emilion but for a long time trailing its peers, started to make better wine. Following family changes at Pichon-Longueville-Lalande, the same thing happened. 1978, coincidentally, was the turning point for all three châteaux.

Pomerol, a tiny district packed with small vineyards, was virtually unknown in England before the war. One or two enterprising shippers and merchants brought over and bottled some of the marvellous 45s, 47s and 49s, but the market was small until the Moueix family, based conveniently at Libourne, started to buy, manoeuvre, make and sell. Pétrus is the star in their firmament, but it is at slightly less exalted levels that young Christian Moueix is making his mark. I am consuming one of his wines with great pleasure: La Grange Trigant de Boisset. Never mind the château name, remember

shipped and are rarely to be seen now, which is perhaps just as well. 1975 was, literally, a wash-out: there was torrential rain during the vintage. 1975 and 1976 seem to have reversed roles in Bordeaux and Burgundy for the wines of the latter in 1976 were fairly big and tannic. The 77s were, however, poor everywhere. Happily 1978 burgundies were unequivocally good, the best balanced vintage of the decade; the 79s not too far behind.

The problem with burgundy is, quite simply, unreliability. The dedication of the individual grower and the integrity of the merchant are crucial. Bordeaux is far more predictable. Objective and reliable guidance for the consumer is needed. Happily two pocketbooks have just been published by Mitchell Beazley which should be of great help: *Bordeaux* by David Peppercorn, and *Burgundy* by Serena Sutcliffe. Each is a mine of information, neatly encapsulated. Moreover, both of these experienced Masters of Wine are not only outspoken in their views but, even better, their judgment can be relied upon. If in doubt, just look up château, grower and merchant.

German wines can roughly be divided into two categories: the sweetish and weakish—of which torments are imported and drunk—and the fine wines from leading estates, of which only too few are shipped and consumed. Neither sugar nor water seem to be susceptible to vintage variations, but when it comes to quality wines, the ripeness of grapes is crucial and, in northerly climes, the number of years in which this occurs are relatively infrequent. In the 1970s, 71 was—and still is—great; 75 good and somewhat underrated; 76 delightful. The main problem is the weather, the next is German officialdom and their disastrous wine laws—a subject in itself. Happily, even the best wines are not expensive. If you have missed out on the three marvellous vintages just mentioned, then do buy the 83s.

When it comes to vintage port, the situation is reversed: our English and Portuguese brethren in Oporto were restrained and level-headed in the 70s but are in danger of losing their grip on the market in the 80s. Quality is not in question. 1970 was very good, firm, long lasting; 75 attractive, forward, useful; 77 great. Then came the 1980, 82, and 83, all pretty good but more and more expensive. There is now a distinct possibility of the 85 being declared. This is definitely overdoing things. I think I shall stick to their lovely old tawnies ○

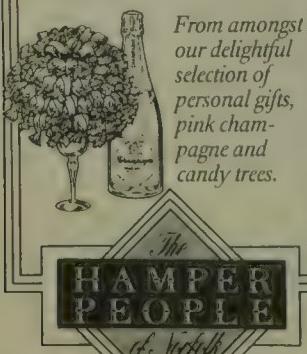


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ANDY BYLOW

Moueix, the family responsible for setting new standards in Pomerol.

The improvements I see in Burgundy are more a result of the steady chorus of criticism and denunciation from fearless wine writers. Whereas in Bordeaux initiatives have come from within, in Burgundy the pressures are from without.

But I have leap-frogged over the decade of the 70s in Burgundy. It opened with a biggish vintage of quite good loose-knit wines. 1971 was perhaps better: big wines for burgundy, firm, but some said untypical. 1972, as it happens, was far better in Burgundy than in Bordeaux, yet it has been unfairly tarred with the same brush. Moreover, the market collapse was less dramatic. The red burgundies of the 72 vintage, though flavoursome, have a slight touch of bitterness on the finish, though, like 1972 clarets, they are good value because no one wants them. 1973, like Bordeaux, was too prolific and lacking intensity; 1974 fairly dismal—hardly any were

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Pocket Diary

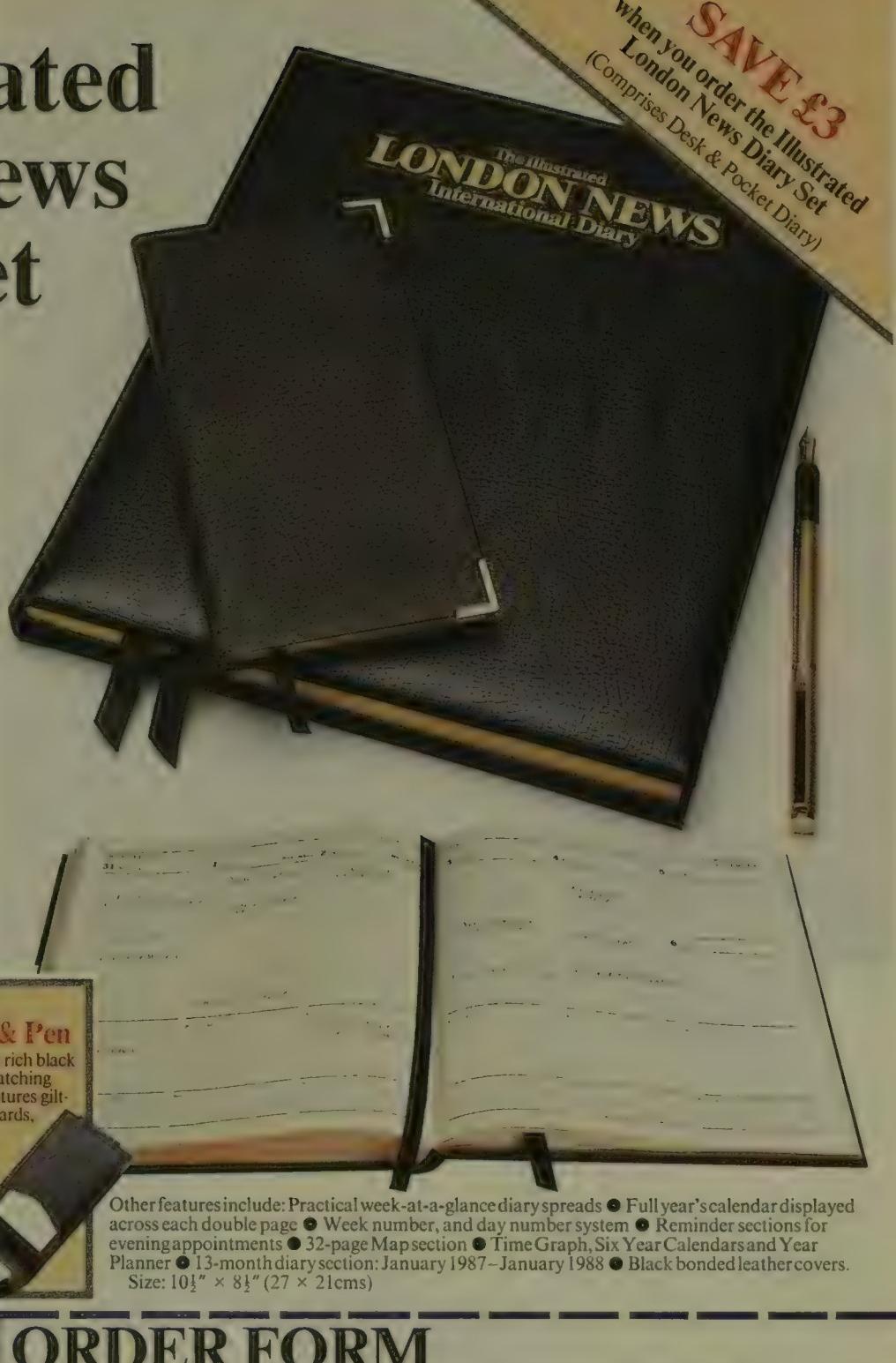
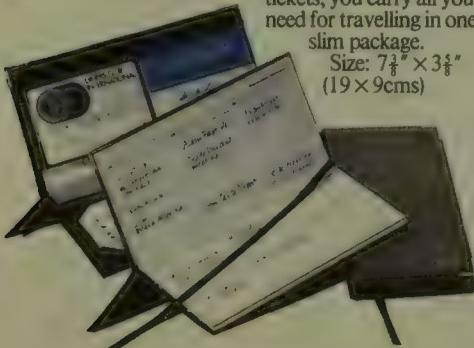
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The class of the Connaught

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

"If it's affluence you're after," said my guest in the Connaught Restaurant, "here it is. Much more than the Ritz. There some of the people are just giving themselves a treat." I drank to that and remembered a friend telling me how, when he expressed surprise at getting a table here at the Connaught at short notice, he was told in man-to-man style, "Well, you see, sir, by this time on a Friday most of our customers will have left for the country." A full presence of native upper class is diversified with Americans, whose embassy is within walking distance—millionaire's walking distance.

The mode is set by the bar, firmly unpublic, tucked away, in fact, very much a *hôtel* bar. (It was in here that, for the only time in my life so far, I was once treated to drinks by a teetotal Danish baroness.) A stag's head is mounted over the fireplace in the outer room, a fine head well furnished and beamed, and if the pair of antelopes round the corner, duikerbok perhaps, are not quite in keeping with it they contribute to the general effect. This, with the assistance of dark panelling and pictures of sporting dogs, is roughly that of a small country-house drawing-room with touches of Oxbridge.

In neither place would you be likely to get such good drinks as here. The ones we had included a tomato-juice, or Tomato Cocktail, worth a phrase or two in anybody's itinerary. No surprise ingredient, it seemed: I think it was a matter of getting the amount of tabasco exactly balanced. My Rye Old-Fashioned, assuming it to have been as expertly made as its Bourbon forerunner, confirmed my feeling that this eminent mixture may never become a favourite of mine—one of those happy issues that call for no urgent resolution.

The seating in the Restaurant is arranged to lend some tables that feeling of mild seclusion that, like quite a lot of people, I myself prefer. At others full exposure is provided for those who take a different view, and there I noted a number of ladies dressed in hats and very nearly gloves, and gentlemen displaying some of the more unacceptable faces of capitalism. Nevertheless it must be said that this is not an intimidating place to go for a meal and it is not, or need not be, unduly expensive to eat and drink there.

The wine-list shows this clearly. It is not very long—a good first sign—and has none of those everything-in-three-figures pages that are presumably meant to shame or awe you into spending more than you can afford, but in practice merely send you off into vague fantasies of greed and envy, if as much. No, the Connaught selection, concentrating on clarets and bought with obvious care and enterprise, starts at £11 (though of course it goes up to many times that figure). Furthermore, the cheap wines are not segregated but tactfully dotted about among the more expensive ones, so that there is no discernible bottom "end" of the list. The wine waiter knows what he has in his cellar, too, which old hands will salute as a rare proficiency.

The menu likewise is not long and sticks on the whole to familiar paths, sufficiently so to earn approval from me and the stigma of unadventurousness from the learned. Inclination as well as curiosity led me to the Irish stew. Like other "traditional" dishes, i.e. those whose history



in front of me would have won herself an open cheque for a week's bingo.

Actually I tell a lie when I say I made directly for the Irish stew; I arrived at it by swapping the lamb chop I had ordered. When the latter was served I found what I took at first for the carcase of a smallish wether lying on my plate, calling for a cleaver and perhaps even a bone-saw. Too much like hard work for the likes of me; with Tennyson, I prefer my mutton cut up for me in chunks. Over-literal notions of authenticity, of giving the customer the whole deal, had perhaps been at work here, or should I have thought again? General discussion of the whole point needed. Anyway, once the flesh was finally torn free it proved tender and delicious.

Also highly rated for flavour was a terrine made largely of bits of game-bird, coarse in texture, properly chewy, authentic in the favourable sense, and there were other delights of lesser note, not least an outstanding sweet trolley. But there was weakness in two sectors that I (and surely others) have been finding faulty in other eating-places as well: vegetables and fish. No need to enlarge on either point, perhaps, except to state gloomily that fish/seafood in a restaurant not billed or known as a fish/seafood restaurant is increasingly to be shunned.

The Englishry of the Restaurant at the Connaught is not echoed in the soft green and gilt of the Grill Room, which with a virtually identical menu and an indistinguishable clientele nevertheless manages to project a totally different atmosphere—Continental, we said at once. If this is not a contradiction I detected a touch of the paternal in the service, something I always warm to. Anyway, I think I can see why those who prefer Grill Room to Restaurant are so positive about it ○

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W1 (491 0668). Restaurant Mon-Sun 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm. Grill Room Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6-10.30pm. £60 for two, excluding wine.

HOTEL SURPRISES

The Oak Room

Le Meridien London, Piccadilly, W1 (734 8000).

The hotel, formerly the Piccadilly Hotel, this summer became the jewel in the crown of Air France. The airline's hotel subsidiary bought it after a £16 million refit by Gleneagles Hotels.

The restored dining room invites comparison with the Ritz rather than with Concorde and is a fitting tribute to the work of the original architect, Norman Shaw, in 1908. The oak paneling has been limed and bleached to restore its pale colour, carvings re-gilded, and magnificent chandeliers hang from the ornate relief ceiling. In the evenings a pianist at a white baby grand adds to the atmosphere.

The French menu from chef David Chambers includes two- and three-

course *prix fixe* lunch menus as well as four- and five-course dinners at £25 and £27 and a seven-course *menu surprise* dinner at £29. On my visit this featured salmon and beef as the principal main courses, unnecessarily safe.

The second-floor Terrace Garden restaurant, open from 7am to 1am, provides a dramatic modern contrast in a glass-enclosed garden with trees and shrubs. It serves morning coffee and afternoon tea as well as full meals. Mon-Sun noon-2.30pm, 7-10.30pm (closed Sat lunch).

Butler's Restaurant

The Chesterfield, 35 Charles St, W1 (491 2622).

Just off Berkeley Square, this solitary British example of Tollman-Hundley Hotels of New York is advertised in *The New Yorker* as London's Best Kept Secret. Its restaurant, under chef Kevin Kenny, offers a varied international menu in a pillared dining room furnished with heavy drapes and red plush

reproduction armchairs. Service is personable and attentive.

Gravad-lax (salmon marinated in dill and salt) and lamb croquettes with fresh mint raised expectations; the poached turbot main course proved less convincing. Lobster and chicken thermidor which substituted poultry for beef in a variation on the American Surf and Turf sounded excessive. Of greater interest was the selection of meats and fresh Dover sole grilled over charcoal with the added smoky flavour of mesquite and apple wood chips.

Another welcome innovation is the availability of eight wines by the glass from the restaurant's Cruover machine, a device which keeps the rest of the bottle in top drinking quality by replacing the wine dispensed with inert nitrogen. From about £40 for two without wine.

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JASMIN TOURS

HOTELS

Hooray for Hintlesham

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

This month I celebrate a new establishment: if only all sightings of such hotels could be as auspicious. Hintlesham Hall, a spectacular country house, 15th-century in origin but predominantly Georgian, is set among 18 lush acres of garden and parkland in East Anglia, 5 miles west of Ipswich. Its name is already enshrined in gastronomic histories as the former home of Robert Carrier, who ran at Hintlesham one of the great restaurants of the 1970s. When Carrier departed the house disappeared from the guide books until Ruth and David Watson bought the estate two years ago. They have been active ever since in restoring the house and grounds to their former glory.

Last year Hintlesham had just four rooms and was classified as a restaurant with rooms. Now it has a further six rooms. Michelin still treat it as a knife-and-fork establishment—three knives and forks in red singling it out as an exceptionally agreeable place to eat—but it is in a transitional phase and will shortly become a fully-fledged hotel when a further four rooms are unveiled. Its classification is of no significance: the important thing is that Hintlesham offers an excellent restaurant and is a splendid place to stay.

The Watsons came to Hintlesham without any previous hotel or catering experience, but they had a precise idea of the kind of place they wanted to create. Their first step was to hire expert help in the form of a general manager, Tim Sunderland, who was professionally trained at Le Talbooth, Dedham, and a brilliant young chef, Robert Mabey, who had served his apprenticeship at both Le Gavroche and the Connaught in London. His five-course *menu gastronomique* at £21.50 displayed his talents admirably. The selection of cheeses was a little disappointing, and the desserts were not quite up to the standards set in the first three courses, but the chef looks a promising candidate for a Michelin rosette.

Plenty of capital is obviously important if you are hoping to compete in the top league. One of the pleasures of a visit to Hintlesham is that nothing has been skimped. The rooms are endowed with all the conveniences that you would expect: remote-control television, refrigerator, bidet and direct-dial telephone, as well as lots of acceptable freebies. Important luxuries have not been overlooked, such as the best cotton sheets, large, thick towels, fine soap, excellent lights in the bedroom and by the bathroom mirror. My only niggle concerned a small batch of

books left by our bedside—an unworthy collection of cast-offs from local schools and libraries.

The success of a small hotel depends ultimately on the dedication of the owners in residence. The Watsons may have admirable executives, but they are wholeheartedly involved in their enterprise, responsible for the delightfully eclectic pictures on the walls and for the mouth-watering notes on the long, also eclectic but reasonably-priced wine list. They are there all the time, enjoying their new vocation with infectious enthusiasm—their management is both relaxed and professional.

Hintlesham is half the price of the most expensive hotels in its class and totally without pretensions. It provided one of the most agreeable hotel experiences I have had for many years.

Listed below are four other small hotels or sybaritic restaurants with rooms that are likely to refresh your spirits.

Hintlesham Hall, Hintlesham, Suffolk (047 387 268). Double room with breakfast £60-£95. Three-course lunch £13.50; *menu gastronomique* (evenings only) £21.50.

Pool Court Restaurant with rooms, Pool-in-Wharfedale, Arthington, West Yorkshire (0532 842288). Michael Gill's restaurant has long been a gastronomic mecca and the four bedrooms, fitted out with flair and style (and numerous extras), provide equal delight. Double room with breakfast £72 (£55 on Monday when the restaurant is closed). Set three-course meal £10; four courses £17.95-£22.50.

Grafton Manor, Grafton Lane, Bromsgrove, Hereford and Worcester (0527 31525). Architecturally splendid 18th-century mansion with eight bedrooms in large grounds in peaceful location. Double room with breakfast £63.50-£75. Dinner from £18.

Bowlish House, Shepton Mallet, Somerset (0749 2022). Palladian country house in conservation area; the restaurant has a considerable reputation and a remarkable wine list (with modest mark-up). Only four bedrooms, all attractively decorated, with homely atmosphere. Reasonably priced. Double room with breakfast £29. Set dinner £14, "foodie menu" £17.

Riverside, Helford, Cornwall (032 623 443). Enchanting conversion of two white-washed cottages into famed restaurant (serving unpretentious and excellent French cooking) with four simple but charming bedrooms. Double room with breakfast £58-£67. Dinner £24.

The above prices include VAT; service is either included or optional.

The Good Hotel Guide, edited by Hilary Rubinstein, is published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodder (£9.95). The 1987 edition is out this month.

CHESS

Winning in style

BY JOHN NUNN

The world chess championship match between titleholder Gary Kasparov and challenger Anatoly Karpov began at the Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly on July 28. Games one and three were dull affairs, but Kasparov overlooked a simple win in game two. The champion registered the first decisive result by winning game four in fine style.

G. Kasparov A. Karpov
White Black

Nimzo-Indian Defence

1 P-Q4	N-KB3
2 P-QB4	P-K3
3 N-QB3	B-N5
4 N-B3	P-B4
5 P-KN3	

Kasparov once again adopted the variation which brought him victory in the first game of his 1985 match with Karpov. Games played in world championship matches often start new chess fashions, but so far few players have emulated Kasparov.

5 ...Pxp

Almost every time Kasparov has played the P-KN3 line Karpov has adopted a different reply, a sure sign that he has not found a convincing method of equalizing. In the second game of the current match he played 5...N-B3, but Kasparov kept a small advantage.

6 NxP	0-0
7 B-N2	P-Q4
8 Q-N3	BxNch
9 PxP	

After 9 QxB P-K4 Black has a good game, so White has to accept doubled pawns. White's bishop pair are a long-term danger, so Black must use his temporary initiative to force exchanges.

9 ...N-B3

An innovation. The accepted continuation is 9...PxP 10 Q-R3! with enduring pressure in return for the sacrificed pawn.

10 PxP	N-QR4
11 Q-B2	NxP
12 Q-Q3	B-Q2

12...P-QN3 was a more combative move, aiming to answer 13 P-QB4 by 13...B-R3.

13 P-QB4 N-K2?

From this point on Black is in difficulties. He should have played 13...N-N3 14 P-B5 N(3)-B5, when the advanced knight would have inhibited the development of White's queen's bishop.

14 0-0 R-B1

15 N-N3!

The start of an imaginative plan to deprive Black's knights of good squares.

15	...NxP
16 BxP	R-B2
17 B-QR6	N-K4



18 Q-K3	N-B5
19 Q-K4	N-Q3
20 Q-Q3	R-B3
21 B-R3	B-B1

Black must head for exchanges before White steps up the pressure by KR-Q1. 21...Q-N3 would have failed to 22 N-Q4!

22 BxR	N(3)xR
23 KR-Q1	QxQ
24 RxQ	R-K1

Karpov has avoided an immediate catastrophe, but White still has a menacing initiative.

25 QR-Q1	P-B3
26 N-Q4	R-N3
27 B-B5	R-R3
28 N-N5	R-B3

The only defence to the threat of 29 N-B7, but now Black loses a pawn.

29 BxN	NxB
30 R-Q7	N-N3
31 RxRP	N-B1
32 P-QR4	R-N1

Black prevents the immediate advance of the QR-pawn by attacking the knight, but in the long run White's extra pawn and active pieces are enough to win. Karpov's difficulties were compounded by the fact that he had left himself with only a minute or two on his clock to reach the time control at move 40.

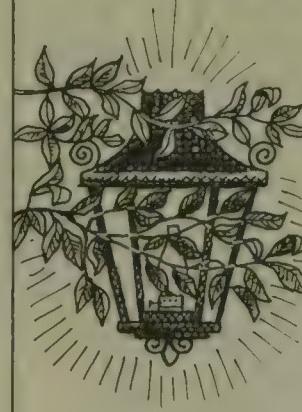
33 P-K3	P-R4
34 K-N2	P-K4
35 R-Q3	

35 R-Q5 followed by P-R5 was also very good.

35	...K-R2
36 R-B3	R(1)-B1
37 RxR	RxR
38 N-B7	N-K3
39 N-Q5	K-R3
40 P-R5	P-K5

At this point the game was adjourned. Kasparov sealed 41 P-R6, but Karpov resigned before the game was resumed. After 41...N-B4 White wins by 42 R-B7, while after other Black moves the pawn advances by N-N4 followed by R-N7 and P-R7.

DINNER

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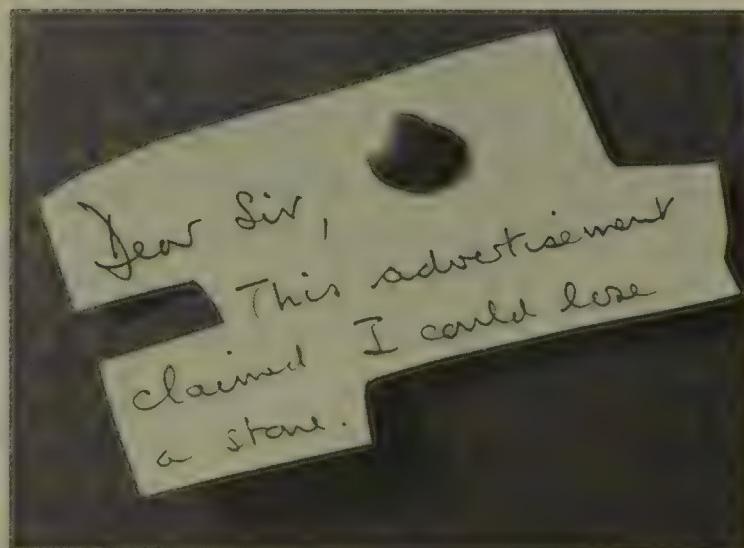
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ILN/10/86

BRIDGE

The art of finessing

BY JACK MARX

To form a rough-and-ready judgment on a player's maturity, one may perhaps need to note little more than his attitude to the matter of finessing. The beginner comes across the notion perhaps as early as his first or second lesson and may soon become so enthralled with it that he never loses an opportunity of thus seeking an extra trick, whether or not it is vitally necessary for him. By contrast, the accomplished expert will always look around for one or more other chances before final commitment. Between these two extremes there are players of varying experience, some of whom seem slow to learn that omission to take every available finesse is not necessarily failure to afford himself every available chance. They need to acquire some sense of relevance to purpose and objective.

♦ 10 9 8 5	Dealer South
♥ A J 10 7 6	Game All
♦ Q 6	
♣ Q 10	
♦ 7 6 2	♠ 4 3
♥ 3	♥ K 4 2
♦ J 10 9 7 5	♦ K 8 3 2
♣ 6 5 4 3	♣ K 8 7 2
♦ A K Q J	♠ A K Q J
♥ Q 9 8 5	♥ Q 9 8 5
♦ A 4	♦ A 4
♣ A J 9	♣ A J 9

This was the unopposed North-South bidding:

North	3 ♣	3 ♠	5 ♥	
South	2NT	3 ♥	4 ♠	6 ♥

North's Three Clubs was not Stayman but Baron, which required the partners to start bidding their suit lengths in ascending order of rank. When South dutifully bid hearts, North found his second bid a little awkward. Both Four Hearts and Five Hearts seemed inexact, so he compromised with Three Spades, expecting to hear Three No-trumps when he would revert to Four Hearts. The plan rather miscarried when South raised spades, not in itself implying slam-going values, but North felt he should go through with it. South was "educated" enough to choose what he thought was a trump suit divided four-four rather than five-four, so that a discard could be obtained on the fifth card of the long side suit. It seemed to him, not unreasonably, that North's bidding was designed to convey long spades and shorter hearts.

West found the obvious but only damaging lead of Diamond Jack, covered in turn by Queen King Ace. As South now viewed it, the contract seemed to depend on one out of two finesses being right, in practical terms a 75 per cent or three to one

on chance. He could not enter dummy to take the club finesse except via the trump suit, in which there was also a finesse to be taken. So he straightaway took it and straightaway went down when it lost and the defence cashed a diamond. South was suffering from a form of blindness, only temporary it is to be hoped. The trump finesse was quite irrelevant to the situation confronting him. Once a diamond had been led, the club finesse simply had to be right, since otherwise a diamond and a club must be lost regardless of the heart finesse. South, of course, should at trick two have crossed to dummy with the Ace of trumps to take the club finesse for a discard of dummy's losing diamond.

If the partnership's contract had been Six Spades, as it might well have been, it would after this bidding have been played by North. A diamond lead would have presented him with a real cause for uneasiness. Should he run the diamond to his Queen and later take successive heart and club finesses? Or should he win the diamond at once and then rely exclusively on the heart finesse? As it happens, only the first course works.

South on the next hand, not the same individual, also had to cope with a diamond lead against an unopposed Four Hearts, and showed no greater acumen.

♦ A 6 2	Dealer South
♥ Q J 8 7	Game All
♦ A Q	
♣ K J 9 7	
♦ Q 5 3	♠ J 10 9 7
♥ A 2	♥ 4 3
♦ 10 8 7 6 3	♦ K J 9 4
♣ Q 5 4	♣ A 6 2
♦ K 8 4	♠ K 10 9 6 5
♥ K 10 9 6 5	♦ 5 2
♦ 5 2	♣ 10 8 3

South thought he was giving himself every chance by finessing Diamond Queen, but on winning the trick East found the not too difficult but timely shift to the Jack of Spades. With two vital Aces to knock out, South could not now prevent defenders from eventually taking a third-round spade trick. It should have struck him from the beginning that success was unlikely unless the Club Queen lay with West. If that were so, he could afford the later loss of a diamond but not the immediate loss of a tempo through which defenders can attack spades. All that can be said for the immediate diamond finesse is that declarer goes only one down, instead of two, when Diamond King lies right and Club Queen lies wrong.

L I S T I N G S

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ★★Highly recommended
- ★Good of its kind

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★The American Clock

Arthur Miller's episodic study of the American Depression is directed by Peter Wood (& acted by his versatile company) as an imaginatively designed mosaic. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production, now returning after a foreign tour, gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the pigs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Bay at Nice/Wrecked Eggs

David Hare has directed his own double bill. The first play, & much the better, concerns a mother's response to her daughter whose marriage is breaking up; Irene Worth & Zoë Wanamaker act with power. Miss Wanamaker is also in the second & more tenuous piece as the guest of an American couple who are ending their marriage with a "splitting-up" party. Cottesloe.

★Brighton Beach Memoirs

Neil Simon's sympathetic family comedy set in Brooklyn is acted with attractive authenticity by Frances de la Tour, Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh. Until Oct 25. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Cabaret

An unexciting revival of a musical that needs something more. The company is led by Wayne Sleep & Kelly Hunter, & the direction & choreography are by Gillian Lynne. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 836 5190).

★La Cage aux Folles

Based on a homosexual & transvestite farce set on the French Riviera, this is an amusingly frivolous entertainment: score & lyrics are by Jerry Herman & libretto by Harvey Fierstein. Denis Quilley & George Hearn have the technique to carry it through. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

Charlie Girl

A musical that had an unexpectedly long run some years ago is now revived, with Paul Nicholas, Cyd Charisse & Dora Bryan in its cast. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).



JOHN HAYNES

Julia McKenzie as the neglected wife, Susan, in *Woman in Mind*.

★Chess

Librettist Tim Rice & Swedish composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together an often laudable spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. The chess game is a metaphor for political infighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★★A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn himself directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Dalliance

Peter Wood has directed Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebelei* with the subtlest shading. Stephen Moore is the amiably faithless young medical student with whom Brenda Blethyn's Christine mistakenly falls in love. Admirable performance by Tim Curry. Until Oct 20. Lyttelton. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

Every Man in his Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed delightfully by John Caird, with Pete Postlethwaite as Captain Bobadill & Henry Goodman as Kitely. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

The Fair Maid of the West

Thomas Heywood's 17th-century comedy adventure, directed by Trevor Nunn, follows the adventures of a Plymouth barmaid. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-gearred professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

The House of Bernarda Alba

Lorca's Spanish-village tragedy of a house of frustrated women needs the most-carefully judged playing. It does not always get this in an atmospheric production by Nuria Espert, though Glenda Jackson's tyrannical matriarch & Joan Plowright's shrewdly watchful servant do hold the mind. Until Oct 25. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

★★I'm Not Rappaport

Magnificent character performance from Paul

Scofield as an elderly Jew recounting an inventive version of his life history to another old man, played by Howard Rollins, on a Central Park bench, in Herb Gardner's comedy. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

Jacobowsky & the Colonel

It is imaginative of the National Theatre to revive S. N. Behrman's play about an escape through France in the desperate summer of 1940. Nigel Hawthorne & Geoffrey Hutchings are excellently contrasted as the arrogant Polish colonel & the unflurried Jewish accountant. Jonathan Lynn has directed with zest & subtlety. Olivier.

Kafka's Dick

Jim Broadbent, Geoffrey Palmer, Vivian Pickles, Andrew Sachs & Alison Steadman in a comedy by Alan Bennett about the relationship of a literary biographer to his subject—in this case Franz Kafka. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

★Lend Me a Tenor

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense. Ian Talbot is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*, & Ronald Holgate is the star who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

★Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Now moving to the West End, Christopher Hampton's play from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel is subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late-18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. From Oct 2. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

Long Day's Journey Into Night

Eugene O'Neill's record of a summer day in 1912 of bitter family recriminations is an abrasively uninspiring piece. Revived here by Jonathan Miller, it is ably performed by an American cast headed by Jack Lemmon as the old former actor. Until Oct 4. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

The Magistrate

Nigel Hawthorne plays the title role in Pinero's 19th-century farce about the perils & pitfalls that follow when a lady lies about her age. Lyttelton.

The Maintenance Man

In spite of sometimes too-lavish ingenuities of construction, Richard Harris's play does remain tenuous. It owes much to the acting of John Alderton (as an obsessed amateur carpenter), Gwen Taylor & Susan Penhaligon. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

Metamorphosis

Steven Berkoff directs his adaptation of Kafka's story about the man who turns into a cockroach. Until Oct 18. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's production of Shakespeare's comedy, with Pete Postlethwaite as Bottom, Gerard Murphy as Oberon & Nicholas Woode son as Puck. Royal Shakespeare Theatre,

Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

★Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 16 years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mousetrap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

★Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce about a touring company ends its four-and-a-half-year run. Until Nov 1. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR 1982.

Perrier Pick of the Fringe

A chance to see some of the best shows from the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. Sept 22-Oct 11. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

★The Petition

After an unremarkable beginning, Brian Clark's play about an apparently placid 50-year marriage between a general (John Mills) & his wife (Rosemary Harris) blazes with passion in the second act. From Oct 8. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT 1986.

Pravda

Although Howard Brenton & David Hare's "Fleet Street comedy" is no miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE 1985.

Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully staged revival with Jeremy Irons progressively persuasive as the king, is marred only by some overplaying & a misguided idea of Bolingbroke. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Romeo & Juliet

In Michael Bogdanov's revival, set in 1986 Verona, Niamh Cusack does suggest Juliet's passion, though Romeo (Sean Bean) is more self-conscious & Mercutio (Michael Kitchen) has a luckless time with the Queen Mab speech. Not really a night to recall with pleasure. Until Nov 1. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Rookery Nook

This autumn brings the centenary of Ben Travers's birth; hence the appropriate reappearance of the great farce-writer's most popular play. Though this performance is of variable quality, with some straining, Peggy Mount & Nichola McAuliffe are formidably enjoyable & Tom Courtenay, in the Ralph Lynn part, proves how adaptable an actor he can be. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

★The Rover

Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy of rushing nonsense, which its director, John Barton, has transplanted to a Spanish Caribbean colony during a carnival, is now redoubtably at home on the newest Stratford stage. Jeremy Irons & Imogen Stubbs are especially well cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's new play transcends any in the West End, & it has the advantages of his own direction & the acting of a rare cast led by Julia McKenzie & Martin Jarvis. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). J. C. Trewin's review of the play is on P 78.

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times) it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY 1983.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY 1984.

Time

Like a noisy course in engineering & electronics, this musical is a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

★Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the Jacobean "promontory" stage for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Wait 'til You See Her

New full-length show for Broadway singer Barbara Cook. Until Oct 19. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★When We Are Married

An expert cast for Ronald Eyre's revival of Priestley's comedy; a precise & extremely funny picture of legendary regional life. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc). REVIEWED MAY 1986.

★The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE 1986.

★Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Leonard Bernstein—depends upon the sustained comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

FIRST NIGHTS

The Archbishop's Ceiling

Jane Lapotaire heads the cast in Arthur Miller's 1977 play about dissident writers in an East European state. Opens Oct 28. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Behind Heaven

Jonathan Moore's aggressive modern drama, transferred from the Manchester Royal Ex-

change Theatre, is about young people in London. With James Maxwell. Opens Oct 16. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Breaking the Code

In Hugh Whitemore's play, Derek Jacobi plays Alan Turing, the man credited as the person most responsible for breaking the Enigma code during the Second World War. Opens Oct 21. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Dave Allen—Live

New one-man show for the Irish comedian. Opens Oct 20. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

Ghosts

Vanessa Redgrave plays Mrs Alving in Ibsen's thriller, directed by David Thacker. Oct 2-Nov 1. Young Vic, 66 The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc).

Malice in Law

Bernard Shaw's comedy, about disruption in the home of an underwear tycoon, with Jane Lapotaire, Brian Cox, Caroline Goodall & Nick Ford. Opens Oct 8. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Richard Stilgoe & Charles Hart have based their musical on Gaston Leroux's classic story. Michael Crawford plays the Phantom & Sarah Brightman is the young soprano with whom he falls in love. Opens Oct 9. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 379 6131).

Principia Scriptoriae

Anton Lesser & Sean Baker play two writers, imprisoned together in a Latin-American country; 15 years later they meet on opposite sides while bargaining for the freedom of a jailed poet (Clive Russell). Richard Nelson's play was seen in New York earlier this year. Opens Oct 7. The Pit.

Scenes From a Marriage

Three of Georges Feydeau's farcical one-act plays, *Hortense a dit "Je m'en fous!"*, *Léonie est en avance* & *Feu la mère de Madame*, combined in a new translation by Peter Barnes, & directed by Terry Hands. Opens Oct 16. Barbican.

The Secret Life of Cartoons

Una Stubbs plays the wife of a cartoonist in Clive Barker's comedy. Opens Oct 9. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

REVIEWED JUNE 1986.

★Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Leonard Bernstein—depends upon the sustained comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).



DONALD COOPER

Seductive: Alan Rickman in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* at the Ambassadors from October 2.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

★About Last Night (18)

Modish angst in Chicago with a young couple coming together in spite of jealous resentment from their best friends, then falling apart. Edward Zwick directs a first feature adapted from an award-winning play. The cast, Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, James Belushi & Elizabeth Perkins, is uniformly excellent. Opens Sept 26. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791); Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, cc); Cannons, Chelsea, 279 Kings Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

★Aliens (18)

Edgy, compelling screenwriting & direction by James Cameron make this Pinewood-made sequel to Ridley Scott's famous 1979 film even better than its predecessor. The excellent Sigourney Weaver returns to face the terrifying & demonic space creatures, spawned from the original, who invade an earth colony.

At Close Range (15)

Set in Pennsylvania (although filmed in Tennessee), James Foley's dark film from a Nicholas Kazan screenplay deals with a low-life family of criminals. The son, Sean Penn, mindlessly emulates his hoodlum father, Christopher Walken, until he discovers the extent of his evil.

Basil, the Great Mouse Detective (U)

Disney cartoon about a mouse who lives at the same address as the great Sherlock Holmes. Opens Oct 10. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

Betty Blue (18)

The third film by Jean-Jacques Beineix, who started so promisingly with *Diva*, disappoints. He adapted it from a novel by Philippe Dijan & cast little-known Béatrice Dalle & Jean-Hugues Anglade as lovers. We know they are doomed from the start but it takes a long time to get there.

Captive (18)

The screenwriter Paul Mayersberg makes his directorial début with his own story in which Irina Brook plays a reclusive rich girl who is kidnapped & subverted by her captors to their obscure cause. The Patty Hearst experience is a springboard for an exercise in dark symbolism, but too heavy a hand gets the better of the film.

Eleni (PG)

John Malkovich, as an impatient, short-fused *New York Times* writer, returns to Greece to discover the circumstances of his mother's death when he was a child & she was executed as a political prisoner in 1948. Kate Nelligan is strong & intelligent as the mother, but Peter Yates's film, maintaining two simultaneous narrative threads, loses its focus.

A Fine Mess (PG)

Blake Edwards directed & wrote this slapstick comedy with Ted Danson as an out-of-work film extra & Howie Mandel as a fast-food employee on rollerskates.

★The Fringe Dwellers (PG)

Set in a small Queensland country town, the Australian equivalent of the Deep South, Bruce Beresford's film deals with the problems of adjustment for an ambitious, pretty aborigine girl, played by Kristina Nehm, »»

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Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" is banned in Czechoslovakia.

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Luckily, Beckett does not live in Czechoslovakia, but what of those writers who do?

Fortunately, some of their work can be read in Index on Censorship, a magazine which fights censorship by publishing the work of censored poets, authors, playwrights, journalists and publishers.

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**Index on Censorship
for crying out loud.**

CINEMA continued

who is determined to break out of her shantytown settlement, & encounters prejudice from all sides. At times perilously old-fashioned in tone, but Don McAlpine's superb cinematography lifts it.

★**F/X Murder By Illusion** (15)

Bryan Brown is a Hollywood stuntman asked by a Justice Department official to fake a gangland killing & then finds that he himself is a target for real elimination. Robert Mandel's thriller, with extensive special effects (F/X) by John Stears, is intriguing, with Brian Dennehy on form as a disillusioned cop.

★**The Good Father** (15)

Mike Newell's film about marital break-up in a bleak south London affirms his talent & shows what British cinema can do on a modest budget. With Anthony Hopkins, Simon Callow & Jim Broadbent. Opens Oct 3. Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402, cc); Screen at the Electric, 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (229 3694); Cannon, Charing Cross Rd, W1 (930 6915). REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

★**Legal Eagles** (PG)

Robert Redford & Debra Winger are a sparkling team of lawyers turned sleuths, unravelling a murky New York art scam in which the statuesque blonde, Darryl Hannah, has been cheated of her birthright. Terence Stamp & Brian Dennehy are effective villains & the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps up a firm pace with entertaining jokes mingled with chilly surprises. Opens Oct 24. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

Miracles (PG)

Tom Conti & Teri Garr are a freshly-divorced Yuppie couple hijacked from Manhattan by two comic bank robbers & dumped, still in evening clothes, in a Mexican desert. Jim Kouf's comedy thriller lacks both plausibility & invention.

★★**The Mission** (PG)

Roland Joffé's outstanding film, set in 18th-century South America, with Jeremy Irons & Robert de Niro. Opens Oct 24. Warner West End; ABC, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990); Screen on the Green, 83 Upper St, N1 (226 3520). Oct 23. Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales, in aid of Birthright. Empire Leicester Sq, WC2. REVIEW ON P77

★**Mona Lisa** (15)

Fine performance by Bob Hoskins as an ex-prisoner given the job of ferrying a prostitute (Cathy Tyson) to & from her encounters, & coming up against Michael Caine, as a master criminal. REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

Murphy's Law (18)

Charles Bronson is Murphy, a hard-drinking, bitter, divorced, aged Los Angeles homicide detective who finds himself framed for murder, then escapes chained to a teenage harpy to find the killer, a deranged Carrie Snodgress whom he sent away years earlier. J. Lee Thompson's film leaps from cliché to cliché. Opens Oct 31. Cannons, Oxford St, Panton St, SW1 (930 0631); ABCs, Bayswater, W2 (229 4149); Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901).

Other Halves (15)

Lisa Harrow plays a middle-class housewife who voluntarily enters a psychiatric hospital for treatment. There she meets a young black patient who has a profound effect on her life. Opens Oct 10. Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

Pirates (PG)

Roman Polanski's long-awaited film is a

TOP CHOICE

CINEMA

Hannah & Her Sisters (15)

Woody Allen's richly layered picture about family relationships uses a fine ensemble cast, working in perfect accord. Not to be missed. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

Rosa Luxemburg (PG)

Margarethe Von Trotta's exceptional film, set against the background of the early years of European socialism, is a sombre & impressive work with a great performance by Barbara Sukowa as the Polish-German revolutionary. REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

A Room With a View (PG)

A pleasing & sensitive adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala of E. M. Forster's novel about the Edwardian English upper-middle class, with Helena Bonham-Carter & Maggie Smith. May be hard to find but worth the search as it is one of the year's most enjoyable films. REVIEWED APRIL, 1986.

clumsy mess, replete with jerking continuity lapses & protracted sea battles which quickly pall. Walter Matthau, speaking an odd form of cockney, has the central role as a one-legged buccaneering captain, Chris Campion is his youthful Gallic companion, & Charlotte Lewis a noble Spanish beauty. It was more fun when Bob Hope did it over 40 years ago. Opens Oct 10. Cannons, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Tottenham Court Rd, Chelsea.

Poltergeist II (15)

British director Brian Gibson made this sequel, with the tormented family still suffering from malevolent spirits dogging their lives as they recover from the first film. The usual macabre special effects are much to the fore, plus most of the same long suffering cast.

Shanghai Surprise (15)

Sean Penn plays a streetwise tie salesman & singer Madonna is an American missionary anxious to track down opium for use as an anaesthetic. Opens Oct 17.

Sweet Liberty (PG)

A film crew descends on a nice old eastern town to make a film based on a bestseller about the American Revolution by a local professor (Alan Alda, who also directs). The director wants to make a comedy, the professor objects, & seeks to enlist the stars Michelle Pfeiffer & Michael Caine in his cause, in league with the put-upon screenwriter, Bob Hoskins. There are some acceptable jokes at the expense of the film industry.

That Was Then, This Is Now (15)

Emilio Estevez plays in his own adaptation of a S.E. Hinton novel about a young American who becomes estranged from his best friend. Opens Oct 31. Cannons, Oxford St, Chelsea, Panton St.

Top Gun (15)

Tom Cruise is a navy flier assigned to a course of air fighting at Miramar, California in the fearsome F-14. The aerial photography is breathtaking, the story less so, given the message preached, & the unconvincing display of strength against a squadron of Migs, which are zapped from the sky without even the formality of a war declaration. Kelly

McGillis is meant to be decorative, but shows she can act as well. Tony Scott, a Briton & brother of Ridley, directed. Opens Oct 3. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234).

Trouble in Mind (15)

Kris Kristofferson, Keith Carradine & Geneviève Bujold in Alan Rudolph's film set in the underworld of Seattle.

Twice in a Lifetime (15)

A Colin Welland script transferred to a Seattle setting in which Gene Hackman plays a man who drops his wife, Ellen Burstyn, for another woman he meets in a bar. Amy Madigan is particularly good as his angry daughter. Bud Yorkin's film should be more satisfying than it is, given its exceptional cast which also includes Brian Dennehy & Ally Sheedy. Opens Oct 31. Odeon, Haymarket.

Certificates

U=unrestricted.

PG=passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15=no admittance under 15 years.

18=no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Stravinsky, Ravel & Gershwin's Piano Concerto, with Peter Donohoe as soloist. Oct 2, 7.15pm.

John Lill, piano. Lunchtime series of 14 concerts at which the pianist plays all 32 of Beethoven's Sonatas. Oct 3, 7, 14, 21, 31, 1pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Andrew Litton conducts Britten, Elgar, Rachmaninov, Oct 4, 7.45pm. Kenneth Kleinschmidt conducts Berlioz, Ravel, Chabrier, Rodrigo, Rimsky-Korsakov. Oct 5, 7.30pm. Nicholas Cleobury conducts Rossini, Grieg, Rachmaninov, Beethoven. Oct 9, 7.45pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Richard Hickox conducts two concerts. An all-Mozart programme, with Barry Tuckwell, horn. Oct 10, 7.45pm. Mendelssohn, Fauré, Chopin, Mozart, with Cécile Ousset, piano. Oct 24, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Yehudi Menuhin conducts Vaughan Williams, Bruch, Delius, Elgar, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. Oct 20, 7.45pm. Claus Peter Flor conducts Mozart & Beethoven, with José Feghali, piano. Oct 26, 7.30pm. Mariss Jansons conducts Rachmaninov & Shostakovich, with Evgeni Krushenitsky, piano. Oct 30, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Thomas Wilbrandt conducts Borodin, Prokofiev, Mussorgsky, with Janis Vakarelis, piano. Oct 31, 7.45pm.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE

15 Bloomsbury St, WC1 (387 9629).

London Sinfonietta Voices. Vocal chamber music spanning four centuries from Byrd & Gibbons to Berio, Nigel Osborne & Jonathan Lloyd. October 28, 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

King of Instruments. Bach & Dupré figure prominently in this month's organ recitals. Christopher Herrick, Oct 1; Jean Guillou, Oct 8; Jane Parker-Smith, Oct 15; Kimberly Marshall, Oct 22; Simon Preston, Oct 29; 5.55pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Two concerts conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 1, with Maya Weissman as soloist, & Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*. Oct 1, 7.30pm. Mahler's Symphony No 3. Oct 5, 7.30pm.

London Sinfonietta & Chorus. David Atherton conducts Britten & Tippett. Oct 2, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. André Previn conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma as soloist, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 10. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

Jorge Bolet, piano. Haydn, Schumann, Grieg, Liszt. Oct 5, 3.15pm.

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra. Dmitri Katayenko conducts an all-Russian programme. Oct 6, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Bernard Haitink conducts Tchaikovsky & Vaughan Williams. Oct 7, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts two concerts. Verdi & Tchaikovsky. Oct 11, 7.30pm. Wagner, Haydn, Elgar. Oct 13, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. John Pritchard conducts Tippett's Symphony No 3 & works by Britten. Oct 12, 7.30pm. David Atherton conducts Tippett's Symphony No 4 & Britten's Spring Symphony. Oct 19, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts two concerts. Berio, Grieg, Debussy. Oct 23, 7.30pm. Haydn, Sibelius. Oct 26, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Philip Ledger conducts Handel, Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi. Oct 27, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Neville Marriner conducts Vaughan Williams, Walton, Beethoven. Oct 28, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191), cc 928 8800.

Fires of London. Peter Maxwell Davies conducts Stravinsky, Grange, Berg, Schnittke & his own *From Stone to Thorn*. Oct 6, 7.45pm.

Lunchtime Serenades. A new series of 45-minute concerts. City of London Sinfonia, Oct 7; Elizabeth Harwood, soprano, Oct 14; Endellion String Quartet, Oct 21; Domus Piano Quartet, Oct 28; 1.10pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Raymond Leppard conducts two concerts. Mozart & Prokofiev. Oct 8, 7.45pm. Mozart & Stravinsky. Oct 14, 7.45pm.

Age of Enlightenment. Roger Norrington conducts this recently launched ensemble in a celebration of the 200th anniversary of Weber's birth. Oct 13, 7.45pm.

New London Consort. A musical reconstruction of the medieval festival of wild mirth directed by Philip Pickett. Oct 18, 7.45pm.

London Sinfonietta. Simon Rattle conducts two concerts of music by Britten & Tippett. Oct 23, 29, 7.45pm.

English Concert. Purcell, Corelli, Telemann, Handel, Bach, directed from the harpsichord by Trevor Pinnock. Oct 25, 7.45pm.

Mitsuko Uchida, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin. Oct 26, 3pm.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL

Greenwich, SE10. Box office: Greenwich Entertainment Service, 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE18 6EU.

Philharmonia Orchestra. The season of six monthly concerts opens with a Haydn & Sibelius programme, conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen. Oct 16, 8.15pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Chamber Orchestra of St Maria, Lucern.

Howard Griffiths conducts works by Stalder, Mozart, Felder & Haydn. Oct 6, 7.30pm.

BBC Singers, Choristers of Canterbury Cathedral.

John Poole conducts vocal music by Britten & Tippett. Oct 7, 7.30pm.

Shura Cherkassky, piano. Chopin, Franck, Rachmaninov. Oct 13, 1pm.

Consort of Musicians. A musical monument to Sir Philip Sidney, including music by Byrd, Morley, Vautour, Holborne, Ward, directed by Anthony Rooley. Oct 16, 7.30pm.

Vermeer Quartet. Beethoven, Hindemith. Oct 20, 1pm.

Endymion Ensemble. John Whitfield conducts Mozart, Britten, Tippett, with Jill Gomez, soprano, & Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano. Oct 22, 7.30pm.

Collegium Musicum of London. Laszlo Heltay conducts Debussy, Migot, Rossini, with Roger Vignoles, piano. Oct 26, 7.30pm.

Lontano. Odaline de la Martinez conducts UK premières of works by Joan Tower, Ronald Perera & Stephen Albert, with Jane Manning, soprano. Oct 30, 7.30pm.

Maurice Gendron, cello. Bach's Suites for unaccompanied cello Nos 1, 2, 3. Oct 31, 7.30pm.

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Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free, leaving collection.

Italian opera in the crypt: *La Rina*, Oct 15, 20, 24; *La serva padrona*, Oct 18, 22, 25; *Gianna Schicchi*, Oct 27, 29, 31. Details from 289 4815.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Prussia Cove Music. Young artists from the International Musicians Seminar, founded by Sandor Végh, play chamber works by Beethoven, Fauré, Bartók, Dvořák. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

Sunday Morning Coffee Concerts. Lindsay String Quartet, with Janet Hilton, clarinet, play Mozart, Oct 5; Ostrobothnian Chamber Orchestra play Handel, Bach, Grieg, Nordgren, Oct 12; Shura Cherkassky, plays Grieg, Bernstein & piano arrangements of Bach, Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Oct 19; Alberni String Quartet, with Paul Coker, piano, play Beethoven & Schumann, Oct 27; 11.30pm. Coffee, sherry or squash served after the performance.

A Day of Tippett & Britten. Robert Tear, tenor, Julian Bream, guitar, Paul Crossley, piano, the London Sinfonietta Voices & others give a three-part concert devoted to the two composers, which also includes a conversation with Sir Michael Tippett. Oct 5, 4pm.

Shura Cherkassky, piano. Bach/Busoni, Beethoven, Chopin. Oct 9, 7.30pm.

Hermann Prey, baritone. **Leonard Hokanson,** piano. Three recitals of songs & ballads by Schubert. Oct 10, 11, 13, 7.30pm.

Anthony Pleeth, violoncello. **Melvyn Tan,** fortepiano. Beethoven. Oct 12, 7pm.

Lindsay String Quartet, Philip Langridge, tenor, John Constable, piano. Works by Britten & Tippett. Oct 15, 7.30pm.

Sophie Langdon, violin. **Sheila Sutherland,** piano. Music from Russia, Oct 17; Music from Hungary & Czechoslovakia, Oct 31, 7.30pm.

Leslie Howard, piano. First of three recitals commemorating the centenary of the death of Liszt, which will include the three books of

Années de pèlerinage & many other works. Oct 22, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble, Adrienne Csengery, soprano. Hungarian evening with music by Bartók, Kodály, Kurtág, Liszt, Brahms. Oct 25, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac. The life & songs of Antonín Dvořák. Oct 28, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Marriage of Figaro. Jonathan Miller's production with John Tomlinson as Figaro & Valerie Masterson as the Countess. Oct 1, 3.

The Mikado. New production by Jonathan Miller, designed by Stefan Lazaridis & Sue Blane, with Richard Van Allan as Pooh-Bah, Bonaventura Bottone as Nanki-Poo, Felicity Palmer as Katisha, Lesley Garrett as Yum-Yum & Eric Idle making his operatic débüt as Ko-Ko. Sept 27, Oct 2, 7, 9, 15, 18, 24.

Madam Butterfly. Rosamund Illing sings the title role with David Rendall as Pinkerton in Graham Vick's innovative production. Sept 30, Oct 4, 8, 11, 13, 16, 23, 30.



Aida. Janice Cairns as Aida, Linda Finnie as Amneris, Eduardo Alvares as Radamès (above), Patrick Wheatley as Amonasro. Oct 10, 14, 17, 22, 25, 28, 31.

Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci. New productions by Ian Judge, conducted by Jacques Delacôte, with Edmund Barham as Turiddu, Jane Eaglen as Santuzza; Helen Field as Nedda, Rowland Sidwell as Canio. Oct 29.

KENT OPERA

Carmen, The Marriage of Figaro.

Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury (0227 67246, cc). Oct 1-4.

Carmen, The Coronation of Poppea.

Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells (0892 30613). Oct 9-11.

Carmen, The Marriage of Figaro, The Coronation of Poppea.

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065, cc). Oct 14-18. Derngate Theatre, Northampton (0604 24811, cc). Oct 21-25. Arts Theatre, Cambridge (0223 352000, cc 0223 316421). Oct 28-Nov 1.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Oct 6-18.

Simon Boccanegra. Malcolm Donnelly sings the title role, with Geoffrey Moses as Fiesco & Marie Slorach as Amelia.

Don Giovanni. Roger Bryson as Leporello, Robert Hayward as Giovanni.

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Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544, cc 0865 244545). Oct 21-25. Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595). Oct 28-Nov 1.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). Sept 27-Oct 18.

The Capture of Troy. First part of a tripartite co-production of *The Trojans* by Opera North, Welsh National & Scottish Opera. Conductor David Lloyd-Jones, producer Tim Albery. Sept 27, Oct 4, 9, 15, 17.

Madam Butterfly. With Natalia Rom as Butterfly & Arthur Davies as Pinkerton. Oct 3, 8, 11, 13, 16.

The Barber of Seville. With Peter Savidge as Figaro, Beverley Mills as Rosina, Harry Nicoll as Almaviva. Oct 10, 14, 18.

PEKING OPERA

Sadler's Wells, Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Triple bills drawn from *Stealing the Magic Herbs*, *Madam Wu Su Qiu*, *The Monkey King—Havoc in Heaven*, *The Red Maid*, *Two Shots at the Wild Goose*, *The Jade Bracelet*. Oct 29-Nov 1. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

La traviata. The Royal Opera season opens with a revival of the Visconti production with Katia Ricciarelli & Lucia Aliberti sharing the title role, Arthur Davies & Peter Dvorsky sharing the role of Alfredo & Yuri Masurok as Germont. Oct 28, 31. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-331 9000). Sept 30-Nov 1.

Carmen. Production by Graham Vick, with Emily Golden as Carmen & Gary Bachlund as Don José. Sept 30, Oct 4, 11, 16, 24, 27.

Intermezzo. John Cox's production, conducted by Stephen Barlow. Oct 10, 18, 22, 29.

Iolanthe. In celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of W. S. Gilbert. Oct 21, 23, 25, 28, 30, Nov 1.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). Oct 18-Nov 1.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Suzanne Murphy sings Lucia, with Dennis O'Neill as Edgardo; production by William Gaskill. Oct 18, 21, 24.

The Magic Flute. Geoffrey Dolton & Marie Angel make their company debuts as Papageno & the Queen of the Night. Oct 25, 31.

Un ballo in maschera. With Josephine Barstow as Amelia, Dennis O'Neill as Gustav III, Donald Maxwell as Ankarström. Nov 1.

BALLET

BALLET GULBENKIAN

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Portuguese company, bringing two programmes, including five new works by Portuguese choreographers, plus Bruce's *Ghost Dances* & van Manen's 5 *Tangos*. Oct 21-25.

CENTRAL BALLET OF CHINA

Sadler's Wells Theatre. British début with two quadruple bills. Oct 2-18. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

DANCE REACHES OUT

Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley. Box office Lloyd Williams, 3 Thayer Street, W1 (935 2992).

In aid of the Save the Children Fund, an international programme with contributions from Wayne Sleep, the Royal Ballet, Festival Ballet, Ballet Rambert & London Contemporary Dance Theatre. Oct 26.

DANCE UMBRELLA

20 companies & soloists from Britain, Europe & the US in eight London venues &, during associated festivals, in Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth & Oxford. Oct 6-Nov 16. Details from Dance Umbrella, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, W6 (741 8354).

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Empire, Sunderland (0783 42517, cc).

Troy Games, The Run to Earth, Interrogations. Sept 30-Oct 1.

Unfolding Field (new work by Bannerman), **Moves, Ceremony.** Oct 2-4.

Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 628205, cc). Oct 7-11.

Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester (061-273 4504). Oct 14-18.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). Oct 21-25.

Haymarket, Leicester (0533 539797). Oct 28-Nov 1.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Coppélia. Ronald Hynd's production of the popular living-doll ballet.

New Theatre, Hull (0482 20463). Oct 14-18.

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Oct 20-25.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE

New Olympus Theatre, Gloucester (0452 25917).

A Midsummernight's Dream. Roy's full-length version, danced to Rossini. Oct 20-22.

Triple bill: *Les Sylphides*; *Le Boeuf sur le Toit*, danced to Milhaud's score; *La Ronde*, score by Offenbach. Oct 23-25.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Quadruple bill: Revival of Ashton's *La Valse*, Ravel's "apotheosis of the Viennese waltz" brilliantly realized; British première of Bintley's *Galanteries*, danced to Mozart; *Opus 19/The Dreamer*, first performance by RB of Robbins's setting of Prokofiev's 1st Violin Concerto; *The Concert*, Robbins takes the setting of a piano recital to create one of the few genuine belly-laugh ballets. Oct 8 (first night of new season), 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 17.

Mayerling. The hunting-lodge tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolf & Mary Vetsera seen through MacMillan's eyes. Oct 14, 15, 21.

Triple bill: *The Dream*, Titania, Oberon, the Mechanicals & the Lovers celebrate Shakespeare's gossamer play; *Symphonic Variations*, a superb interpretation of Franck's score; *A Month in the Country*, Turgenev's plot, Chopin's score & a delight for the audience. An all-Ashton evening & a fine triple bill. Oct 18, 20, 22, 23, 25.

The Sleeping Beauty. Oct 30.

GALLERIES

ARTHUR ACKERMANN

3 Old Bond St, W1 (493 3288).

Annual Exhibition of Sporting Paintings

About 40 works ranging in date from Jan Wyck, who died in 1702, to Alfred de Dreux, killed in a duel in 1860. These two painters happen to be foreign (Dutch & French), but most of the others are quintessentially English. There are fine works by

Wootton, John Ferneley senior & James Pollard. Oct 8-Nov 15. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

ANDERSON O'DAY FINE ART

255 Portobello Rd, W11 (221 7592).

Among the first artists to be exhibited in this new gallery are Delia Delderfield, Catherine Blow & Sylvia Stroud. Oct 2-30. Wed-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993).

Ruth Duckworth & Janet Leach. These two distinguished senior potters have sharply opposed philosophies—in favour of sculpture (Duckworth) & against (Leach). Their opposition is more important than the fact that both happen to be female. Ruth Duckworth's showing is especially welcome as her work has been seen little here since she emigrated to America 20 years ago. Oct 11-Nov 8. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

CHELSEA CRAFTS FAIR

Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3.

An excellent opportunity to see, under one roof, some of the best in ceramics, glass, furniture, jewelry, textiles & other art forms. Oct 11-20 (not 14), 10am-8pm. £2.50, concessions £1.25.

CRAFTS COUNCIL SHOP

V & A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Fiona Salazar: Ceramics. Boldly-shaped pots inspired by various cultures—Roman, Egyptian, Chinese—and drawing on animal life for decorative imagery. The coil-built pots all have a rich burnish (as below). Oct 4-30. Mon-Thurs 10am-5.40pm, Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.



DESIGN COUNCIL

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

The Green Designer. How industries can avoid pollution & create more jobs by going Green. Harmless alternatives include solar power, water-based paints & the Walker wing sail, "British Earthworm Technology" converts pig-muck into high-grade compost without the smell. Until Oct 25. Mon & Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY

College Rd, SE21 (693 5254).

"Poussin's Venus & Mercury". The first in a series of exhibitions based on pictures in the gallery's collection. It reunites a painting which was cut into two pieces during the 18th century. The main portion will be joined by the smaller fragment from the Louvre. Oct 15-Jan 18, 1987. Tues-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 80p, concessions 40p.

ODETTE GILBERT GALLERY

5 Cork St, W1 (437 3175).

Masters of Modern British Art. A tribute

to such artists as Edward Burra, Ben Nicholson, Lynn Chadwick, Lucien Freud, Elizabeth Blackadder, Jacob Epstein, Elisabeth Frink & others. Oct 1-Nov 15. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Dutch Landscape: The Early Years—Haarlem & Amsterdam 1590-1650.

Dutch artists at this time were pioneers of natural landscape painting. Prints & drawings show experiments behind the final pictures. Until Nov 23. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Evelyn Waugh In Close-Up, 1903-66.

Waugh became a Catholic partly out of the conviction that only God would put up with him. This show re-creates a famously abrasive personality. Until Jan 4, 1987.

Self-Portrait Photography, 1840-1985.

What do famous photographers make of their own looks? An imaginatively conceived show from the enterprising Plymouth Arts Centre

which offers a chance to find out. Oct 3-Jan 11, 1987.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

Richard Long. New work by Britain's most celebrated environmental artist. Oct 3-Nov 1. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

PATON GALLERY

2 Langley Court, WC2 (379 7854).

Gwen Hardie. Recently British painting sprang to life again. Gwen Hardie is 24 years old &, like many of the newest painters, comes from Scotland. She has been studying with Baselitz in Berlin & her obsessive subject is her own appearance. This is her first solo show in London. Oct 3-25. Tues-Sat 11am-6pm.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S GALLERY

5 Great Newport St, WC2 (831 1772).

Ian Macdonald: Blast Furnace. Recently rebuilt at a cost of £50 million, the Redcar furnace is the largest in Europe & the only one left in north-east England. Macdonald's photographs form a social document about the men at work rather than the industry itself. Oct 17-Nov 22. Tues-Sat 11am-7pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Je suis le cahier: The Sketchbooks of Picasso, the greatest draughtsman of the 20th century. Picasso drew obsessively & his tumultuous flood of ideas & images is here revealed more fully than ever before. Until Nov 19.

New Architecture: Foster, Rogers, Stirling. The British are said to be wary of "new" architecture—hardly surprising given such bleak eyesores as the Barbican & National Theatre. This show of work by British architects offers fresh plans. Oct 3-Dec 21. FEATURES ON P50.

Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Stephen Cox. Once a minimalist, now producing elegant sculptures with oblique allusions to the art of the past, Cox has recently been to India for the Delhi Triennale, which gave him the opportunity to collaborate with Indian carvers. This work is a hybrid of Indian & classical themes. Until Oct 19.

Sol LeWitt: Prints. The Tate is still plodding dutifully in the wake of Minimal Art. Why not, if the Saatchis believe in it? Until Nov 30. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

WADDINGTON GRAPHICS

4 Cork St, W1 (439 1866).

Picasso: The Development & Transformation of an Image. 150 lithographs. Until Oct 25. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Julian Schnabel. The harsh reception given to this American bully-boy when his work was shown at the Tate in 1982 has not discouraged the trend-obsessed Whitechapel Gallery. Schnabel is a strange mixture of inventiveness & pretension. Which will triumph on this occasion? Until Oct 26. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the Past. Achievements of the past 40 years are graphically explained. Lindow Man, the 2,500-year-old "body from the bog", is a major attraction. Until Feb 15, 1987. £1.50, concessions 50p.

Contemporary Japanese Prints: Symbols of a Society in Transition. This fascinating show confirms the strength of contemporary Japanese printmaking & demonstrates how successful the fusion of eastern & western traditions has been. It also shows the range of techniques available to Japanese artists & their virtuosity in using them. Until Oct 26.

Money: From Cowrie Shells to Credit Cards. Traces the story of money from its origins to the present day. Until Oct 26.

The City in Maps: Urban Mapping to 1900. 22 centuries of city maps from around the world including a fourth-century clay tablet of Tuba. Charles Booth's map of London, 1891, shows division of the city by social character from "vicious semi-criminal" Bethnal Green to upper-class Brixton. Until Dec 31, 1987.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

Prince Consort Rd, SW7 (589 5111).

Science for Industry. How the University of London & industry work together in biomedical engineering, pharmaceuticals, information & marine technology (see lectures). Oct 13-17. Mon 2-5.30pm, Tues-Fri 10am-5.30pm (last admission 4pm).

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

The Best Years of Their Lives: National Service 1945-63. Covers training, equipment & the posting abroad of national servicemen. Among oddities are tropical underwear & Michael Frayn's uniform from his time in the Intelligence Corps. Sept 30-May 3, 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Suggested contribution £1, children 50p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Capital Gains! Archaeology in London. Review of excavations over the past 15 years showing how archaeology helps the historian. A section called *Everyman's London* includes furniture, cooking utensils, jewelry, dress & weapons. Until Feb 1, 1987. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Antarctica: A Continent for Science. A reconstructed Antarctic base camp includes displays of scientific experiments carried out by explorers. Until Oct 19. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

Backing the Future: The Wellcome Trust, Science & Medicine 1936-86. Celebrates 50 years of research by the Trust; displays explain computer-assisted studies of the brain, the use of "genetic probes" to diagnose inherited disorders in the foetus, & studies of maturity in unborn foals. Until Nov 9. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 2.30-6pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

British Landscape Painting from Turner. Sat mornings Oct 4-Nov 8, 11am-1pm. Course fee £30, concessions £20.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Lunchtime lectures: *Introduction to 20th-century architecture* by Adrian Forty, Oct 7; Alistair Best on *Norman Foster*, Oct 14; Martin Pawley on *Richard Rogers*, Oct 21; Peter Murray on *James Stirling*, Oct 28. All at 1pm. FEATURES ON P50.

Evening lectures on architecture by Jeremy Dixon, Oct 16; Piers Gough, Oct 23; Professor C.A. St John Wilson, Oct 30. All at 6.15pm. £1.50, students £1.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

British Landscape Painting from Turner. Sat mornings Oct 4-Nov 8, 11am-1pm. Course fee £30, concessions £20.

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Cabinet of Fables. This 17th-century Florentine *pietra dura* rosewood cabinet bears the arms of a bishop of the Barberini family & has panels illustrating fables & folk tales. Oct 2, 2pm.

Lalique Glass. A varied collection of René Lalique's work from scent bottles to glasses & vases. Oct 9, 6pm.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

English Furniture. Fine mahogany pieces for the collector are a William IV sofa-table (£3,000-£5,000), a George III sideboard (£3,000-£5,000) & a Regency horseshoe-shaped wine table (£3,000-£5,000). Oct 2, 11am.

David Collection of Netsuke & Inro. Among the Inro is an unusual five-case example decorated to show South Sea islanders gathering coral by moonlight (£3,000-£5,000). Oct 14, 11am.

Travel & Natural History Books. Highlight is a copy of Gould's *Birds of Australia* in eight volumes containing 681 hand-coloured lithographed plates, published 1848-69. Oct 15, 10.30am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

Needlework, Costume & Textiles. Costumes range from mid-18th-century dresses of brocade silk to 1930s dresses by Elsa Schiaparelli. There is a collection of ladies' 1940s tailored suits and dresses by Irene who made clothes for Hollywood stars. Prices from £50 to £200. Oct 7, 2pm.

Photographs. Extremely rare is Thomas Annan's document work for the City of Glasgow Improvement Trust entitled *The Old Closes & Streets of Glasgow* in the albumen print of the late 1860s. Early Chinese & Japanese pictures include two albums by Felice Beato, the first professional European photographer to visit the Far East. His Japanese album contains six portraits of samurai warriors of the 1860s. Oct 30, 2pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Furniture. A mixture of English & Continental items includes a bureau-Mazarin—a Louis XIV desk with highly elaborate scroll & foliage decoration (£10,000-£15,000). There is also a good selection of 18th-century French & Flemish tapestries, & decorative rugs & carpets. Oct 7, 11am.

Goss. It pays to hang on to those ghastly gifts from the seaside. A private collection of 1,500 pieces of Goss & other miniature »»

SALEROOMS cont.

»» crested china includes busts (£20 to £100) & a large Cornish pasty (£80). Ann Hathaway's & Robert Burns's cottages —china models that contain nightlights — can fetch between £500 & £1,000. Oct 8, noon.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Continental Pottery & Porcelain. Includes the largest quantity of Berlin porcelain to appear at auction in 40 years—about 100 lots. A dinner service made for the last Duke of Kurland & dating from 1790-96 will be sold in several batches. Oct 7, 10.30am.

Vienna 1880-1930: Paintings & Drawings by famous & little-known artists ranging in price from £200 to £80,000. Oct 8, 10.30am.

Vintage Port, Madeira & Sherry. Good years in good quantities—vintage port from 1927, 31, 45 & 55—from the cellars of Bodwenni Hall on the River Dee. Oct 8, 11am.

Islamic Works of Art, Carpets & Textiles. Ottoman metalwork is well represented; a pair of mid-19th-century parcel-gilt birds (£6,000-£10,000), a late 19th-century silver ewer, stand & basin (£3,000-£5,000) & a 17th-century silver jug (£5,000-£8,000). Oct 15, 10am & 2.30pm.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

London to Brighton Running Race. 150 amateur runners leave Big Ben from 7am & head down the A23 to finish at Brighton's Aquarium from 12.15pm onwards. Oct 5.

National Trust Snowdonia Marathon. Competitors take about two and a half hours to complete this gruelling course around Snowdon. Start 9.30am Nant Peris, finish Llanberis, Gwynedd. Oct 26.

BADMINTON

British Airways Masters', Albert Hall, SW7. Oct 24-26.

EQUESTRIAN

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley Arena, Middx. Oct 6-11.

FOOTBALL

England v Northern Ireland, Wembley Stadium, Middx. Oct 15.

GOLF

Suntory World Match Play Championship, Wentworth, Surrey. Oct 2-5.

HOCKEY

6th FIH World Hockey Cup (men), Willesden Sports Stadium, NW10.

HORSE RACING

Tattersalls Cheveley Park Stakes, Newmarket. Oct 1.

Tattersalls Middle Park Stakes, Newmarket. Oct 4.

William Hill Dewhurst Stakes, Newmarket. Oct 17.

Dubai Champion Stakes, Tote Cesarewitch, Newmarket. Oct 18.

William Hill Futurity Stakes, Doncaster. Oct 25.

RUGBY

An England XV v Japan, Twickenham. Oct 11.

SAILING

Silk Cut Challenge. 24-hour race for multi-hull craft. Leave Brighton Oct 4, 2pm; arrive Tower Bridge Oct 5.

World Sailing Speed Records Week, Portland Harbour, Hants. Oct 5-12.

America's Cup Challenger elimination series, Fremantle, Australia. Oct 5-Jan 25.

The 11 challengers are gradually whittled down to one Australian yacht & one other.

SWIMMING

Yorkshire Bank International: Great Britain v USA Open Meet, Dolphin Centre, Darlington, Durham. Oct 31-Nov 2.

TENNIS

Pretty Polly Classic (women), Brighton Centre, Brighton. Oct 21-26.

Nabisco Wightman Cup: Great Britain v USA (women), Albert Hall. Oct 30-Nov 1.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London numbers if calling from outside the capital.

BOOK NOW

Benson & Hedges Tennis Championships, Wembley Arena, Nov 11-16. Box Office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx (902 1234, cc).

Christmas lectures for young people, Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle St, W1X 4BS (409 2992), Dec 20, 22, 27, 29, 31, Jan 2, 3pm. Professor Lewis Wolpert gives six different talks on cell biology. Tickets for series £12, children 10-17 years £4, from the Secretary, Lectures.

England v Yugoslavia: European Football Championship, Wembley Stadium (as above) Nov 12.

In the Footsteps of Scott: Christmas lecture for young people at the Royal Society of Arts, Dec 30, 2.30pm. Tea party to follow. Suitable for children aged 10 upwards. Admission by ticket only, free from Carole Singleton, RSA John Adam St, Adelphi, WC2N 6EZ (930 5115).

Olympia International Showjumping, Dec 11-15. Tickets from Caroline

Ireland, International Showjumping Championships, Olympia 2, Hammersmith Rd, W14 8UX (box office 373 8141, cc).

Pilkington Glass Ladies' Tennis Championships, Eastbourne, June 15-20, 1987. Application forms from the Tennis Box Office, Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, East Sussex.

Stella Artois Grass Court Tennis Championships, June 8-14, 1987, Queens Club, Palliser Rd, W14. Application forms from The Wight Company, 3 Emperor's Gate, SW7.

Wimbledon Tennis Championships, June 22-July 5, 1987. Send sae for ballot application form (which must be returned by Jan 31, 1987), to the All England Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club, Church Rd, Wimbledon, SW19 5AE. Tickets are also available through Keith Prowse, 1 Melcombe St, NW1 6AE: application forms from that address plus details of day packages for individuals & groups.

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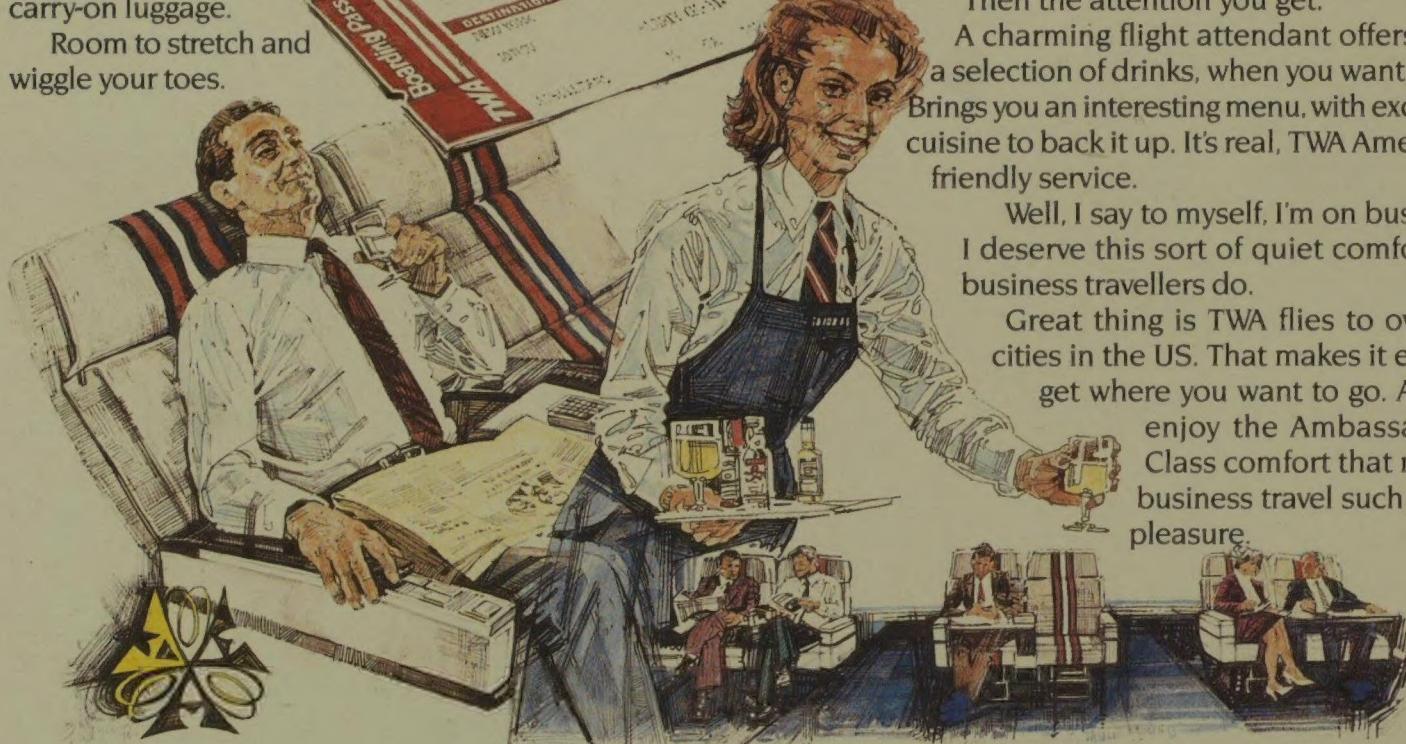
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